

Entering Las Vegas

“We should never put our clothes back on,” I whispered after catching my breath.

“Sounds good to me, I’m usually dancing in a silk robe or relaxing in the hot tub anyway.” Jade laughed back.

“Now that we’re finally here together at the Queendom, we have the luxury to sustain our love and affection as long as we desire,” I said.

“Let the afterglow flow, why not?”

Something was missing, for the first time in my life, I was able to make love without subsequently having to count down the hours to an inevitable re-assimilation into the machine.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Ben has knowledge of and ability to use generally accepted social mores and expectations for generally accepted manners in public; can choose to disregard societal norms for behavior and dress related to his identification with punk cultural/anarchistic philosophy, belief system.*

“Please, tell me about your early family life, Ben.” Rosa inquired.

“My parents founded a non-profit back-to-the-land training center. An eco-village. They were quite successful for a time, but it all collapsed before I was born. Their relationship ended soon after, and it’s disputed whether my father left or was made to leave. My Mother became an academic and struggled to put food on the table. One sister left the family after a near death fight with anorexia. Me and the other fought over scraps of food and love.

No serious abuse, there were frenzied wooden spoon spankings, but nothing physically injurious, emotional neglect mostly.”

After a couple months of online dating, Jade had inducted me into her paradisiacal goddess sanctuary on the edge of Sin City itself. She set up an extra room in her posh quasi-penthouse as an office in trade for my live-in services as her spiritual love life coach.

Before you get any strange ideas, let me be clear, we set healthy and professional boundaries. We weren't each others' property, we weren't each others' man or woman, we were two sovereign beings with a mutually beneficial, synergistic destiny. We negotiated a pleasurable business partnership with limited liabilities. This wasn't the first I'd been under such a contract. I'd learned the hard way in the past that business and pleasure seldom mix well.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Ben entertains hope that he may eventually live with his girl friend. Presently this girl friend lives in Southern California, is unstable behaviorally and likely have substance dependence problems.*

"Were you sexually abused as a child?"

"I don't know, I don't think so. There was an incident with a neighbor kid, he was 13, I was 8. He taught me how to swim, taught me how to ride a bike, and only through flashbacks and sexorcism ceremonies have I caught forensic snapshots of the horrific events. Messy clustered fragments of visuals, smells, sounds, colors, muted screams and cries of agony.

I wanted to buy his relic grenade. He said $10 or a blow job. I didn't know what a blow job was but I knew I didn't have $10.

I did what he asked and got the grenade. He told me not to tell anyone. He slapped my face afterwards. He wasn't nice. He was a jerk. I didn't feel respected. But I kept my mouth shut about it. We stayed friends until he threw my baseball bat at my head. Now, I felt nothing, pity for him and the culture that made him.

Jade was a Chinese goddess who came to be code-named Magic Fuckin Pussy in the course of our top secret adventures. Fate dictated that Jade would reply with warm interest to my initial online dating message. We vibed on magic, personal development, human potential, and, you guessed it, psychedelic goddess worship.

Within the first few minutes of our initial phone conversation, I was able to verbally disentangle her from a painful emotional knot that bound since childhood. I live to liberate. It was no irony her dating profile stated in near-legalese that she had separated from her husband, and pending divorce, she was now accepting applications for the next love of her life. It wasn't exactly that I applied and got the job, but rather, I applied to be her guardian angel and I got the independent contract. I would be at her service, loving her, counseling her, healing her, and helping her to be at her best as she continued to make order out of chaos.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Past issues such as being a chronic runner, severe drug and alcohol abuser, issues with depression, possibly related to Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.*

"Did you have any adults in your childhood that provided any emotional support?" Rosa delved deeper.

“Yes, a Native American woman. She told me she was sexually abused. She made me feel comfortable about masturbation and sexuality without being inappropriate. I had a crush on her but kept it to myself. It felt good to be around her.

I looked up to her and wanted to have her respect, so I pursued Buddhism and martial arts and became more disciplined and respectful, not an angel, but much better natured overall.

Jade had humble small town roots, she was seduction into the glamor of a high profile Vegas house-wife lifestyle. Her health, marriage, and clear sense of life purpose ultimately declined. She was rightly proud that her charm and “Magic Fuckin Pussy” were her tickets into the big time of VIP Vegas strip life, however it was her recent initiation into the wisdom of magic shrooms that sowed the seeds of her decadence’s demise.

Sacred mushroom worship was our immediate bond. As she became more aware of my work as sexual shaman, she was juicily excited to explore my offerings.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Ben was picked up in San Francisco 11—94 for illegal possession of a syringe. Ben has demonstrated excellent skills and performs well above his grade level.*

I became better natured, but modern life was dead, empty, loveless, meaningless, fake, sick, divorced from nature, competitive, controlling, shallow, and reality was hell. I wanted to experience psychedelics. I watched movies that made me want to be in a tribe, be a shaman, and be in the spirit world. So, I ran away.

On the streets, I found my punk tribe, I received affection, I got sexual attention, tried LSD, then along came meth. I had a sense of belonging, like a family with the street punks. They provided the psychedelic drugs I had longed for, and my psychedelic experiences were beautiful, all good. I felt a deep connection to nature, my artistic creativity awakened, my heart opened, I felt free from negative thoughts and emotions, I felt the presence of benevolent spirits from other worlds. But everything changed. Meth changed everything.

Meth killed all the beauty. Meth revealed all the evil spirits, angels became demons, monsters came out of every direction, all different kinds, inside of people, outside of people, everywhere, straight out of hell. Meth monsters everywhere.

When I first met Jade in person, we chose an upscale psytrance party, the perfect staging area for our bodies to unite in dance. It was as cinematic: thunderous beats vibrated our hearts, our eyes locked and reflected a shower of colored lights, smiles. Warm breaths on our necks, a caressing massage of two bodies tracing the flow of our swaying.

Though we clicked, stayed the night together, and got mildly hot and heavy, she was still uncertain.

“I’m waiting for a sign,” She said as we discussed our next steps while packing her up to fly back home to Vegas.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Ben is still considered to be at high-risk to run away. Ben has to be forced to interact*

They dressed me up like one of them, I was initiated. With a mohawk, piercings, boots, combat fatigues, jacket. Girls liked me, I was 12. They flirted with me and brought me home with them like a stray cat. I received affection and was hoping that I'd be given sex. But it was taken by a man.

A homeless meth junkie dragged me into the bushes and said he'd kill me with a knife if I screamed. I did what he said, and he let me live.

I ran back downtown and found my friend. She let me cry on her lap and took me somewhere to stay for the night. She told me it happens to everyone, and she sent our friends to go after the man. It was just to make me feel better though.

There was never any justice.

The only counseling I got was when I found girls who were attacked by the same man, and we held each other and took care of each other.

It wasn't exactly the next moment when I noticed what we both agreed was an adequate sign.

"Hey look at that, there's a sign if there ever was one!"

I pointed out Jade's rental car license plate that was now at eye level as we loaded her bags.

Jade exclaimed, "BIG6996!"

We both laughed and shook our heads, as if we'd hit the jackpot.

Surrendering to divine intervention she proclaimed, "I guess it's meant to be."

"It" didn't mean that we were destined to be together forever, it just meant we were blessed to proceed to the next levels.

Our mutual loving healing adventure was about to unfold without distraction.

I was to become a full time professional lover, courteous, polite, respectful, grateful, graceful, that's what I had trained to be, and she was the highest bidder.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Run away behavior complicated by poly substance use, which culminated in addiction to meth-amphetamine. During his extended run he remained highly estranged from his nuclear family and considered street people "His Family". Ben engaged in male prostitution and pan-handling as a means of surviving on the street.*

There were positive sexual experiences, in a way. Several older girls and women who I was intimate with, but I didn't consent to have sex until I was 14.

I ended up in treatment several times, and there were sexual experiences involved. I fell in love with a prostitute, we made out, felt each other up, and wrote love letters until she snapped and was drugged, bound, and taken into the padded room. A nymphomaniac who wanted to cut me and have sex with me secretly in the

shower. An incest survivor at a rehab on the reservation, her pain broke open and I saw how evil lives in alcohol. I had caught glimpses of demons.

Smiling over the cold desert mountains, I drove toward the Queendom of Jade..

Are there pros and cons of waiting to have sex?... There were no pros we quickly concluded. Healthily suspense had gone on for long enough. But how to best sustain the height of ecstasy we achieved? In the Queendon, we were free to be hermits together. We would find the answer.

The Queendom was to be our modern re-invention of the coveted life of sexual seclusion written about at length in the old tantric scriptures. An ideal pilgrimage to elope to the mountain caves of the Himalayas in effort to practice the art of tantric lovemaking in peace.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Ben's individual therapist is utilizing music therapy to encourage Ben to process difficult issues-and it's working.*

Busted. Thrown in juvy for extradition. I want to put my clothes on, feel halfway whole again. At least for the ride back to Oregon. According to juvy, my property is trash and belongs at the sanitation department. I'll be so fucken pissed if they fuck up my shit, they have no idea it's all I have. The upper-middle-class conventionalists handling my stuff have no concept of sentimental value. They don't understand the small things when you're homeless. When you are with nothing. They could never understand the value of my clothes and boots. Not everything is replaceable. Their excessive resources are taken for granted.

Trash? Treasure? Having absolutely nothing. Having money all the time, Having nothing makes everything mean more. Money is an endless necessity. Once you get some you never have enough. Once able to afford one thing, you begin to want everything and greed sets in for the stay. Money drove me crazy. $60, $100, $200 was never enough. I had to be cost efficient. decide on a certain amount of speed, priority #1, my life support. Then, either a hotel room or spoil myself never save anything. Time spent roaming from store to store looking for anything from desire to utility. Accumulation, fun at first but then it becomes a cluttering hassle from money to Monique, an another habit to support. Supporting two habits, two needs, tore me apart.

I couldn't handle the stress. Smoke blew out of my ears. Money more than drugs made my relationship with Monique such a disaster. Money and drugs, the only things to fight over. The only things that mattered enough to dispute. At a point, money becomes an endless trap. Money, stuff, wants. So frustrating to put it all away and be free. Always feeling cluttered.

Jade and I were blessed to do what most lovers can't possibly imagine, to simply build and sustain a love bubble with virtually no outside contaminants to pollute the sacred space. The residual negative influences on her life were rapidly dissolving and transmuting. I had outrun many of my hexes and curses. We were free to love freely, without drama, without jealousy, without madness, without violence, without abuse, without distrust, without dishonesty. In a state of timeless grace, all of our life energy went into the cultivation and elevation of our practice. The darkness we worked through was excavated

from the past. Truly present and available for each other to confront our shadows, and those cast upon us by others.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Ben's current treatment issues involve low self esteem, emotional estrangement from his biological mother and complete abandonment by his biological father, history of lengthy runaways and otherwise being beyond parental control, history of inability to solve problems encountered in a family setting, and severe problems with substance abuse and dependence.*

I'd give up and get smart, take my bag, my jacket, my music, and the street living essentials in my drop-in center locker. Speeding off on my skateboard with cigarette burning. I had nothing to get stuck on, nothing to carry, nothing to get in my way. That was the only way to really enjoy life. The truth of having what you need being more rewarding than trying to obtain everything you want.

We would hold hands, express gratitudes, and launch prayers before every delicious and oh-so-lovingly prepared meal. Cooking was one of her many passions and great talents, I'd help when she welcomed it, and was always dutifully cleaning and gleefully dish-doing. Our meal times were like board meetings, though without the politicking, toxic egos, and stress.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Since admission Ben has generally presented as a model-resident obtaining and maintaining Level 5 with "punk" cultural values. Ben has been quite involved in A&D group here on campus. Ben perceives 12 Step recovery as his reason for success and sees it as a means of getting his personal life together with having to make moral*

compromises with governmental and societal organizations he believes are unresponsive to people's real needs and unnecessarily controlling.

Money breeds greed, gives birth to selfishness. Money gets in the way of genuine happiness. It blinds you from life of freedom, love, education, reproduction. Life on the natural spiritual level. The human race is losing its humanity. People become stereotypes, plastic, and fake. Why try so hard to change when we can learn to love and appreciate and respect ourselves the way we are. Then we can love each other for who we are as people and not as what we have or do.

We wisely made game plans to resolve all the romantic, karmic, financial, and familial entanglements that had limited her potential. I was there to support her, this was not a detached form of life-coaching this was serious romantic personal training. I aspired to be an angelic presence in every area of her life. She cushioned me in the ways I most needed. Getting down to business meant digging deep into her life history, understanding her traumas, the abuse she'd endured from the men in her life, and the self-destructive behavior patterns that developed in response to it all.

Juvenile lock up record, Ben Lawson, ages 13/14: *Ben is a very gifted child and mainstream classes may not stimulate him enough.*

Today the mother fuckers took my boots. My fuckin' boots. I'm going to that lock up hell, that shit hole. God damn it man as soon as I get out I'm gonna be pissed. Fuck this

shit man, I can’t stand this fuckin world. I’m gonna do something about it.

Queen of the Scummies

Rising in her throne-like dinner table chair, “I was Queen of the Scummies!” Jade admitted loudly with as much hilarity in her voice as shame.

Positive results began to flow into every sector of both of our separate and shared lives. She asked more about how IT all works energetically speaking. Intuitively, she knew the haunted souls she had grown accustomed to in Vegas were harboring unfriendly spirits.

We find ease to hide behind the assumption that the forces making hell on earth are simply nothing more than negative “energies”. The challenge comes with facing a mortifying truth. These energies are living beings, with varying degrees of intelligence, life spans, reproductive systems, and all else entailed in life. These “energies” happen to inhabit a frequency range not commonly accessible to our perception, nor measurable by scientific instruments.

The Brice Hotel, my occasional weekend home and home to all my horrors. The first time I was there was with Brian in room 302. At the time, I didn’t know we were right next to Davin in 301. Davin was a speed freak witch. Prior to getting there, I had bought a weighed ¼ of killer shit. But it took me over an hour to draw it up because I was so lost in the energy of the bathroom. Once I got it drawn up, I did about 30-40 units then instantly started sketching hard, to the point where I couldn’t move. That was the first time I

had absolutely no control over my mind. The hallucinations were terrifying. 99 percent of the night, I was frozen in the corner by the door. I was tracing all the shadows while thinking someone had climbed through the window, hid in the closet, came through the medicine cabinet, or seeped through the walls and was lurking in my room ready to grab me.

That was the first time I was there. I returned countless times because it was the only place I could get a room. Detested at first, after a while I became attached to the familiar sick insane evil atmosphere. Every time I'd go, I'd be spun and twacked, too high for the street, too paranoid and sketched out of my skull. Afraid of everyone including my own shadow.

"They were trying to make you into one of them."

"I know, but I resisted, like a vampire who's been bitten but never bites."

Jade was in a unique position to take my revelations very seriously, and not because she was used to hearing about demons in church.

I explained why she was feeling psychologically better, and why her prior health conditions were rapidly melting away.The love we were creating together was displacing and decontaminating the demonic entities ejaculated into her over the course of a long-term toxic relationship. It all made perfect sense to her.

"All of the strippers my husband managed had issues, a lot of them were abused growing up, and we're exploited in the VIP club scene…and I was their manager's

wife so they all had to bow down to me, it was horrible, all of my material wealth was at their expense in the end." She lamented.

"You're seeing clearly now." I assured her.

I thought I was in control, but these fuckin trolls raped my mind. I was so naïve. Soon all the speed and sleep deprivation kept me in a virtually endless state of confusion, inable to speak clearly, think rationally, or carry out any semi-complex functions. I was almost completely incapacitated. No one told me about these effects of speed. I was fuckin gone. My mind was gone, I lived in a paranoid world of delusion, hallucination, and twisted tricks.

That was the world of living speed and male prostitution. That was Polk St. Day by crazy day trying to understand what my brain was perceiving through highly altered consciousness. Totally in tune with different realms, and I really really was. I was certainly on a different plane but nothing was ever clear. I wanted so badly to understand what was on the other side, but I didn't know what I was messing with on the other side. I messed with the line between carelessly, and I could have ended up in serious shit. It was all fun and games. I welcomed hallucinations, I wanted to be a part of this other world, but I was in a world filled with hatred, fear, insanity, and mind rape. Being in this world with my brain opened, all that putrid energy funneled into my being. Weird, but I was exposed to some very bizarre shit on a different plane of reality. I don't know how to interpret it.

Comfort came often. Support and encouragement to take pride in the new life on which Jade had bravely

embarked. She listened to the mushroom's advice, and I literally arrived at her doorstep to reward her and help clear the guilt and bad karma, helping her access her spiritual gifts and apply them in alignment with her dharma.

It was no coincidence I was an exploited sex worker and my dharma is to liberate, heal and empower sex workers.

In desperation, I ventured off Polk street on my skateboard and try to find redemption and peace of my mind and soul. I escaped to places of beauty to search in confusion and force myself to answer the questions of the world. Making sense of it all alone came to few conclusions.

She was ready to clear the shadows. She wasn't running from the truth, or burying it in fancy clothes, or drowning it in overpriced drinks, she was ready to heal herself and others.

I'd climb to the highest point I could find to look out on the city. I'd reach the top and be gasping for my life, on the verge of heart and respiratory failure, soaked in speed sweat, emanating a meth cloud. I'd bask momentarily in victory. I pushed myself like a soldier to prove I could still make it like any normal person.

"I knew you were a powerful healer in disguise,"

"How did you know?" She asked knowing her family was part of a well known healer lineage.

“I always feel it in your grip. Every time you embrace me in hugs or hold my hand...I g sense you’re much stronger than I am.”

“Really?”

“Yes, and beyond that, the day I was packing to come here, as a matter of procedure I finished off the last of my mushroom stash. My intention was to explore the higher purpose of our union. I wanted to explore those two nights we spent together, our energies merging, when we started learning each other.”

“Did you see anything profound in the trip?”

“Yes, truest, purest, highest superhuman self was situated high above the evil demonoid lower astral realms, you were beaming me up to your level, rescuing me from the darkness imprisoning me.”

“But I thought you were here to heal me?”

“Yes, but I’m a wounded healer, my gifts were hard won. I’ve had to become a practitioner out of necessity.”

“We should eat some shrooms together, I want to see what you saw!” She exclaimed.

“I don’t think you’ll want to see those demons, but it might be worth the risk if you get to see your true self as beautiful, powerful, and divine. You’ll never compare yourself to others again, or be seduced by materialistic competition, you’ll feel secure knowing your place in the cosmos.”

“You’re too sweet. Let’s plan it, can I ask one thing?”

“Of course,” I said with a smile.

“Can we just call them scummies instead of demons, it just helps me imagine them as less threatening.”

“As you wish!”

We can weaken fear by hacking the language, the scummies need the most love to activate their divinity and foster their evolution (the onscummieses who surrender peacefully that is…) Demons are strong, but scummies, we can deal with scummies.

A Goddess Among Women

You never know how a person reacts to mushrooms or mushrooms react to a person until you're in the journey with them.

The stars aligned for our first mushroom adventure. We ceremoniously prepared the medicated chocolate confection. A coffee grinder, some chocolate candies, some almond milk, some magic mushrooms, stove top, and a small pot are all you need to make a world class psychedelic hot cocoa. She was born to design sacred spaces, sacred meals, and sacred medicines. The loving intention she poured into every aspect of her domain came from an intuitive Feng Shui sensibility. The uncontrollable smiles were coming on far before we took our doses.

We proposed a toast in honor of our loving, healing, symbiotic relationship and prayed for strength and divine guidance on our evening journey.

After a bit of song and dance to stir up the good vibes in our body temples, the magic began.

A terse, commanding voice barely recognizable as her, "Who lives here?" She said.

As she scanned every inch of the place, as if for the first time, as if with new eyes, she "tisk, tisked" what she saw with disgust and disdain. Stomping up and down the halls, she gathered arm loads of random objects that had suddenly become obscenely offensive to her sensibilities.

I followed her with my darting eyes, if for no other reason to make sure this fit didn't become a frenzy. She wasn't like an agro drunk I had to babysit. I just didn't want her to break anything and regret it, or risk any injury in this purge. Luckily, it was only a few minutes of suspenseful purging before she got horny and wanted to get in a bath with me.

I wasn't sure what to make of this whirlwind yet because I wasn't prepared to take the logical leap of faith required to understand the fact of the matter. She was possessed.

Hey, it's not what you think, possession is only thought of as a bad thing because witches were burned at the stake for cultivating relations with astral beings and entering into deity possession trance states. That is not a bad thing, and neither are all possessions. In the bathtub we went.

I wasn't scared, or shocked, but curious, cautious, and of course extremely turned on.

Within seconds of writhing together in the bathtub, our minds melded more than ever before. In our expanded state of consciousness, we could see glimpses of deeper and higher dimensions. The future, past, and everything in between were hinting that our love magic was already catalyzing cosmic shifts. Rippling waves of cause and effect shot out in all directions from our floating, dancing, movements. We were listening to my psychedelic trance track, our bodies were patterning it's rhythms and harmonizing its melodies.

"Good work," she moaned.

“Thanks, it’s your song, it’s our song.” I replied between lickings and kissings.

It wasn’t the kind of compliment you get from a fan, or even a lover. It wasn’t that she “liked” it, rather she was acknowledging it’s utility. It was more like the possession intelligence that was speaking and perceiving through her was a sort of initiatrix, a priestess, or dare I say goddess who had been watching over me, fully aware of my intentions, and my progression as an artist. When a karate sensei sees a student break a board it means they acknowledge an advancement in the mastery of an ancient art. It was like that, it wasn’t the song itself, it was the song as emblematic my sonic shamanic powers maturation.

In that moment I dared to take the logical leap of faith I was hesitant to make earlier. It became more than plausible to me that I was re-encountering my assigned goddess of devotion. Though now, not through a Hindu priestess of the Shakta Tantra tradition which she had appeared several times before, but through a completely untrained human vessel. I flashed back to circumambulating around Sufiana while she danced in frenzy, hissing, tongue lolling out, releasing astral snakes, cackling, and pulling my hair as I knelt and pressed my third eye between her breasts, you’ll get the full dose of Sufiana’s deity possession trance state later...

“This can’t be happening,” I reasoned aloud, knowing full well it could be, and *was* happening.

She knew that I knew.

“It’s happening, Ben, are you ready…?” She inquired with a confrontation grin while staring deeply into my darting eyes.

I fell silent as she reversed our positions, I had been on laying on top of her partially submerged body, now she was climbing on top of me and positioning herself in a somewhat threatening sexual manner. I wasn't afraid because I knew what this meant. She began rocking me with her knee, and gently stroking an area that most men guard with their lives.

Yes, she knew, and I knew that she knew.

But I wasn't ready.

"Are you ready for your healing, Ben?"

"It's….it's too late, we don't have enough energy, we'll have to design the proper ceremony, it's too late now, let's rest tonight, we'll make the proper preparations to proceed soon."

The mushroom's medicine soon began to wear off, and we descended slowly from the peak into the valley of our tightly snuggled sleep ritual.

"Do you remember anything from last night?" I asked when she awoke in the morning.

"You were not yourself, you knew things I never told you."

"I remember I was tripping hard, I channeled a voice, a consciousness that knew something about your past. I've never experienced anything like that. What happened?"

"You were possessed by Her."

“Her? What do you mean Her?”

“I didn’t expect you’d be chosen as a vessel. I was as shocked as you must be, but it all makes sense. You have the powers she needs to heal me. She’s continuing where the others left off. The sexual healing work I’ve done on you and many others now, it’ still hasn’t been done on me. I’ve been stuck in a paradox, and the scummies are laughing at me as I squirm.”

“The wounded healer paradox?” She asked.

“Yes, one of many. In my case, in order to earn the boon of healing from the Gods, or Goddess more accurately, it has seemed I must first heal many others. I never wanted to believe this, it seems inappropriate and out of order for me to be an unhealed healer, but I guess now I can’t deny it. I have to embrace the paradox. Perhaps, now that I’ve healed you enough, you’re willing and able to return the favor and fight for me like no other. ”

“After what you’ve done for me, I’d do anything for you, but I don’t know what to do or how to do it. Whatever or whoever came into me last night is gone, I don’t dare imagine what would have happened if we hadn’t stopped.”

I replied faintly, eyes on the floor, “I know exactly what was coming next, it’s something I can’t ask of you now. It requires rigorous study and training. It’s not just physical acts, there are dimensions of conditioning that would put most combative warriors to shame. I can’t ask you to proceed without informed consent.”

“Please inform me then!”

“I will have to share with you more about myself than I have shared with almost anyone. I will have to trust you with my most vulnerable weaknesses. You’ll never be able to turn back, this is the point of no return. The scummies we joke and laugh about, they’ve got me by the balls, and have successfully fought off every other would be savior. You’d be the first and only brave soul to complete the mission.”

“Sign me up, I was a nurse in training, I’m a healer by lineage, I was built for this, and my love for you in unstoppable now. I can’t knowingly let you suffer. Whatever the risks are, we’ll manage. We have all the time in the world to do it as right as humanly possible, whatever *it* is.”

With a sign and an embrace, I agreed to begin the training many others failed to finish. My reluctance was in the fact that she wasn’t an extreme trauma survivor, she could easily live the rest of her life never having to tread in these scum infested waters. I reminded myself that she had vowed to earn her angel wings by helping rid the world of the scummies. She had a vested interest in restoring the crippled lives of so many Vegas strippers, escorts, and street walkers, on the backs, or more accurately on the asses of whom she built her empire.

It’s not everyday you meet someone who’s willing to roll up their sleeves and go straight into battle. She was truly a Goddess among women. She reigned supreme over so many of the Vegas strip strippers, her position of power and authority over the superficial realm of exterior glamour built her confidence, but for all the wrong reasons. Her heart and soul yearned for more purposeful application of her gifts. Our practical love was as much a fulfilment of

frustrated personal desires as a fulfilment of mystical prophecies.

“So, back to your timeline, when you ran away to San Francisco. What happened?” Rosa inquired.

I was peer-pressured into prostitution to pay for meth.

Course Workings

There was no syllabus for a Sexorcism Certification Course, but I had been sexperimenting while compiling notes, gathering data, and building alliances with who ever I could. My findings were radical and the ramifications far reaching. So much so, I'd learned that having a chat about sexorcism was best keep to myself.

I shared only bits and pieces with a few close friends but spoke freely about it all on podcasts. Understandably, no one I knew personally seemed to take it seriously. My hope was to create a research archive so if anything happened to me, there would be a breadcrumb trail for the future hive mind.

I didn't start with an intention to involve Jade so deeply, but when you make love as high and as deep as Jade and I had, it would stand to reason she'd want to join forces and be very public about the process. We believed in each other. That's what made us a force of reckoning.

I knew it was too much to ask her to consume the mountain of data I'd already collected to prepare anyone to join this fight, so I sweetened the deal by giving her full body coconut oil massages almost everyday while we listened to the relevant podcast episodes. We cuddled under blankets while I read to her a stack of essential books, journal entries, research papers, and lab reports. We made a daily practice of the Twin Hearts Meditation and together widened, strengthened, and elongated the spiritual cord connecting us to divine healing energy fresh from the heart of God/Goddess. We made love according

to the meticulous specifications of tantric manuals that read like electrical engineering text books. She was a trooper, and a natural.

So much of the tedium was beneath her innate sexual-spiritual skill level. She was truly one of those people you know has been highly developing in former lives. Most people would need one whole lifetime, and then merely hope to achieve her level of grace and passion in their next life. She was sexually enlightened, a real life incarnation of the mythical sky-dancing nymphs the tantric Buddhists highly revere. I had never been ravaged with such high voltage energy. Her orgasms ignited stars in far-off incipient galaxies.

"I want to know more about you're early life" She empathically inquired.

“It’s hard for me to open up, It’s a minefield, traumatic flashbacks get triggered when I reflect on it.” I replied nervously.

“And what did you see while being a prostitute on meth?” Rosa pushd further sending me down the rabbit hole of memory.

Demons, everywhere trying to get inside, but I fought them off. I danced and screamed and san, and thrashed. They tried to enter me but they couldn’t. At times, unable to fight because I was drugged, they drugged me unconscious and I don’t know what happened. The last thing I remember was spiders, giant, translucent spiders, crawling down the walls and coming toward me.

When I came to, I saw a video camera: Rob the Sugar Demon and another man. I was their toy, they knocked me out again. I woke up in the morning alone, bad taste in my mouth, spitting for hours, relieved at no rectal pain. Afraid to go out, I stayed there for days or weeks, and the cycle repeated. I don't remember anything else, just spinning a radio dial and hearing aliens in the static. But there was one song, a trance song, "Your love, your love, your love, your love is so Di-viiiiiiii-nnnnne."

Rob the Sugar Demon was the tweak and freak sugar daddy. The maintenance man at an apartment building, he was able to use empty rooms to shelter then drug street hustlers and make films, but I never agreed to do that. He lied, but others told me I wasn't hallucinating. There were cameras and rituals, but I can't remember anything. I escaped before he got raided. Police raided as I skateboarded into the disappearing night.

"Well that's why I'm here, I'll make you feel safe, I promise," as Jade squeezed my hands and smiled.

I knew I had to let her in at some point. All of the materials I'd been sharing were impersonal. I knew I couldn't keep putting it off.

There were always other clients ready to violate beyond my boundaries. Many other attempts I had fought off or escaped, and only one worse. A mad man, a murderer, kidnapped me for days and kept me drugged out of mind and body. I can't remember anything, just evil, lies, molestation but not physical rape, psychological torture, metaphysical mind rape, terror, confusion, bewilderment. My mentor, was in another room, he must have been serving the man, so he didn't rape my body.

"It will be easier if I read to you from my juvenile record files. The act of reading takes the edge off a bit.” I handed her a transcription of a session with Rosa, one of my counselors, she was actually one of the best I'd encountered. A real shaman, she guided me on meditations, made music with me. She was a woman who I assumed must have been surrounded by sexual abuse, so she became a music therapist and social worker.

“Are you sure you want to hear all this? Last chance." I said with caution.

"I'm sure, I need to know." She replied resolutely.

“Promise not to reject me?”

Brian, my mentor, a bisexual street punk, Latino,16 years old. He got me into Sepultura, the Arise album had powerful shamanic medicine. He was my pimp. We were friends, like business partners. But I never trusted him again after I escaped the kidnapping.

“I wouldn’t dare, I’ve adopted you into the Queendom, you can finally relax, no one is chasing you or threatening you anymore. This is what you always wanted right?”

I sighed and agreed, “Yes of course, you’re right. Will you rub my heart chakra while I read?”

My hands and voice shook at first, but her calming circles over my chest lulled me into a hypnotic state. I put one word after the next and tried not to relive anything too vividly.

Early Life Trauma

I had to read from my juvenile files in neutral territory. They say don't shit where you eat, the same sentiment can be applied as don't trigger trauma where you sleep.

Jade sat close to me in my office as opposed to the bedroom. I didn't want to etch these images into the walls, blankets, and pillows where we had made our sacred love nest.

The files began with the transcript from an early session with my counselor Rosa. We sat in a sterile locked room, in a sterile locked facility, the windows were too small to fit through, the perimeter fences topped with razor-wire, the screams of drugged kids being restrained and dragged into "quiet rooms" were as mundane as police sirens in the city.

The only thing this place had going for it was remoteness. The facility was nestled into an old convent in the woods near an epic river. Many a runaway dream had me swimming stealthily across the river at night. Though, I had resigned to tough it out this time. I knew if I ran away again and got caught, they could keep me in the system for the rest of my life. This time I knew I had to play their game without question. I' had to conform to their rules, and appear to make progress towards my "treatment goals". It nearly broke me, masking my warrior nature, my anarchist ideology, and my punk spirit, but I survived.

As I read these notes from Rosa’s counseling session, I began to worry Jade feel repulsed by me. I glanced at her frequently to gauge her reaction, she was disturbed, but still meditative.

"Are you still with me?" I asked before taking a sip of green tea.

"Yes, I'm sorry Ben." Jade said while reaching for my hand.

"Thanks, all of that could have been much worse, 'Survivors survive whether they want to or not.'

"If everything bad that’s happened in our lives had to happen to make this moment possible, than I wouldn’t change anything". she replied.

"Neither would I.” I leaned over to kiss her third eye.

Fighting Meth Monsters

"Wow, they were forced to take you seriously huh?" Jade giggled.

"Well I wasn't crazy, and I had the sense not to act out when they had me confined in their "placements". I just kept finding ways to escape and return to the mission, which was not re-assimilating into their system."

I was 13 and 14 years old. I was already what burners call a psychonaut, traveling out of body to explore the astral planes with only a skateboard to sleep on at night, and a walkman to keep a solid punk, metal, goth, and industrial music soundtrack to my drug-induced psychoses.

My politics became bitter-sweet, street life had made me cynical.

“Did your heart shine through it all?” She asked.

Civilization, society, technology and money take us so far from our basic human needs, from our true virtues. We fucked up the past, we're fucking up the future, and both are reasons to focus on the present. Get your head out of your ass, out of the clouds, and come down to earth. Start to fight for change. What we’ve done up to this point hasn’t worked. We are running this world to the end. Our time is almost up. We’re moving too fast, we’ve taken technology too far. It’s time we stop and open our eyes. Realize where we’re headed. We can make our own species go extinct with technology and its weapons.

Doesn't living for destruction defeat the purpose of life? We have the power to blow ourselves up and god knows what else.. The human race doesn't have to die as long as we don't exterminate ourselves. Ultimately, we need to chang our course because we're headed toward a dead end death, literally.

Freedom is all I ask and is why I'm caged. Being caged, they have complete control over me. I'm a threat locked down for absolutely nothing besides my decision to break free. That shows how "free" this country is.

Democracy, in theory, may work but look at it now. Any person or party given power to rule they will rule abusively. The citizens of The USA are pawns who do nothing but obey law after law to feed the pocket books of the upper classes. The rich get richer and the poor ain't got a damn thing. We bought this B.S. for so long most people don't realize how they are programmed to accept hacing no rights. No power. Getting hassled by police for sitting on a public sidewalk doesn't sound very public. If we stand up for our rights, we're either killed, discredited, or unheard. Slowly we completely gave up control of our government.

I can't believe it's already been a month without speed, a month without cigarettes, a month without sex, a month without freedom, a month without my clothes. I miss music most. I would mosh in the Brice hotel to fight the meth monsters. I would blast Doom and getting deep into the sound, a massive energy empowered me.

"I was quite the political philosopher. I had plenty of time to contemplate and commiserate on the dismal state of the world with my street tribe comrades. If only we could have overcome our addictions, we might have made for a significant uprising." I laughed.

“Well at least you dropped out of the rat race early, some people wait to renounce materialism until they’re retired from a lifetime of wage slavery.” She said.

“If only Earth First! had jail diversion and runaway youth programs, I’d have signed right up. All I wanted was to be an eco-warrior training in a mountain forest. The sad irony is I had no intention of becoming a prostitute, I had no intention to seek out the lifestyle of a street hustler, panhandling with my pretty-boy cheeks and androgenous voice made for plenty of beer and all ages club money. A magnet for street kids, the drop-in youth resource center was in the middle of the red-light district. Within days of arriving at the drop-in center to access food, clean clothes, showers, and medical treatment, the street kids would be pimped by the local street population. I was fresh meat for many moons of feasting before I was tackled by undercover cops while fleeing on my skateboard.”

“And your budget afforded you to have nearly endless meth runs, I bet.” She added.

“Yep, I was a high-rolling crusty hustler for awhile.”

“There must be pictures somewhere.”

I twitched and crossed my legs reactively when she said that. Of course, she meant friendly pictures taken by friends and social workers, but what my triggered subconscious heard was the creepily discomforting voice of the Stanford professor John Don’t**.** The one who assured me that with my smarts, I’d one day be a professor at Stanford too as he walked me into his office for a flattering photo shoot, I insisted on covering my face with a book. I sometimes wonder if he’s made his way up

the academic ladder, perhaps one day I'll invite him out for a tantric date night, now that I'm able to nourish his soul and heal him much more fully than I was as a pubescent holy whore.

The End of Evil Romance

"Remember about how you're used to seeing people freak out on stimulants and turn into evil monsters?" I asked.

"Story of my life in Vegas." She murmured with an eye-roll.

"They call it shamanic dismemberment," I said.

"Who calls it what?" Jade asked.

"Anthopologists who study shamanic initiations around the world. A cross-cultural pattern exists where initiates are encouraged to descend into the underworld to be torn to pieces by demonic entities, only to be reconfigured and revived in the middle world, where they are bestowed with healing gifts for their tribe. It's like being jumped by a gang, surviving, and being given respect."

"So you were seduced into the underworld, curious like a cat."

"So it seems, I needed to understand if rational skeptical scientific materialism was all bullshit. If I could prove at least to myself that uncharted dimensions exist, and extra-dimensional beings exist, be they good or evil,

I'd be like Jacques Cousteau, an explorer of the otherworldly."

"I'm glad your curiosity didn't kill you…"

"Haha, almost, but not yet…"

How far am I willing to go with evil? I felt like I was in Contra, that old Nintendo game or something. I had a real taste of evit during my dreams and hallucinations. I don't know if what I saw, heard, and felt was from the outside or my own head, but I know it was certainly fucking evil. I want it more to find out what it is, but I don't know if it's something I should fuck with. Until I know for sure, I'm not going to claim Satanism. I thought I knew so much, I didn't know. That shit scared the holy fuck out of me. I need to go past the field, go to the witche's castle, then maybe I'll get some questions answered... Oh fuck, I remember my psychic feeling on my run, oh shit what does that mean? I think my brain has started to leak from deep, locked doors... I have to find out.

"Here's where my journal entries begin reading like experimental lab reports." I said.

Self-realization and motivation pushed me to retreat to the park off of Van Ness at Clay and Octavia. That park became my temple, my holy ground. I ended up there once then started going their regularly. Arriving at the steps told me I was safe. I found comfort in the safety. The park was peaceful, a different world in the middle of madness. Inside the park, at the top, my mind clear. Reality and sanity would come back. Warm with peace and happily depressed and humble, the familiar loneliness allowed my mind to rest. Nature and tranquil beauty took away the

wordly evil paranoia. It was my last stop on my trips. Off to hell and back but always returning to the park.

"Jesus, you were barely a teenager during all of this!?" Jade shouted shaking her head.

"I know, I was a tantra punk before I knew what tantra was, I must have just been picking up where my soul left off in the last life."

"I wish I could have rescued you."

"You were there in essence, there were always angelic women who would crush out on me and take me home like a stray cat. They'd wash me, feed me, and love on me. They'd hide me from their parents if they were younger, and hide me from their neighbors or roommates if they were older.

Of course, I didn't mind the age differences. In my pubescent mind, I was mature physically and sexually enough to be initiated into the loving arts by older women. As taboos go, breaking this one felt the most natural. Selling my body and soul to the creepy men was what felt totally unnatural. Not because of homosexuality, but because of the predatory vibe. It was all about them, they didn't care I was disgusted by the whole thing, if I was terrified. The worst of them were into it for the torture, they were breaking off parts of my soul to feed to their scummy lords.

Here, in this moment, in the Queendom, I have again been rescued. I found a safe sanctuary to be cleansed, blessed, and healed. This is not the kind of spiritual warrior I imagined becoming as a child, but I have to accept it was the path I was meant to run.

Anyway, those little journal entries are just the teasers, the real depth of my journeying into the hell realms is documented in the next session transcription with Rosa."

"Okay, let me take a hit, before you go on."

Sleepless in San Fransicko

“Can we snuggle up for this one? It’s a hell of a mine field, literally.” I asked.

“Sure, I’ll massage you when you tense up.” She said as she tucked herself into me.

Repressed traumatic memories that need to be worked through tend to spark other memories, like Monica.

Her love was so divine, Chinese street punk from Hollywood. She was the girlfriend I prayed for while the men had their way with me. I prayed and prayed for a Goddess to heal me and take my real virginity.

Monica deflowered me in Tom’s VW bus. We cuddled all night on acid, surfing waves of uncontrollable laughter and mutual terror at a hallucinated menacing face in the wall. We loved fiercely. We were mostly happy together.

I had noticed her immediately, in the micro-scene of Polk District gutter-crust-skate-punk street hustlers, San Francisco circa 1994. Any one new to the scene stood out brightly, as they didn't yet stink of sun-baked alley piss, their face didn't leak puss out of speed-bump abscesses, they weren't yet "chewing invisible bubble gum"...

With a mohawk, she was 15 and Chinese. I was 13. She came from the Hollywood Blvd gutter punk tribe. Our first interaction was me sticking a needle in her arm and shooting her up with a hit of speed in the backseat of a car.

We were a regular Sid and Nancy. Whoever we were hanging out with drove the car to a woodland area, and we all kicked it for a few hours.

It was the first time I'd been out of the city in months, it was quite soothing to my spun-out spirit. Of course, just like Bob in Drugstore Cowboy, the speed killed my sex drive. I paid no attention to her at first as I endlessly assembled, disassembled, organized, tore apart, lost, found, and got entangled in my array of wires, gadgets, electronics, notes, drawings,...spun out on speed.

We ended up being drawn together. I was never one to "tweak and freak", so I didn't come-on to her. We were becoming companions though. At Ken's apartment one early morning, I decided to go out and start my day of hustling before dawn. I had been in my own isolated psychedelic speed trance all night, We hadn't spoken once in our totally separate trips. As I got up to leave, she grabbed me and pulled me down on the bed for a hug that started at the shoulders and rolled down to the hips for a grind. It wasn't sustained, only a slight gesture to state her intentions. A warm giggly smile followed, and I went off and bombed Haight street on my skate as the sun came up. I thought to myself, oh man,... it's happening...

She wasn't my first girlfriend but she did become my "first time". We spent many nights passionately kissing and grinding in altered states of speed energized sleep deprived hallucinatory ecstasy at the Bristol hotel in the Tenderloin. $30 a night, no questions asked.

When we got to the point where we wanted to "go all the way", the burning desire, combined with being broke made it so we couldn't wait to "get a room" again, so we got a bus.

Our friend Tom my psychedelic spiritual mentor, big street brother rented us his VW Bus for half an hour. We wasted no time, jumped in, got naked, the chemical fire in our bodies burning, the condom put on, and she helped me inside. This moment had been anticipated since my first erection and envisioned in every masturbation session for years, but I had no idea what to expect, what to do. Of course I'd seen plenty of Hollywood R rated depictions and some X-rated, but in reality, it's like trying to surf for the first time. It looks so easy, seems so intuitive, get in position, hang on, and try to maneuver. Of course, you get on, and you... well... get off very quickly because you lack the skills to do it right.

This peak moment was very short lived, it was divine, ecstatic, transcendent, blissful...for me. Yet, I knew something was wrong, I knew the satisfaction was not mutual and though she seemed understanding and honored, we weren't on the same glowing plane. She had the patience for me to learn to stay on the surfboard as I got into the groove and we were able to sustain a timeless orgasmic flow state.

I let her go, I didn’t take care of her. I told her to leave me alone. So, she went to the room down the hall, her friends, they betrayed her, they gang raped her. I didn’t know. They were acting evil in the morning, they corned me and robbed me. Later she found me and broke down crying on the sidewalk, told me what they did, I wanted to get them, but she wouldn’t let me, she said they’d kill me.

Her “friends” were possessed by pure evil demons, they had joined the dark army. They enjoyed the hell they were creating, they had become rape artists, infected with sadistic demons.

I was enraged, but I was too small, too weak. I vowed revenge when I grew up. One day I'll be big and strong and become a demon slayer and destroy the demons causing all this sexual violence.

These were the deepest wounds from the streets. The rest was the constant fear of kidnapping, body rape, mind rape, demonic infestation, arrest….

Arrested, tracked down by a detective. Chased and tackled, they put me in youth jail for a month. A month of threats of violence and sexual assault. That is how I met Rosa.

Oregon youth jail was hell. Conform, or they will never let you out. A cesspool of sex demons, many of the patients were offenders, most were victims. Everyone was drugged, aggressive, acting out, being tackled and dragged into restraints. I was weak, but I had to become strong, I had to defend my energy and go into spiritual and physical training in every moment I had to myself.

Working with Rosa helped to strengthen me spiritually. She was not like the other staff who seemed to take their personal miseries out on the helpless traumatic children they governed with drugs and mind games. Rosa was one of the few here angels who helped me get rid of some of the evil spiders.

The spiders that came towards me when I was drugged. I saw them in my subtle energy field. When Rosa and I did meditation together where I had to connect a light from the earth to the sky going up my spine, the light shined and I saw spiders scattering. I don't know if they're spiders, they're some kind of creepy crawlies though.

They're not on this plane of reality, they're somehow in-between worlds. They can affect our minds and bodies, they hide, they're hard to find, trap, and kill. I painfully sense my consciousness being under chronic attack, they cause fear, anxiety, depression, agitation. They are projectionists in the theater of my mind space. I have flashbacks from the past, fear of the future, nightmares, and hellish visions from the sickness around me. I fear all men and suspect them all as sexual abusers, manipulators, possessed perpetrators.

Always the spiders. I gained power over them, I believed I could rise above them, and they'd leave me alone, I could starve them of energy as I became more powerful and hopeful for my future. Learning to love and pleasure myself with healing music, creating sacred fantasies and imagining a protective shield around my soul so the spiders couldn't feed off my fears anymore. I was poisoning them by the self-love I created. The love I had started to learn from Rosa.

Eventually they did let me out. It would be a couple years of hellish relationships before a series of angelic lovers came into my life to led me to tantra and sexual shamanism."

Jade sighed then took a series of deep breaths, closing her eyes, sinking into the pain of the world soul.

"Let's burn some sage and take a salt water bath. That's more than enough for today. Tomorrow we'll get to the fun stuff."

"Fun stuff?" She asked in disbelief.

"Yes, a light at the end of the tunnel. There are the sexual angels that have come before you, Jade. If you

don't mind a bit of former lover erotica, I've got more redeeming stories to tell.

Let's hike the boulders tomorrow, find some privacy and have a little picnic. I know you're gonna like hearing about where my sexual healing powers have come from. It's not all rainbows and unicorns, there's still a lot of yuckiness and tragedy, but at least the pure loving light starts to flow my way, and thus your way."

"We're in this together now, we're going all the way together, maybe not always and forever, who knows when and where our paths may part, but we're going to finish what we started." Jade said.

"Agreed, now how about a bath, some popcorn, and Star Trek re-runs until we pass out in a cuddle puddle on the couch?"

"Let's go!"

Sexual Angels

We packed our picnic and charged up the trail near her place, pastel orange rocks and pistachio shrubbery contrasted starkly. Natural beauty against the Vegas skyline. We found a nice smooth rock and got comfortable...

I was 19 when the first sexual angel entered my life. I was so broken and demoralized, by all the male predators, the time in lock up, but perhaps mostly by the horrific relationships I had endured since I was released. Free of two very dangerous and psychotic lovers, I was hoping and praying for a healthy teenage romance.One

came, short lived, not even a fling, A soulful connection, but more a summer love

"The first angel gave me a chakra douche. The scummies inside me desperately feared her and tried to keep me from pursuit. I rose above their fear projections, even when they squirted poison in my bloodstream when I approached her to tell her how I felt. I almost fainted. I held myself together somehow and her heart slowly began to open.

Over a couple of weeks, we began to touch and kiss with burning passion. She looked in my eyes, and a surgical laser beam of divine feminine love shone down into my heart. The searing pain and soothing love were healing me, cutting through diseased tissue, disinfecting and purifying me. We eventually became fully sexual. She wasn't scared, she seemed to have awareness that she was performing love surgery on me, she was hydraulically flushing my chakras with hot pressurized liquid love. I began shaking and falling apart. My breath was erratic, my pulse increasing, I was flooded with Kundalini Shakti energy but had no idea what it was. I assumed it was a panic attack, but that had never happened before. I apologized, I was able to perform, but she had to work hard to calm me and assure me everything was okay.

I knew she would be leaving town soon, I hoped in vain she would return, or at least stay in contact, but she disappeared and never looked back.

Jade cut in, "I'm sorry to hear it didn't last, sometimes it's best to quit while' you're ahead I suppose."

"It was hard to come down from that peak erotic experience, I mourned her leaving for quite a while. Eventually, the next angel arrived.

"She was a beautiful, magical, passionate, academic, radical, anarchist, feminist, punk, hippie, psychedelic, gaian. The first complementary, constructive, enduring, synergistic love of my life. She was a warrior goddess who trained me in eco-feminist theory. I was carved into a Goddess worshiping devotee of the divine feminine, though I was still far from grace. I failed to match her, and ultimately we split. She did not deserve so much of my shadow, but she gave so abundantly of her nurturing love.

"We never attempted any specific sexual healing rituals. The innate sacredness of our love was generally healing, and it flourished despite sporadic surface level conflicts. There were incidents of being triggered though...

We made love for the first time, skin to skin, no condom...Panic attack. I had been screened for most STDs except for HIV. I quickly booked a blood test though I wasn't overly concerned. I told her I had a concern and was getting tested... Guilt complex triggered. I quickly unraveled into panic. Extreme shame and carelessness flooded me, my moral and ethical self-concept was shattered, Thinking very badly of myself, I began to shake and convulse uncontrollably. She held me, without contempt. I wasn't deceitful, just dishonorable. I hadn't kept my higher standard.

"When I had the panic attack, I felt a massive rupture in my protective field. I felt a menacing evil presence that sent me into a deep panic, Burrowing into her arms, I crumbled internally. I didn't see or believe it at

the time, but my nervous breakdown allowed demons that had been quarantined to break loose and creep back into my chakras.

My immunity was compromised by the panic attack. The demons, the scummies, made hell of my thought stream. Fear, anxiety, depression, doubt, and flashbacks all returned. Slowly, my mind was colonized. They wreaked havoc of my childhood memories, my trauma on the street, my pain from lock up. My inner life became a torture chamber and moment by moment, I was forced into psychic combat until the majority of my vital energy, focus, awareness, and attention was forced inward in a survival based battle for control. Color, sound, smell, objects, all woven into a web of trauma triggers. My inner world closing in on me,no escape, nowhere to hide, not even in sleep. In dreams, I was more defenseless and vulnerable. The demons were masters of disguise who projected themselves as legitimate fears and anxieties. My fears were contorted them into exaggerated phobias. The fear of men, the fear of contagions, the fear of failure, the fear of eye contact, the fear of psychopaths from lock up.

"The worst was in my sex chakra where they colonized my sexual trauma wounds, and began to eat my orgasms. I was able to please all my lovers, provide multiple orgasms for them, and climax with them, but at the peak of my release and surrender, the demons would rape and devour me from within. They sprayed poisonous venom into me at the point of orgasm as they consumed my release, I struggled psychically and counter-projected beautiful images of my beloveds in safe, serene, natural settings, but the torturous hell visions were consistently overpowering. I couldn't see where the demons were or what they looked like, or if "they" even existed. It had to be all me twisted into knots from the trauma. My sexual

trauma was used to created festering infected wounds, teeming with noxious demonic entities, competing for a place to sink their energy sucking fangs into me. What should have been a fountain of bliss, became a bog of pain.

"I couldn't understand any of this. I didn't know what was happening. I stopped believing in monsters and demons and believed it was all Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, my own neurons malfunctioning after trauma, an electrical storm in the brain, nothing more. I accepted a western clinical psychological worldview: There are no supernatural forces, entities, deities. Everything can be explained scientifically. I turned my back on the spirit world, and my disbelief just made the demons stronger. They convinced me they were part of me, I was the problem, I was sick and ruined and it was all my fault. I could only cope, I fought their influence and tried to have healthy sex, but I was secretly dying inside, contaminated. Ruined.

"Compromised and condemned, after several pregnancies, abortions, and scares, I got a vasectomy. I defeated the generational curse crawling the DNA of the family bloodline. The goddess' first tangible experience in my life was on that operating table. I teared up, prayed, "please be with me dear goddess, please comfort me and assure I am doing the right thing, that I am pre-empting more suffering."

She assured me, held me, loved me, proud of my honorable and brave decision. Beyond the curse breaking, parenting would have disrupted my devotion to art, music, and activism. I for damn sure wasn't going to be responsible for bringing any children into this hellish reality. Several of my lovers' hearts broke, but I refused to be

morally accountable for bringing a child into this toxic world. If I ever succeed at escaping Babylon, the rat race, modernity, and could build a sustainable egalitarian tribal village, I'd consider co-parenting. There's no way I'm going to stay in a city and go to work and send my kid off to school or friends houses to be bullied, humiliated, or worse of all, sexually assaulted or abused as I had been.

"I spent many years celibate before some healing sex play with the next angel, Linda.

<break> not sure if Linda even needs to be here, but some of the imagery does <note>

Linda and I were both wounded and worked closely together on community gardening and eco-feminist education projects. We were to spending our lives dedicated to parenting a generation instead of our own children. We wanted to reproduce culturally instead of biologically. The dominant culture is so toxic, so sick, so we developed great synergy and purpose to become cultural healers. My PTSD symptoms were getting more and more severe, she experienced a lot of shadow energy from me. I manifested toward her nothing but coldness, arrogance, passive aggressive tendencies, and other pathological interpersonal dynamics.

"Celibate for almost 5 years. I finally had some affection and sex play, but I was not finding the right partners for intercourse. I needed something very specific. I tried very hard to earn the sexual love of many but fate would always betray me. The agony of deprivation exacerbated the sexual wounds. Without high heat sexual love energy, the wounds festered and the infections got worse and worse. Like meat left at room temperature for the flies, all of the dark entities swarmed me and ate me

alive. I became so depressed I couldn't move. No wonder I couldn't find a mate. On the surface I looked alright, but my vibration was one of deep sickness.

<break>

"Then I was blessed with the love of Elizabeth. We built a deep bond over several months, but we only made love three times before our untimely parting. A long term relationship was all but impossible.Yet, we remained friends though it was hard for me to let go because of the heights of healing we achieved together. She was a sexual abuse survivor, and we healed each other in miraculous ways. Despite my pathetic and putrid inner state, she saw the light in me. I was too reserved to "make moves" on women. It took quite a while for us to make the leap of faith into affection toward each other. The tension and anticipation built between us. Our souls knew we must make a connection. We fell in love the day I took her and her daughter to the ocean, we went to the wildest and most natural beach in L.A. county. Having a picnic with them made me feel like a whole person for the first time in my life.

"We had both suffered immensely at the hands of twisted men who stole our innocence and scarred us for life. Our friendship blossomed into love, I was on my knees telling her my story, as tears began to fall, she came towards me instinctually to hug me. Leaning down to me, she asked if there was anything she could do, I said, "Just stay here with me for awhile." She sat on my lap, and we unknowingly entered into the tantric "yab-yum" or "Goddess" position. Our hearts pressed together, our embrace was the most powerful I'd ever experienced. There was a spirit with us, an angelic presence, shakti, but not as the wild writhing serpent, more as a humming bird

who hovered in the center of our union. I'd gotten physical sensations in my heart chakra many times in my life. I'd fallen in love many times, but this was something much different. As survivors, something deeper within us was connecting. The nurturance we had for each other poured directly to where it was needed. Naturally entering a deep meditative state, I felt a sense of peace, of timelessness, of belonging. We were creating a field of love that would be lethal to the demons. They had to hide or die. I was entering a field of bliss that grew to become impenetrable by the intrusions of negative thought forms. I felt safe from the inside out. In her arms, together, we were creating a healing magic I had yearned for so desperately.

"Making love, a state of pure grace. The word porcelain came to me. I had not been permanently stained, my essence was pure. Complete surrender into ecstasy was a form of ritual purification. I was practicing tantra with her before I had heard the word. There was hope for liberation and transcendence. Unwilling and unable to build a commitment, she quickly pushed me away, sustaining a relationship was too much stress. This was a sacred baptism into a realm of healing light. I would carry this light into my love life ever after.

"Rather than sink into depression, I kept repeating the mantra: run, run, to the future. I forced myself to run to the future. I pushed into extreme martial arts and fitness routines, healthy diets, reading schedules, routines of meditation, self massage, medibation, hypnosis, spiritual studies, and my discovery of somnaudism.

"Medibation and somnaudism? I can guess what medibation is, but what is somnaudism? It sounds like hearing sounds during sleep." Jade asked.

"Yes, I came up with the term after I consulted a sleep expert about a strange phenomenon I discovered. I remembered during childhood, if I fell asleep with the TV on, and a 6 hour VHS tape playing, I'd often dream about exactly what was happening as soon as I entered R.E.M. sleep. I'd fade in and out of the storyline, but I was living the movie and acting it out in my dreams. The plot was adapted, spliced, and merged with my life schema. Like the audio content, the dialog would be the same, but I would experience it within a framework of the characters in my actual life. I had a real time miniature Universal Studios running in my head. It was a bonus and an extra dimension of adventure eventually discarded. In my late 20s, I religiously got back into it. I would put two small speakers on either side of my pillow and play spoken word, audio books, and lectures from repeating playlists every night. I would travel into the worlds of my favorite professors' academic work.

"One dream time, I was doing botanical field work with Terrence McKenna in Hawaii. Everything I heard from the speakers became him talking as we climbed vines to locate an upper canopy psychedelic plant which we ingested and tripped on together. It was a trip within a dream, and my dream theater was trying to approximate his description. It was one of the most exquisite psychedelic experiences of my life. My self education was a powerful form of self hypnosis, so the self-help and spiritual materials took deep root. I was like a Jedi training at NASA. The nightly practice of somnaudism for several years lead to a discovery I now call the "chakra shish kabob" effect.

"When the 4th angel arrived, I was at a peak of sexual self-mastery and ready to experience epic love.

"She is a warrior goddess, I wasn't projecting a fantasy on her like I had with some. She was the real deal, Native American, punk, poly, bi, martial artist, markswoman, eco-feminist, permaculturalist, pianist, jewelry designer, painter, model, activist, the works.

"We had met casually in Oregon. Many years later, my band was performing when she came flying up to me like an angel and summoned me to talk. We initiated a several month soul-mating process. We moved in together and vowed to build a love project synergistically combining art, music, spirituality, business, and sexuality.

"We had an epic adventure. Our love making had been exquisitely perilous as we both had deep wounds that agitated our mutual exploration. We made educational books, films, opened an artist colony, grew food, played music, became modern survivalists. Our fighting was very minimal and our communication was very constructive. Yet, the romance struggled in the harsh reality of L.A. and began to fail. Ultimately drown in stress, we remained mostly civil and fought to preserve and enhance love or salvage a friendship out of it. We had to shape-shift into a life-long friendship after a year of intensive effort.

My downfall was my tendency to emotionally and sexually withdraw under financial stress. Her downfall was, well... nothing really. She wanting to be loved and wasn't afraid to demand quality attention. She was pure light and never did anything wrong as I remember. She was a truly angelic lover. She would have stood by me through thick and thin, but being miserable in L.A., overworked and stressed to exhaustion was heartbreaking. I was too weak to manifest a way out that would work for both of us, so we ultimately split.

We had something poor folk almost never have: a giant bathtub that comfortably fit both of us for regular divine mutual bathing sessions. This was the first time I'd ever seen one, it wasn't a hot tub, but a standard bathtub significantly bigger than normal. Share the most sensual experience with your lover any time you felt like it sheds light on the prison camp architecture we're voluntarily succumbing to in most of Babylon. Why are so many "bathrooms" designed to barely be comfortable for one person to fall deep into the pleasure of submersion in hot water? We had gotten lucky to have this bath and it was a vital organ of our relationship.

"She got me to break my psychedelic celibacy. Mushroom love filled my heart and melted my ego, all the stressed thought energy evaporated. Her pure love got through to me unobstructed for the first time. We were fully present together as creative, care-free, energetic loving wild creatures. We bathed together and discovered that laying opposite each other, we could press each others feet on our faces and effect the visual cortex by gently pressing the balls of each others' feet into our eye sockets. This was a scientific breakthrough on par with Terrence Mckenna's discovery that his pinky fit perfectly in his nostril!

"After the bath, we played music, her singing and playing piano, me on guitar. It was the most heart connected, juicy, flowing musical co-creation session of our lives. Our egos dissolved into innocence and we flowed in harmony.

"Then a channeling occurred, "

"You mean you channeled a voice?" asked Jade.

"More than a voice, I channeled a benevolent physical possession. Let's call it a consensual possession when I was still capable of conscious control over my body, but I surrendered in relaxation and was completely animated by another consciousness. Out of nowhere, the spirit entered me. It felt benevolent, like it was part of a higher dimensional aspect of my being. It was an ancient elderly Kung Fu master. Elaborate movements and vocalizations I'd never learned flowed through me. My eyes closed, I was seeing the lower astral plane with the third eye for the first time since I was a meth addict on the street. Now, I had come into my power and the creepy crawly creatures were scattering at my presence. This was my psychedelic shamanic re-awakening.

"Wait," Jade asserted, "How would you describe the astral planes?"

"The way I understand it there are multiple layers of the "reality sandwich", these layers are made of wave forms oscillating within various frequency ranges that produce various patterns of vibration. What we typically consider to be "matter" is oscillating and vibrating within a relative low range of frequency. The vibratory continuum which ascends from the material plane up through the lower, middle, and higher astral planes parallels the orthodox religious schematic of hell below and heaven above.

"You have to go through hell before you get to heaven, literally." Jade remarked.

"Yes, the negative, "evil" realms are immediately above us, and the angelic, benevolent, pure love and light realms are in gradients above them. The mushroom gave me a visual analogy to help understand how human

chakras are parasitized by demonic entities that exist in the lower astral.

"The human chakra system is light, heat, gas, and fluid that exudes jewels in the muck of the cosmic ocean floor. During waking consciousness, we perceive ourselves as moving through space-time on the Earth plane, but our chakras are actually quite fixed and localized in the lower astral ocean floor landscape. Throughout our lives, we emit output that attracts different organisms. Our belief systems, habitual thought forms, emotional states, reactive impulses, traumatic wounds, etc. form a reef structure that becomes a habitat for a wide diversity of life forms. This is where our fears, anxieties, hopes and dreams live. Like any Earthly aquatic environment, it's teeming with life, and the food-web is infinitely complex. Our negative tendencies produce exudates. The exudates feed grotesque, parasitic, malevolent beings that poke and prod us to produce more of what they like to eat. Conversely, when we vibrate love energy, compassion, forgiveness, joy, bliss, etc. we kill off the "bad guys" and attract the "good guys" who help maintain balance in the psychic ecology. Angels can be thought of as beneficial predators who help us clean our reefs of noxious pests. Negative thought forms are mollusks that opportunistically colonize any surface they can. If they're population is not kept in check, they'll quickly subsume anything they happen upon. In this model, the religious archetypal construct of "demons" can be understood, in ecological terms, as transdimensional parasitic organisms. Effective exorcism breaks apart chunks of the psychic reef and dislodges these offending creatures."

"As above so below, right?" She asked.

"Yes, an ecosystemic model to translate esoteric spiritual knowledge into practical ecological knowledge. The classic symbolic shamanism can be complemented with scientific shamanism if we taxonomize the astral planes. We can categorize different life forms into groups so we can differentiate their relationships and begin to understand how to intelligently design more beneficial relationships that serve our needs for mental health and well being.

"If we can, through psychedeliscopic exploration, see and connect the dots of the “soul food web”, we’ll be able to manage our spiritual ecology like a gardener tending plants and discouraging weeds.

"I like that term, psychedeliscopic. It implies this spiritual ecology needs a standard lens to see what had been considered non-existent or supernatural." Jade said.

"Yes, this approach would allow for us to continue the work of Terrence Mckenna in phenomenological categorizing of experience. This would validate everyone’s subjective experience by standardizing data collection methods and allowing for patterns in the data to reveal laws, truths, and species of the spirit world. And most importantly how to fight spiritual infections.

"What was once considered exorcism will be considered surgery. And what was once considered witch doctoring will be considered disinfection. The psychedeliscopic perspective will become the next revolution in science, much like the germ theory when the microscope was used to discover that microbes are the cause of infectious disease. Before that, pathogenesis was all superstition. Doctors weren’t washing hands between surgeries or delivering babies, plagues ravaged the world

population. For the science of the mind, mental health, mental illness, sexual pathology, addiction, it could be scientifically known what exact species of transdimensional parasitic organism is responsible for a given condition or disorder. Thanks to the permaculture design science, we won't be spending decades making the problem worse by prescribing toxic pharmaceutical drugs that exacerbate the infections, we'll think like Bill Mollison and know you don't have a slug problem in your garden, you have a duck deficiency.

I'd collected numerous reports in my Ayahuasca research on the beneficial predator effect. The diseased bioplasmic tissue can be cleared by creatures functioning like leeches or maggots on infected wounds, and infestations of pests can be raided.

"Ayahuasca, I've seen documentaries about that. I want to try it!" Jade exclaimed.

"That can be arranged! I'd love to share the experience with you!" I said with delight.

In fact, I got an email recently about upcoming ceremonies we could try to sign up for.

Spiritual and psychological " pest control", think of the classic organic gardeners use of ladybugs to control aphids. The human mind is the leaf, demons are aphids, angels are lady bugs. In ecological terms, there is no good and evil, just opportunism. If a plant's health is weakened by poor soil conditions, too much or too little sunlight, too much or too little water, etc. it's targeted by pests, and is susceptible to disease due to weakened immunity, that organism gets taken down. Our psyches are affected by the same laws of nature, however in addition to the

physical, biological, and environmental conditions and input, we need love to be healthy and resilient. A loved and loving person is no free lunch for demonic pests. These creatures prowl our population. When they come across a loving individual, they are repelled. When they find someone who is love deficient, they burrow in through the emotional cracks.

An emotional wound caused by trauma is like a scrape or cut on the skin, it's immediately infected if it's not cleaned and bandaged.

In "the real world" there is an ever present pathological pressure. Maintenance of the "love shield" is a daily task. Psycho-pathogens are attracted to the negative vibration of thoughts, pain, abuse, trauma, and all the so called sins.

Biomedical science now has a working understanding of the nature of microbiological pathogens, psychology and psychiatry need a similar upgrade. Most importantly, they need to be shown that by administering chemical pharmaceuticals, they're weakening people further and the horrible side-effects are actually creating the conditions for the psycho-pathogens to multiply and get worse. If you get a prescription to "treat" mild depression, you'll end up becoming a suicidal schizophrenic as a "side-effect". This is an atrocity, and it all comes down to ignorance of the spirit world. Or to be scientific, shall we say the psycho-pathogenic world?

"If I can prove what I've seen with my own third eye through a series of repeatable laboratory experiments, it could put the pharmaceutical industrial complex out of business and incite a wave of class action lawsuits. With all the money people would be saving by kicking the

pharmaceutical habit, they'd be able to build the gardens that would actually provide the natural medicines they truly need. The world will heal when an organic psychiatry becomes the core modality.

"Why do genetic patterns result in conditions 'running in families'?Is it because human DNA is being hacked by demons to serve their ends? They're engineering faulty genes to make us easier and easier prey. Science doesn't acknowledge there are highly intelligent beings capable of generating and manipulating thought forms, sp the same toxic and lethal mistakes are repeated, as with chemical agriculture. Organic, biological style pest control is the only ecologically correct solution to the pandemic of psycho-pathogenic pestilence.

"That night, I was given a glimpse into the power of the shaman as the gardener of the soul. I ascended the totem pole of my being and roar with wild furious rage. I was lifted up into the lower astral plane and effectively engage in self-defensive to cast out those creatures which did not serve me. I created a few moments of empowered liberation, though I didn't have enough power to destroy the parasites, I was able to scare them off. The mushroom medicine alone gave me enough power to drive out all the demonic entities for several hours at a time. This became my near-weekly ritual for several years.

As I developed sexual shamanic powers in my solo practice, I entered "spiral puberty". and experienced continuous full body orgasms without ejaculation. Sexual energy was directed into my higher chakras, volcanic eruptions opened my crown and created a connection to "download" divine insights. All on my own until Scarlet.

Kundalini awakening, the sought-after holy grail of tantric sex,. I didn't expect it to activate, but it manifested. A kinky spirit made it so. A morning argument over me for being too busy with work. Her over reaction, and I felt stuck, withdrawn. We danced off the tension and apologized for the drama. With a naughty smile, she asked to be punished for her transgressions. I thought about it for a minute, "Well, this is more of a reward than a punishment but if you're willing to trust and surrender, I suggest we make tantric love on a subthreshold dose of acid."

She agreed with excitement and curiosity. There's a lot of overlooked benefits of small doses of psychedelics. In high doses, you're liable to lose control of the experience. Few people can really get themselves out of bad trips by will alone. Some people make their way out with the help of others. Some people stay in psychosis. However, LSD in microdoses can enhance meditation and have a significantly reduced potential of turning against you.

"When you have sex on LSD, holy hell, the beauty of the flesh, the beauty of the other person's flesh is just cosmic…infinite, infinite joy…that's what we discovered that sex was infinite joy." Ray Manzarek's commentary in Sex in 69 a documentary is accurate.

"I had taken plenty of acid and had plenty of sex but hadn't put the two together. Thanks to my tantra training, a tiny dose of LSD was amplified to the power of a high dose but with total control of the experience through breath, visualization, sound, and movement.

"We dosed and commenced with ritualized tantric sex. We lit candles, blessed and cleansed ourselves with sage smoke, lit incense, put on erotic and transcendent music to set an intention and discover the prognosis for

our heart connection. We discovered our romantic love was sick from stress. That love was also infinite and accessible when we returned along the tantric path.

She siad her heart chakra had been rusting and was covered in cobwebs since we had separated and she'd moved away from me. With the enhancement of the LSD, the breast massage I gave her let her see an expanding green glow of her heart chakra. The cupping of her breasts and rotating them in unison opened the heart chakra like spinning open the lid of a jar. For the rest of the night her heart was able to dynamically emanate love and receive love.

We placed one hand on each other's heart and the other hand over the genitals. We breathed a figure 8 of energy through our hands like a circuit. We could sense and adjust the connection points. Our minds could see the expanding chakra light color fields, and feel the fluctuation of subtle currents we were directing.

"I had always been skeptical of the symbolic scheme that represents the chakra/endocrine system. Were the colors real or was it like color coded stickers on a map to indicate location? Well after this, it's no joke and the colors are real.

The dilation of the chakras allowed us to achieve 5 hours of virtually continuous non-stop full body orgasmic bliss. She reported 35 discrete orgasms which gave way to an orgasmic fluid state where touch anywhere on her skin generated a localized orgasmic sensation. She was an electric plasma balls that you touch and the light beam finds your fingers.

"Acid can facilitate strength, endurance, and focus, LSD puts you into "a" zone every time. The typical monkey mind state was fully transcended and I was able to create an entire realm where all that existed was the Yoni, my tongue, and my fingers. My tongue and hands fluttered like a hummingbird's wings in single minded focus on serving her yoni. We were one unified organism who was flying through the cosmic ocean, a hybrid dragonfly-jellyfish, fluttering, squeezing, pulsing, contracting, releasing. I saw the ecology of life welcoming us into hyperspace. We rose above the lower plane, and it's grotesque demonic parasites. We flew to the heights of angelic symbiotes.

Solo and mutual masturbation exquisitely preheated our bodies and chakra systems before intercourse. We slowly built up the capacity to sustain high voltage currents.

"For years, I had complete ejaculation control, however, the constant need to moderate the intensity of stimulation held the focal point of awareness in my genital center. Yet now, the hallucinogenes had completely freed me to a full body orgasmic flow where you float in the stimulation's full thrusting intensity and not have the normal struggle to control the pressure of extreme stimulation. Multiple orgasm became continuous orgasm and we were hang-gliding through vast beautiful otherworldly environments that stretched into infinity.

"The playlist hit the psytrance tracks with perfect timing for us to disengage sexually and take our blissful shared love energy to the dance floor. The music blasted into the middle of the night freely.

"After about a year of self-discovery as an ecstatic trance dancer, this would be my first opportunity to share my dance with a lover and attempt to unite Shiva and Shakti.

Our dance flowed with the same guided grace as our sex. We were animated by cosmic currents beyond our design. Complete surrender to a higher power, possession by the holy ghost, we were puppets of divine will. As if we'd rehearsed this dance a thousand times with the skill of Olympic ice skaters, there was an ancient knowing between us of how to mix and stir each others' bodies into a liquid of multiple spinning vortices. From head to toe our movements were perfectly synchronized. No stumbles, no delay, no second guessing. All sacred geometric perfection of movement. I looked up to see a silhouette of a totem like face on the wall, it's focus directed in the middle of the room. I asked Scarlet if she saw it, she did, clear as day.

We knelt at the point of its gaze. The Kundalini Serpent began to vibrate in my right hand. I was kneeling behind Scarlet and my hand began shaking and moving in a uncontrolled but gentle helix pattern up her spine. She immediately felt an intense wave of energy rising in her body. I rode the current to her crown and we embraced again for more dancing. A volcano had blown and lava was gushing out of our crown chakras and showering us with shimmering light. We had been initiated, we had shared our erotic kundalini virginity with each other. We were now believers. Yes, the colors are real.

"This makes me remember all the irrational and erratic behavior of the strippers. They were usually crawling out of their own skin, but when they were dancing they were totally embodied and in their power." Jade mused.

"Yes!" I concurred. "Dancing is the first line of defense against demonic attack, it is the least invasive and most self-directed form of exorcism. Though with the proper guidance and invocation, it can be one of the most powerful."

Jade and I got back to the Queendom, had our typical mutual shower session, and I took swift action to get us booked for an Ayahuasca ceremony. I had plenty of time to thoroughly prepare her to get the most out of the experience. She would see psychedelic shamanic healing in action, and what I needed to communicate, would come to life for her.

The stars aligned to ensure my first devoted student would have plenty of field trips.

Chakra Douche

Jade was holding up through the intensity like a pro. Love and affection made the icky parts quickly and easily dissolve in bliss we mutually sustained. She was intrigued by the true-life science fiction of it all. The ecological mapping of the spirit world held her attention, but I had to remind myself that the process of transmitting heaps of data from one human to another, or from one to many, requires not hours, but days, weeks, months, and years. What I had discovered and was sharing, in the grand scheme of things, was a drop in a cosmic ocean. I would apologize for the gore, but she was grateful to be a part of a meaningful spiritual battle, one to be fought with love.

Adventures needed to be woven in as much as possible, so we'd plan road trips to psytrance festivals in Southern California at every opportunity. From the mountains, to the low deserts, to the urban underground, we beamed our love on the dancefloor and bounced the signal throughout the galaxy and beyond.

We became a plasmic merged field of honey love. I strapped her into my rollercoaster ride, embraced her from behind, and we'd alternate guiding movement. Dancing is a form of intercourse. It's astral intercourse, lovers can merge at deeper levels of being, and when enhanced with medicine, you can feel and see into the beyond as one.

She was a wild and free spirited dancer, like no one I'd ever met. Intrinsic to her way of being, her life was a dance, everything else was an obstacle to more dance.

With all the sacred dancing, she wanted to explore the backstory of why I dance in a devotional manner. In the tent at one of the gatherings, as we took a break from the dance floor, still in the high vibe of love and frequency, I shared the history.

"There are much less fun moments in these next few stories, I'm grateful we're in a blessed environment. We'll have a place to shake it off in style if anything feels to gnarly."

"Okay, I'll let you know when I need to get back into a dance trance!" she said.

Once in an established relationship the dark secrets often come out as you build trust and get to know someone. For the most part, people date, hook up, fall in love, etc. without disclosing their wounds up front. Very few people who have known me, hooked up with me, had sex with me, or even loved me were ever given much detail about what happened to me on the street. I buried most of the details from myself. On the surface of my mind, I didn't feel affected by it. It was unfortunate I was a runaway meth addict prostitute, but I transcended it all, or so I thought.

I was a shining success story on the outside. However, I had adapted to chronic fear, anxiety, paranoia, and many of the relationships, business and personal, in my life were fractal reflections of my history as a prostitute. To my shallow sense of self, the past was long gone, but in truth my past had not just shaped the direction of my life, they were governing it.

"When you look in the mirror you just see the surface of your being. The social level of being, where we

present our façade to others, while hiding the ugliness of our totality. This allows for great deceit. We all accept this as part of the game of life. No one is expected to wear their guilt, or their victimization, on their sleeve. You're supposed to hold yourself together and project confidence, self-assurance, attractiveness, no matter what the dark truths are.

The utter hellishness of what I experienced was kept secret. The worst of it was kept secret from my conscious awareness as well. Most people live their lives never looking inward, it takes great courage to slow down, stop, and turn your attention completely within yourself to battle your demons, confront your lower selves, and seek your highest self. Burying yourself in material consumerism, movies, video games, toxic relationships, drugs, alcohol, whatever is easier. None of this worked for me. I could never effectively mask my wounds. I could bury them so they weren't on the surface of my mind, but they were always festering, and leaking from my subconscious sewer into normal waking consciousness in the form of neurosis.

My higher self knew that I was being parasitized by demons who were consuming more and more of my energy and requiring more and more effort to keep buried. Like a splinter, my spiritual healing intelligence was pushing its nest towards the surface.

"Amy was the first woman in my life to actually get deep into my sexual trauma wounds directly. All of the sacred love of angels, and messengers was generally healing, but the full potential was blocked. The healing lasted for the moments love was present, while we embraced, made love, cuddled. That was an immensely powerful and beautiful healing, but it was only going so

deep. When you're all scabs and scar tissue, no matter how pure the love is, some invasive surgery is required to get the love where it needs to go for deep lasting healing to occur.

"Was she trained as a sexual healer?" Jade asked.

"Goddess no. She was unknowingly made into a vessel of divine healing energy through a psychedelic tantric ritual that I didn't even know I was conducting.

" Wait a minute, how could you not know? It doesn't seem congruent with your ethics to conduct a ritual without knowing what you were doing and acquiring informed consent." Jade insisted.

"I know, it was an unforeseen disaster, I didn't know my ethics were breached until it was too late. I didn't violate her physically or sexually. It was more the case that I unexpectedly induced a massive shakti invocation. Neither of us were expecting it.

"We started dating and I helped her get on her feet in Hollywood. She was a survivor of civil war violence in an African nation (that shall remain unnamed) and my life pattern was to transcend my own pain, and avoid being pulled into the dark abyss of my shadow by being of service to others. I never expected sex or projected manipulative sexual energy. I would serve and serve, and if it got me sexual attention, then I earned it honorably. Operating in this manner, I bent over backwards to keep her off the street, I vowed to help her find work, to transport her to modeling gigs, to be her bodyguard, to protect her and keep her safe.

"Quickly, we became affectionate, though not explicitly sexual. We slept next to each other, cuddled, and sometimes kissed. Our schedules were hectic the first nights we were together, so we ended up going straight to bed.

One night we had more time to get romantic. We were at my studio with an amazing view overlooking the harbor. It was a 24 hour studio, so I could play loud music all night long. When I wasn't practicing drums, I was dancing to psytrance. It was my solo ritual to eat mushrooms and dance all night long once a week. While I didn't feel it was appropriate to offer mushrooms to her, I felt no qualms with taking my usual, remarkably small dose. I prefer to take enough for the body to become lit up with bliss and orgasmic energy, for the third eye to be dilated enough to have access to hyperspace but without opening a huge portal to heaven or hell or both.My low dose maintenance routine was all about moderation. Yet, I made a mistake thinking it wouldn't adversely affect our romantic evening. I know myself, I can be totally safe, sane, and in control. I had no reason to believe anything would go wrong. In fact, nothing technically went wrong, in the grand scheme of things. What happened was a righteous miracle, a scientific breakthrough, and a pivotal moment in the history of world religion.

I didn't take advantage of her or assault her, but I did violate her spiritually. I learned the hard way I must never dose myself or practice tantra with an uninitiated partner and without informed consent.

"So what happened that was so dramatic?: Jade asked.

"At thunderous volume, I looped my favorite album Love in Stereo by Liquid Soul. We began to dance. I had been dancing for a living 5 hours a day, 6 days a week and was at my highest physical peak which must have been a factor. As we danced, I felt the currents intuitively weave us together at the chakral level. I was able to align our chakras, merge our fields, and effectively screw our chakras together like piping. It felt natural, the more love and care I put into the rhythms, the more bliss we both felt. She was being nourished by the sacred masculine in a profound way, we were both reaching ecstatic states, though my consciousness was altered at a deeper level. I was in no rush towards genital stimulation. For me, the dancing was already orgasmic. I was in prostration to worship her feminine essence. The mushrooms allowed me to see and feel the building of kundalini shakti. IIt wasn't the right time to get overtly sexual, that wasn't my intent anyway. However, she was innocently acting on the cultural script that when you dance romantically, the progression naturally should lead to sexual activity. She wasn't being careless, I'm just extremely careful and find much fulfillment in risk-free energy exchange. The furthest it went was me sucking her nipples and her caressing my lingam through my pants. This was all woven into the rhythmic dance. Ultimately, it slowed to a devotional embrace. I didn't reciprocate the genital stimulation, rather I moved into cuddling.

I was hyper-energized, I couldn't sleep and since it was my only day off, I wanted to extend my journey. I got up and danced, she was tired and had enough of the loud music and my refusal to go to bed. It was clear I needed to be considerate and respect her reasonable wishes.

"I laid down next to her so full of energy I couldn't sleep. Energy pooled in my psyche, pressurized my

nervous system with electric current. Restless, stimulated, awake. Tantric breath in effort to relax, to circulate the energy in more subtle ways.

"Something ineffably horrific was building, yet I wasn't afraid, I was surprised but not shocked. For my dear unknowing date however...

"This is where you feel you violated her spiritually?" Jade inferred.

"It wasn't by any malicious intent, it was through negligence and ignorance. I didn't know that combining tantra with mushrooms could induce a dry purge.

"You mean like an Ayahuasca purge?" Jade asked.

"Yes, but with no vomit or nausea. I replied.

"You had a spontaneous dry purge from mushrooms alone? That seems like it must be rare."

Ritualized dance on mushrooms then laying there holding myself together with breath, a recurring inquiry entered my consciousness: probe my sexual trauma wounds. You can pick up the work from where you left off. Years of solo mushroom work, and a year of group ceremonial Ayahuasca work had been directing me closer and closer to my buried trauma, snap shots of the diseased parts of my psychic reef. The medicines were slowly trying to bring my consciousness to the wounds so healing could finally begin. I had never had enough energy available to initiate a healing process too depleted after so many years of suppression.

Kundalini shakti energy had built up during the dance. In breath laying down, my full consciousness was focused on the exact location of my wounds. Energized and empowered without consciously knowing the medicine's will was guiding me to cultivate kundalini shakti energy so that it could ...

"To bathe the wounds in love." Jade said.

One minute I am lying next to my sleeping date. The next, I hear in my mind, "What did they do to me?" Then I'm shown for the first time, what happened when I was drugged unconscious and ritualistically sexually abused. At first, I tapped into visual memories recorded by my third eye. I didn't see the human surface of the beings abusing me, I saw those men were in fact possessed by grotesque demonic parasitic creatures. I saw a flash of them towering over me, prying open up my chakras and facilitating an infestation.

Time is a human construct, an illusion. In hyperspace, you see and experience beyond time. I knew 20 years of my life passing was nothing to them. That was the night they entered, and since then they've been ruthlessly mining my sexual energy. Their operation has been running around the clock. It wasn't simply "memories" I was seeing, I was seeing the present, the sexual wounds alive, filled with opportunistic invaders of all kinds. There were larger crustacean-arachnid type creatures as well as millipedes, mosquitoes, slugs, but those are just approximations. Most were in insectoid form, but their anatomies were highly specialized for the function of extracting human energy. My soul was a road kill possum and when lifting it up, the putrid stench caused me to gag, and my hairs stood on end seeing all the creepy crawlies in a frenzy of devourment. Again, I can't stress enough, it

wasn’t a triggering of memories, it was a glimpse into the ongoing reality which began at the time my chakras were torn open by abuse and infested by a dense multi-layered demonic feeding frenzy.

"I had discovered subtle glimpses up to this point. but this was different. This purge was massive and with the force of an earthquake. Held still, curled up, my skeletal muscular system contracting violently from head to toe, uncontrollable waves squeezing my whole body, the contractions focused toward the heart chakra.

"The internal pressure increased until a volcanic eruption exploded my heart chakra and I was able to see all the creatures flee in a panic. Flying, slithering, crawling, running, I could feel diseased bioplasmic matter coat my etheric energy. Though astonished and disgusted, I was not afraid, I knew the healing power of the plant medicine could induce a powerful purge, but I never had this intense of a purge before, and certainly not on a moderate dose of mushrooms. Though painful, I wanted to continue, I wanted as much of their nest to be destroyed as possible, I wanted the waves to keep flooding them, forcing them out into the light to perish.

"This all happened in a matter of seconds, the bulk of the nest had been ejected by the time my date discovered what was happening. She completely panicked, she had absolutely no idea what the hell was going on. To her it looked like I was having a seizure and I was potentially dying. She saw me in extreme agony. I had to open my eyes and try to calm her down. She held me tight and cried shaking. I assured her I was okay "I’m having a bad dream, it’s just a bad dream, I’m okay" I whimpered.

"She was not convinced, she knew something was severely wrong. By returning to the surface of reality to comfort her, I prematurely aborted the purge. I could feel my heart chakra collapse and shut down while many creatures still scurried trying to escape. I felt torn apart, eviscerated, as if I had just endured a back alley abortion of Rosemary's Baby.

"I had to pull myself out of a state of extreme submersion in hyperconsciousness. I was mostly on the other side barely on the surface.

"She plead wildly to know what the hell was going on. I was totally in control of my body and could speak coherently, but I was starting to get really scared. Not scared of the demons which seemed to have been either incinerated or sent on their way straight back to hell, I was scared of what could happen in the human world.

"I assured her again I was okay and begged her to please hear me out. Because I was calm and collected, she assured me she wasn't scared of me, she was scared for me. I had to assure her I wasn't going to die.

For several hours, I cried and spilled my guts. She held me and in a tragic way we bonded, melted together in love through this spiritual near-death experience. She rescued me and after hearing everything I disclosed, she still had love for me. She wasn't repulsed, she had her share of victimization by the cruel and perverted male dominated rape culture. She was hopeful we could heal together. She told me we all have demons inside, and she would dance the demons out of me.

Yes, demons are real, yes they subsist off of our wounds and negative emotions, we feed them, and we can

also starve them, purge them with peristaltic contractions, and sonically disintegrate them with the right vibrational frequencies. I never took Christianity, Hinduism, or Buddhism very seriously but now it all made sense.

This was not a mystical experience, these entities were not the devil, or humanoid demons, they were insects. They were part of an meta-visible, transdimensional ecology. They were grotesque, menacing, ugly and shadowy, but no more than a nest of roaches. This shed an ancient light on what exorcism is, a form of disinfection of the chakras.

I grasped how these entities were actually parasites transecting invisible dimensions of the human energy field, but why after so many Ayahuasca purges and so many mushroom journeys, had nothing of this magnitude happened before?

I had never purged on the mushroom alone and none of the Ayahuasca purges came close to this intensity. They had taken spoons full of these entities out of me, but this had taken them by the shovel full.

The only unprecedented variable was the application of kundalini shakti that was invoked in the tantric psytrance dancing. I felt it as it was happening but I didn't anticipate the purging result.

"By dancing our fields together and making love through a union of aligned chakras, I was intuitively but unknowing screwing our chakra tubing together. I was going with the flow, feeling how best to connect. It came very naturally for me to focus my consciousness and become a vessel of pure love, and dance my partner into the same state. It's like a form of somatic hypnosis. By

creating slow, circular, rhythmic patterns as the lead dancer, you're hypnotizing each other's bodies to enter a state of expanded awareness, sensitivity, receptivity, and conductivity to divine feminine energy. Shakti is able to surge through the properly dancing couple and prepare their chakra systems for sacred intercourse.

The simplest way to describe the after is to call it a "chakra douche".

"Chakra douche? Haha, that makes sense, but I never thought of it that way." Jade laughed.

"Crude analogies work when there are serious implications not just for sexual abuse survivors, but for all types of neurotics. If psycho-pathogens can infest the chakras and douching them out with kundalini shakti is an effective form of purification with a measurable resultant decrease in neurotic symptoms, we're not talking about esoteric "energy healing" anymore, we're talking about a biomedical technology.

Post-traumatic growth let me discover a self-transcendent meaning in my trauma that feels like it truly wasn't in vain. If I can rise above Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, and experience profound healing and bliss, so can others.

I could began to speak about my victimization in a new way. The best use of the rest of my life would be to take this experience and replicate it in clinical laboratory conditions and establish a protocol for repeatable experiments.

After my first 'chakra douche' my mind was clear, calm, stable, serene, peaceful. I could experience inner peace for the first time.

"All negative thoughts are demons. They're jockeying for our attention so they can make us feel bad and thereby emit negative vibrational energy and emotional poisons which are their food. When we think a judgmental, selfish, fearful, hateful, manipulative, or otherwise harmful thought, we succumb to their influence and give them a pellet of our life energy. They'd be perfectly happy to rob us of all of our strength and convert us into their snack bar. Everyone has some amount of these negative thought entities, but they're not able to take over and become a menace when a person has adequate love, physical health, spiritual practice, and other character traits to keep negativity in check.

"It's not realistic to hope you'll be completely rid of all of them, in fact a life without their more benign influence would be boring, without texture. Modern society has become horribly imbalanced, virtue has been subsumed by vice. Most people are in a state of chronic mental distress. In the worst cases, people can be susceptible to the demons that prey on the sexual energy of youth, most however consume our energy as they push us into relationship drama, guilt, shame, self-esteem issues, mild depression, anxiety,etc. The less love in your life, the more you can expect to be possessed by more insidious demons.

I dropped everything in my life and set out on a mission. Amazing revelations and synchronicities came flooding into my life. I was beginning to direct my life energy in the right direction, we were far from a happy ending.

I knew the purge was abruptly aborted and much more needed to be pushed out. The first couple weeks of after the purge were quite frantic. Love was immediately fracturing as I discovered her shadow aspects that meant I could no longer trust her. Ironically, after selflessly being a source of healing light for me, soon her shadow was revealed. When I began to distance myself from her, she became vengeful. I held true to my promise to keep her safe, I got her a place to stay while she got on her feet and found work, then I went into the abyss alone.

"I had to continue the purge where it had left off. I knew exactly what I needed to do and who I need to seek help from. I needed to report to Momma Ayahuasca, and I needed to inform the shaman of what had happened, so they could create a custom approach to my healing.

"I dropped all my business ventures, quit my band, and worked a minimum wage job dancing with a sign which gave me the ability to meditate, study, and purify myself in the loving rays of the California summer sun. I built a 3 foot tall bamboo hut under a small plum tree in a friend's backyard and began to go into extreme research mode to prepare for the upcoming Ayahuasca ceremony like a heavyweight boxer.

"I tried to piece together the relevant fragments to help explain and give context. The more dots I connected, the more I realized my story could become and paradigm shifting catalyst in the treatment and prevention of sexual abuse. While my case is extreme, the process of confronting inner demons is universal, and perhaps the most quintessential factor of spiritual evolution for humans who've been trapped in the hell of modern industrial society.

"Over the course of several years of work with mushrooms and Ayahuasca, the sacred medicines and spirit allies were excavating my traumatic wounds and bringing them closer to the surface so an epic battle could be fought.

"Long before the volcanic event with Amy, I knew what was coming. Two years before, when I ate mushrooms and danced to the Love in Stereo album, I discovered the final track. “The Ritual” had a dark sorrowful tone, and it was able to take me deep into the caverns of the mind. There, I was guided to explore what happened in San Francisco when I was drugged unconscious by the Sugar Demon. I heard the same question in my head, “What did they do to me”. I felt the sinister vibration of the predatory men all around me, using my young body for their sick pleasures. I was crying and shaking, but I didn’t have enough love in my system at the time. There was no power to blast into the wound. I was immersed in it fully. I wasn’t shown the contents of the wound nest, I was just able to sense how serious it was and how much I needed to seek purification. I realized I had never been healed, I was only forced to bury the wound. It was buried alive, there had been no disinfection and purification.

"For the first time in 20 years, I felt the need to get justice. I felt guided to find th ose men and ask what they had done, force them to explain. For the first time, I had to own that the dysfunctionality in my life was the result of this wounding. I became enraged and could feel shamanic power rushing into me, I had visions of how to reclaim strength by uniting with other survivors. I could tell my story and bring the medicine of tantra, mushrooms and psytrance to survivors and perpetrators to help break the cycle of pathogenesis. I could reunite with my inner child

prostitute and give him a voice and live and give him justice. I kne,w as I lay there, that the love of the mushroom was unconditional and could teach humanity how to live harmlessly. It showed that those men who descended on me became predators through a process of cultural wounding. Their homosexuality was shamed and their innocence had been destroyed at some point. All they needed was love and acceptance and to know homophobia had created them as they were. More important than punishing them would be to alchemize my rage into love, find them and actually give them the love they had needed all along. As much as I wanted to kill them, greater cultural healing would result from proving there could be a cure for what causes sexual predation. That cure is the mushroom.

The mushroom is pure love and acceptance when used properly. It could be used to melt the hearts of homophobic parents so they would re-accept their estranged children. Had those men been fully loved by their families, and had they been able to find age-appropriate consenting lovers to give them all the love they could ever want, they would not have had to resort to stealing love from poor runaways like me. The mushroom broadened my faith in humanity and made be feel a deep truth, all a person's misdeeds are a transgression not only against victims, but against their own essence. The medicines bring us to our essence where we can cry for and with our inner child and understand how we become cold, hardened, and ultimately capable of heinous acts.

"I felt a duty to become a mushroom shaman not just for survivors, but for perpetrators. I didn’t yet know how exactly, but I knew that I could not simply hate them, I had to embrace them in order to protect the children of the future. The mushroom showed me it can guide all of

humanity to a place of harmlessness from which any misdeed would be impossible. The mushroom medicine has been abused, but with the proper ritual, it can be used to create a field of harmlessness. There is a place where we can all be pure angels, incapable of demonic acts.

I had been more deeply initiated. Like when I was 13 on the street, and like so many shamans before me who had been dismembered in the underworld, dying a small death, and being returned to the surface of reality with gifts."

"I want to here the track, "The Ritual" Jade asked.

"Okay, but I'll be brought to tears." I said.

"So will I." She whispered, welling up.

We listened to "The Ritual" and cried. The song tapped into a dark medicinal current of creative insight, does this dissonant and disturbing track guide anyone or everyone into their own secret wounded places that need love and light the most? We're all victims of ritual abuse that is patriarchy, perhaps "The Ritual" was designed to direct shamanic loving energy into the buried twisted wrongness that lives behind modern society's locked doors.

Lady Ayahuasca

"I wasn't yet ready to dissolve my life and go on a quest. I knew I had to start to address my wounding and seek shamanic guidance. Following this journey, a series of synchronicities led me where I needed to be to further my understanding and increase my power. Joining the Ayahuasca community was the next stage of my evolution. This ancient psychedelic shamanic tradition from the Amazon had made it's way to the wounded and diseased souls of the western world. Countless ceremonial communities administered the medicine, sang and drummed the traditional songs, and conducted psycho-surgical exorcisms in living rooms, backyards, and retreat centers throughout the U.S.

"Several Ayahuasca ceremonies showed me the infestations. After waves of powerful rhythmic vomiting, it was as if my purge bucket was a sort of crystal ball through which I could see the past, present and future on various dimensional planes. I could see what looked like mites crowding in my psychic reef, scratching and scratching, making my urge to energize and engage fear like a compulsive itch. Every time I scratch the a fear itch, more of my energy leaks out into their voracious mouths. Tirelessly they mined my fears. The Ayahuasca purge would dislodge and flush out chunks of their nests.

"In other purge visions I was shown how the arachnid like demonic creatures are actually crawling all over the family DNA. I saw how they are the ones hacking and manipulating our genes to make us weak and more susceptible to physical and mental illness. It's as if they're

artificially selecting our DNA strands they way we manipulate dog breeds. We have been domesticated by grotesque higher dimensional beings who have the power to control our genes.

"One ceremony took me back to my life on the street, and made me cry for my young self for the first time. In 20 years I had never cried at the image of what it looked like to see a 13 year old boy skate boarding around San Francisco with a heart of gold, selling his body to buy meth to shoot up in the alleys.

"I finally had to talk to one of the shamans, knowing there was nothing that could be hidden from them. I told them what happened to me, what I had been subjected to. I said I keep seeing what look like grotesque parasites inside of me and it seems like they were implanted in me by those men. Some may have been unconscious of this sort of transference, and others may have been consciously and deliberating using me to spread them. As if they took advantage of me and tried to make me a host by intentionally infecting me with the demonic parasites that were possessing them.

"I asked, are these demonic entities alive? Are they organisms? The answer was, “Yes, they are organisms, they are infectious, and love is the disinfectant.”

"That gave me hope but also mortified me to think that my neuroses could be linked to my sexual abuse history. They weren’t able to convert me into an abuser of others, so they put all of their effort into making me abuse myself. Since I was too strong to give in to suicidal ideation or severe depression, they just mined my psychic energy however they could. They were responsible for my generalized anxiety, depression, and fear. They had given

me compulsive tendencies. They had been prying my romantic relationships apart, alienating me from my family, and keeping me alone more and more.

"I started to discover that mental disorders are not just neurons misfiring, or hyperactive parts of the brain, while those may be the only currently measurable dimension of them, the reality is that what's causing these electric storms in the brain is still invisible to science. But to the psychedelic shaman, they actually see and surgically remove and disinfect the creatures who are biting our minds and sucking our psychic energy like transdimensional mosquitoes.

Jade declared, "I like that, "love is the disinfectant" that's a powerful truth."

"This was the validation I was seeking for what I had suspected on my own. The medicine had slowly been revealing all of this too me over many years, never too much at once. There was a gentle process of revelation. I would be given clues that I would study and follow up on. I asked one Ayahuasca sound healer if he was able to see the anatomical structures of the parasitic entities, he said casually, "Yes, in fact last week I pulled an octopoid creature off of a client's throat chakra". Years before that, a friend published an interview with a clairvoyant who was able to see "chakra parasites" with his naked eyes.

"The night with Amy was the culmination of all of my preparation and study, it happened exactly when I was ready for it spiritually, though it subsequently destroyed my life. But all for the best. It forced me to confront the severity of my infection as though it was a terminal disease. I had to ask the people in my life to treat me as though I was in critical condition. This spiritual emergency wasn't just like a

surgery that you go about your normal life waiting to go in for. It caused me to have to go into deep isolation. There were many unanswered questions. When the nest got blasted with love, did all the demons eventually die? Did any of them get loose and potential infect anyone in the surrounding area who may have had cracked shells that could be crawled into? I felt creatures scurrying in my chest for several days after the event. They had been displaced, their nest destroyed, but they were still inside of me, did they eventually die? While I knew this had been a triumph, the shear repulsiveness of what I saw made me feel totally disgusting, unworthy of love, sexually diseased. I felt that if I couldn't succeed in completing the disinfection, I'd have to die just to make sure I wasn't at risk of contaminating others.

"I was given great hope and reassurance by the shaman who would be doctoring me in the upcoming Ayahuasca ceremony. I told him everything in advance so he'd know exactly what he'd be dealing with. We met in a park and he allowed me explain in detail what happened.

"He was not surprised that the tantric dancing induced the purge, it's notorious for causing massive energetic flushes It's routine for tantrikas to dislodge "blocked energies" but without the psychedeliscopic perspective, none of that "blockage" is seen as it truly is, as nests.

"I explained that I was afraid of my sexuality and felt it would be unethical to share sexual energy with anyone out of fear that I'd contaminate them. I was afraid that somehow the demons would seize the opportunity to jump into my partner. I was mortified to think that it could have been possible that I was contaminating people throughout my life. I didn't want to continue living if I had to

accept this possibility. A deep intuition gave me a sliver of hope with the notion that perhaps demonic transference could only happen in state of lower vibration.

"The difference between love and lust." Jade said

"Exactly, suddenly that ancient wisdom took on a very personal meaning. What if by just fucking, you're carelessly exposing each other to your demons without the proper disinfection and prevention of their transfer by flooding your chakras with love energy. Seeing with my own third eye the demons reacting to love as though it was boiling poison to them gives me a first hand account of this.

"In other words, fucking unconsciously, without ritual, love, and grace, would connect peoples' chakra tubing but without the flooding of true love energy that would purify and disinfect them.

Jade commiserated, "You must be marveling at the irony that as an anti-Christian anarcho-punk, you've been brought full circle through tantric goddess worship and psychedelics to preach against fornication."

"I know it's wild, right? I never took anything Christian seriously, ever. It's been the most violent destructive demon spreading force in the history of the planet. While selling people the protection from evil package, it actually introduced and propagated evil. Despite its murderous hypocrisy overall, there is a potentially useful spiritual technology embedded within it. I actually have "faith" now, that with a "software upgrade" with "plug-ins" for psychedelic shamanism and tantric goddess worship, the Christians could actually be great allies. At least they acknowledge and fear demons. They

just need better techniques to exorcize them. Holy water and crosses don't come close to the power of Kundalini Shakti, which perhaps is what "holy ghost" actually is after all. Christ was rumored to have studied shamanic tantric temple arts with high priestesses at goddess temples through Tibet, India, and Egypt.

"Back to the timeline, I wanted to believe that I wasn't contaminated and cursed for life. I wanted to believe that with proper purification and in a state of loving grace, whatever was living inside of me would be unable to transmit to another person. I knew I wouldn't be having intercourse before much more purification, but I just needed to know that someday I could have sexual love in my life again without fear.

"One day I was at the hardware store in line to check out. I noticed a unique snake tattoo on the back of the neck of the teller. I studied it while she was looking away and quickly withdrew my gaze when she turned around. I was taken by her beauty but didn't project any lustful energy towards her. I just held my space and conducted myself respectfully and decently. She began to engage me with very powerful flirtatious energy asking me in a coy voice what my tattoos meant. I was flattered and started with the closest one in view, that of a Mayan statue of the DMT excreting Bufo toad and a shaman being pulled into the underworld by it's tongue. I'd never have guessed that she'd have any frame of reference for DMT but apparently it's gotten around more than I thought. She said she'd heard of it, though never tried it, but she loved acid and mushrooms. She said she was taking a magic, witchcraft, and religion class at the city college. Her instructor said he'd participated in ayahuasca ceremonies in the Amazon and saw that a bunch of demons entered his chest. He asked the shaman what to do about it and he

said go home and make love to your wife and they'll be destroyed.

"If this was the tellers way of coming on to me, I was impressed, but much more than that, my jaw dropped because of the synchronistic relevance to my spiritual emergency. This moment felt like it was staged by angels to give me a bit of life saving hope.

"I asked the shaman to interpret this encounter, should I be afraid to have sex or should I accept this as a message from the divine that in fact making love is the best medicine. He confirmed the true loving sex in a state of high vibration inhibits and the transmission of demons, any demons who got caught in the lava of loving light would be incinerated. But that indeed, sex without love is like meat left at room temperature, it will become a vector for the transmission of disease.

"It made sense to me that truly loving tantric sex would be like killing all the microbes in a jar of fruit preserves by pressure cooking them to death. What a compelling case for the need to teach the techniques for men to create the ultimate orgasmic states with their lovers. Orgasm – Love = Infection, Orgasm + Love = Disinfection. In the absence of divine loving grace, demons are "exercised" and transferred, while in the presence of divine loving grace demons are "exorcized" and incinerated. You don't have to be a religious demonologist or a psychedelic shaman to know what many of us have experienced in relationships. Through mechanical, dispassionate sexual relationships we start to absorb each others negative personality traits, habits, attitudes, etc. Call these transmitted units of character demons or not, the transferal is undeniable. Wouldn't we much prefer the

transferal of higher vibrational character traits? Wouldn't we want to induce the transfer of angels?

"I felt confident thanks to the shaman's assurance that divine angelic love making would be prescribed in my future but I still felt far from being ready for it. This was becoming a scientific endeavor for me. I needed to know exactly how this transference occurs, under what precise conditions is it made possible or impossible. This would take laboratory experimentation.

"I asked the shaman one more question about the nature of transference. A former lover who had been in the ayahuasca community was at one time very spiteful of me choosing to end the relationship due to what had become irreconcilable differences between us. She was extremely hostile, aggressive, possessive, and jealous to the point of fits of rage. I had to get out of the relationship, the transition took many months so we had many ugly conflicts. It had become so adversarial that the love making had turned to mechanical sex. After I finally left the relationship, one time when I was picking up some of my belongings she said, "Be careful who you have sex with, in the last Ayahuasca ceremony, I saw your demons in my blood." I thought nothing of it, it just seemed like a cheap shot to make me feel bad about being a former sex worker. I reminded her that recently a porn star had seen the same thing in ceremony, though she was being vile and caustic about expressing this fact, she was spiritually correct. We're all infested, and sex workers are host to the densest populations.

"Of course after my purge I took this warning more personally. The shaman said, she may have been seeing her own demons, but if you were fighting and the love had diminished, she probably saw both of yours.

"This confirmed my conclusions again, there must be some kind of knowable threshold of transferability.

"The shaman assured me that I would receive a powerful healing that would initiate what would have to be a life-long journey of healing. In ceremony great influx of healing energy can be generated and applied to the diseased areas for disinfection, but ongoing continual maintenance would be required indefinitely. Conscious, pure hearted love would have to become a sacred sexual practice.

"I was told that the demonic sexual abusers smashed my protective shield and conducted such heinous acts that my soul was forced out of my body. In its absence, the demons were able to completely infest me without any resistance. This meant I had been living 20 years without much left of a soul. He said I would need a soul retrieval, this was routine and a common shamanic practice throughout the world. I took his word for it and prepared myself for the coming ceremony. He said whatever demons you've unknowingly harbored, they'll be taken out, its very routine, that's what we shaman do, take them out, one by one if we have to, the more off the battlefield the better. I knew for the first time that I was talking to an angel, and that the war between good and evil was a real thing.

"My inquiry into the threshold of purified angelic vs putrefied demonic sex was bearing heavily on my fractured mind. I consulted with more spiritual advisors and was comforted by the advice to be sure to make a daily connection to the light which I was doing by dancing in the sun, and to trust the process and know that it's happening for me now because I'm finally strong enough to heal.

"As I counted the days to my forthcoming soul retrieval ceremony an ecological emergency occurred that mirrored my spiritual emergency.

"I had assembled a team to help build an experimental island water garden, attempting to make a backyard scale model of the ancient chinampas that supported the population of Mexico City before conquest. They had built a city within a lake by farming on tiny human-made islands layed out in a grid pattern. Instead of streets, they're plots were divided by waterways. They discovered the most productive method of organic farming ever to be used in the history of humanity. Before my spiritual emergency, I was on a mission to successfully miniaturize and replicate the system for my edible landscaping clients.

Unfortunately, It turned out that some of my calculations were wrong and my ratios were off resulting in an isolated ecological disaster. Luckily the project site was a sort of community project laboratory and not a paying client site but it was a painful process to have to redo the experiment completely.

"How was it a disaster?" Jade asked.

"Well, it didn't harm any people, but the fish died, the plants died, the stench was horrible, the water was foul, mosquitoes were rampant, everything had to be taken out.

"You must have seen it as an external reflection of your internal collapse." Jade commented.

"Yes, it symbolized my internal collapse and the collapse of my professional career, my music career, pretty much everything in my life at the time. I pushed myself to further my study of aquatic ecosystem design and after a bit of toil, I was able to reset the system and pray that my second attempt would be successful.

"I finally made it to the date of the ceremony. I had to get a white uniform so I went to a martial arts store and bought a white Kung Fu uniform, I was reminded of Bruce Lee's infamous demon battles.

"I had found a powerful spiritual ally who was also re-introducing me to the kink scene. I had dabbled earlier in life, and had professional dominatrix friends over the years, but she was bringing me back into the dungeon so to speak. I had my tantric hesitation around what felt to be dispirited hedonism with a cavalier attitude towards inviting in the energy and entities of the hell realms, but who was I to judge, I was anything but pure myself. While I no longer embraced the evil aesthetic, I could appreciate that people need sexual catharsis in a world of ascetic repression. Besides, tantra is considered a form of kink in that it deviates from the dominant culture's sexual norms. I decided to join her in exploration with an open mind. I wouldn't know until months later how crucial a role this reintroduction was to play in my personal healing journey and scientific research. At this time I was just feeling blessed to know someone who wasn't shocked by my story and who could hold me in her harms and fill me with unconditional love.

"On the night of the ceremony before going in I called her and asked her to repeat a prayer to me. She agreed and repeated after me the words, "Dear Ben, the forces that are trying to bring you down, know how

powerful you are destined to become. You will survive and reclaim your soul so that you can fight on behalf of all survivors.”To hear her voice speak to my heart with conviction was infinitely empowering. So often we go through life without asking our friends and lovers to speak the exact supportive words we desire. I knew better than to leave it to chance, I needed to hear it, and from her it felt pure and potent.

"I went into the ceremony, sat down, and meditated into the medicine’s beauty, drinking the songs into my ears, and the ayahuasca brew into my mouth. I began to dissolve into the healing fog of sacred geometry and allow the angelic spirits to dance through my expanding field of consciousness and energy. Several people preceded me in the center of healing attention on a mat in the middle of the room surrounded by body workers. When it was my turn, a dear angelic friend summoned me assuring that they would be "loving me up" now.

"I followed him to the mat and lay down on my back. I surrendered completely to the healing intelligence of the group energy field and for the first time ever was able to truly relax and let down my guard. All fear dissolved, all worry, all defensiveness, all anxiety, all illusion. They began with light massage all over me while pouring medicinal drumming and singing into my field. They were melting away all rigidity of mind and body until I was nearly pure plasma. They gently rotated my joints, stretched my limbs, tapped on my chest, rubbed circles on my heart. I started to understand that they were prepping my heart chakra for a massive surge of love input. It was an elaborate procedure but it all flowed gracefully. It was business as usual for them, like tuning up an engine at the auto shop.

"When you're flooded with 30 plus peoples' highest and purest devotional healing love and light, you begin to understand exactly what's been stolen. The birthright to belong to a loving tribe, the entitlement to be raised in a culture that protects you and strengthens you rather than violates and weakens you, the trust that when you're in need of help and healing, everyone will drop everything and spend as much time as it takes to nurse you back to full health using every available means. This was an ancient, organic, time tested ritualized form of plant medicine assisted group energy healing. All orders of spirit allies were called in to assist. There was no comparison to a shrinks office, a pill, or a padded room.

"After several minutes of love saturation, I was prompted to excite the healing energy internally. I was tearing up and weeping very faintly. They knew I was far from the depth of the pain and rocked me and sang to me more until the whimpering became a roaring waterfall of tears and sobbing. We're never given permission to regress into primal weeping, and this is just the tip of the iceberg. They babied me through the pain for several more minutes. Then there was a knowing that a sort of balling up of an infection had been taking place, everyone but me seemed to know and see that what all of this work was effectively doing was scraping off and scrubbing down my heart chakra, and piling it's diseased and dead tissue and all of the offending demonic parasites into a heap in the center of my being. I was told to fight, fight it, one man said, "I wish I could throw at tiger on you right now, fight!"

"I smiled and felt a surge of strength from his voice. I gathered my strength and surrendered to a powerful current, it was tossing me side to side, full body contractions began and I was like a rag doll. This was indeed the resumption of the previous aborted purge. This

time there would be no panic, the surgical exorcism would be performed by some of the best spiritual doctors in alive. I was in good hands and I trusted their instructions. They kept me safe and spotted me as I thrashed around. They helped me as I compressed the mound of putrid matter and began to squeeze it up and out of my chakra tubing like a tube of toothpaste. If I had created a douche effect with my tantric dance partner, they were creating a pressure washer effect. This was a deep cleaning, and the pressurized mass was many times larger than before. In a series of violent waves of contraction I was dry heaving, curling up and down, growling like a ferocious wild animal, primal growling, jaw opened like a giant cat in combat, the mass began to move. It felt like a ball of tar the size of a cannon ball was being compressed through my central energetic channel which had to stretch and contract rhythmically to expel it inch by inch. As it scraped past my third eye I could see all of the demonic faces, thousands of them, wretched, vile, noxious, furious that their little Ben nest was being raided.

"With the final violent contraction, the ball was ejected through my crown chakra. Later I was told that my purging had drawn demonic entities from many others in the room, I had become a conduit for a sort of collective cleansing vortex. It was ultimate relief knowing it all was gone and that none of it was able to enter anyone else. It was catapulted with great force into the light, the energy restored to essence, the demonic entities destroyed. There were no stray demons scurrying haphazardly in the room. Nothing was left in my heart chakra cavity, it was completely douched out, completely disinfected, restored to a pristine state. Immediately after the ball was sent off into the light I collapsed backwards. I was gently supported and brought back down to the floor. The singing and

drumming resumed as a miracle occurred before my third eye.

"As I lay with my eyes closed, my third eye witnessed in full color and light spectrum the bluish white liquid light of my soul pour in through my crown chakra and fill up my physical form. It was as if I was being inflated by my estranged soul after 20 years of being locked out of my body. Its intention to return to me was undying, it had been waiting for this moment for a long time. It flowed to my fingers and toes, slowly relearning how to make them move, my eyes opened as if for the first time. It was a classic rebirth. As I came to I was enveloped in the most pure, innocent, beautiful, ecstatic erotic experience of my life. It was indescribably rich, I felt an array of nature spirits surrounding and blessing me, it felt like a second deflowering, sharing my soul's virginty as my soul was exiled before my consensual virginity was shared. I licked my lips and tasted her amrita on my mouth. I can't overstate how absolutely exquisite it was. It was thousands of times more intense, multidimensional, and pleasurable than all of my peak erotic experiences combined. It was not just a fantasy it was a vision. My sex partner was my kinky spiritual ally, the one who had prayed me into the ceremony. I didn't want to project this role onto her and make her feel uncomfortable so I when I told her about it the next day, I let her know that I was only interpreting it symbolically. I took it all to mean that I had been given permission to pursue pure sexual love with a newly restored clean heart, and that she was my sort of sexual guardian angel, helping me feel confident and deserving, though not herself to be taken literally as my future lover. I felt this visionary erotic experience was my being given permission to be a beautiful sexual being free from all the pain, regret, and neurosis.

"No one in the ceremony but me knew that I was gifted for a few timeless minutes with this full body orgasmic virtual psychedelic spiritual pornography. I kept it to myself and just smiled sweetly in tears of joy. I then stood up held my healed heart and with a roar of adulation from my team of soul rescuers, slowly walked back to my place on the floor and sat up against the wall next to my comrades. Many more cycles of intensive care were gone through. I got my miracle and was now able to beam loving light into the collectivity with a new integrity of being. Many tears of joy streamed until the night's ceremony closed and I went to sleep like a baby.

"The next day we all shared the essence of our experiences, going around in a circle. When it was my turn, I burst into tears and told everyone that they saved my life. If what came out of me remained in there any longer, I was willing to end my life to end its. I was given a new lease on life and I thanked them for their great work. They were all true human angels, doing the work of the divine light, taking demons off the battlefield with their disinfectant, purifying and healing love.

"I returned to the world with a reincarnated soul and silently greeted all of my human and non-human relations with the internal statement: I have a soul, we've not met since I've had a soul. I saw the world with new, refreshed eyes. While nothing could top the spiritual pornography I experienced in a the higher realm of being, on the earthly plane, a complimentary validation of healing beauty was the state of the chinampa experiment. It had recovered and was flourishing. I sent a message to several close friends who know of my condition:

"Chinampas 2.0 solar power circulated backyard aquaculture island gardens. The site of the symbolic battle

for my soul. We're both coming out of toxic crisis and healing quite well together now as refreshing circulation and purifying plants have alchemized the bog of eternal stench into an enchanted fairy realm for all to drink from the fountain of youth, free of fear and stress. Many thanks to all who have believed in me.”

"You must have felt very fortunate." Jade inquired.

"I was, and my punk heart knew that this needed to be made accessible to the masses.

"So did your symptoms change after this cleansing?"

"Yes, it was miraculous. What had been removed was literally all of my fears, the fears that ruled my life. They all went back to having my mind blown out on meth when I was a runaway. Back them they took the form of hallucinations of cops everywhere looming to arrest me. Then as I became a prostitute and was constantly under attack by sexual predators, it was not only fear of cops, it became fear of the sexual intent of all men. After I went through lock up and returned to society, the fear of male sexual predation diminished and the fears took the form of fear of eye contact, fear of approaching women, fear of taking risks, fear of business. In many ways I was rendered unsociable, borderline autistic, and at times hostile, passive aggressive, sarcastic, and condescending. All of the demons that were living inside my heart affected every aspect of my life. They kept me pathetic, ruined, unactualized.

"Forever after the ceremony I was liberated from all of that fear. I began to feel safe, confident, entitled to a decent life, hopeful, courageous, free to love, abundant to

give more, do more, be more. I would not surrender my precious energy to any alien thoughtform. If I did not consciously choose from my essence to engage a thought, a feeling, an emotion, I could be discerning, suspicious, and decline the temptation to fall under the spell of lower vibrational energy. I wasn't an angel or a saint, but I had new dimensions of choice. I could sustain contentedness and happiness. I knew how to cultivate bliss with tantra, but my fears had always torn it down, now it could be sustained.

"Damn, how did it feel to have a soul after 20 years?" Jade asked

"Well, after so long of not having one and not knowing it I had adapted to a malformed state. I realized quickly from the contrast of it being in my body that it's not just there idly observing our human life like a movie-goer glazed over eating popcorn, sitting in the movie theater watching the show. It's an active participant and perhaps one of it's most important duties is to police the thought stream, immunize the internal experience of consciousness, and protect us from alien thought forms, aka demonic influence and infection. No wonder it was ejected when the demons raided and raped by chakras. How else could I have been rendered powerless and defenseless. So to have it back felt like my mindstream had become bullet proof. Inner peace was enforced by a vigilant warrior standing guard, guaranteeing me a higher quality of life. I felt free to fully enjoy life. No psychiatrist can prescribe a maintenance drug to achieve this, it is a factor of disinfection, purification, healing, and the repositioning of the soul to it's post as a guardian of the sanctity of our life experience. Suffering has become the overmedicated norm, in defiance of our birthright to feel good almost all the time. And when real, not imagined

events caused by worry and stress, throw us into grief, we can experience it in sharp and temporary contrast to an otherwise granted state of homeostatic psychological balance, orbiting around a equator of warm, loving, happiness.

"As beautiful as this all sounds, unfortunately it was really just the beginning, just the first of many battles to come. My heart chakra had been completely cleared, I was now free of fear and able to fully love, though other chakras were left literally untouched. As much as I hoped I would be clean as a whistle from head to toe, I became aware the next day that my sex chakra was in fact still crawling with creatures. It felt as though they had burrowed in deep and held on tight to avoid being sucked out in the expulsion. While some number of them must have been extracted, there was more than one left behind. But they had been drawn near the surface so now I could feel them moving around under my skin throughout my entire pelvic region.

"With my soul back in place, there powers were diminished. But they were still guarding their nest and devouring the energy that was bleeding from my wounds. I knew that I could not ask the same healers to do this work, I knew it would have to be tantric dakas and dakinis, sexual shamans, brave, fearless and masterful, trained and equipped to work directly on sex chakra infections.

"Well the next night after the ceremony I celebrated at a small psytrance party among dear friends. My secret just kept me smiling, there I blended in, such sweet souls, always bringing the loving light on the dance floor for hours and hours. This would be my surrogate lover for some time.

Jade spoke softly, “How has this medicine not completely shattered the atheist paradigm?”

“It will will dissolve it more like, but it will take bio-medical research studies, peer reviewed academic papers, conferences, international consortiums, an entire new field of study, or more accurately a renaissance of an old field of study.”

“Let’s do whatever it takes, we need to see this shift in our life times.”

“I’m with you, we’re a part of the psychedelic shamanic revolution, our individual and now shared stories are a contribution to the efforts to legitimize rigourous laboratory research. All we need is funding and legal protection and the ethics to proceed with caution and informed consent.”

“I want to design the facilities.”

“You will, you already are!”

Paranormal Parasitology

“You know all of those nature programs like love to watch?” I asked.

“You know me, I loved to get high and get lost in the beauty of nature programs.” She giggled.

“And I love to get high and get lost in the beauty of you and the nature programs. Well, all of your extensive knowledge of animal intelligence, bizarre behaviors, and impressive adaptive strategies will come in handy here. I’m gonna get into more of the ecological aspects of the story, feel free to chime in so we can compare notes.”

“Okay.”

"After that Aya ceremony I felt qualified to start to tell my story, I began extensive research. I felt that while my experience of psychedelic shamanic surgical exorcism was one of many thousands that had occurred over thousands of years, I wanted to give back by telling my story in a way that could bridge the gap between religious demonology, clinical psychology, and shamanism. Further, because of this experience I felt compelled to “come out” as a survivor and tell my story in a way that would empower other survivors to seek shamanic disinfection. And finally, I knew that this medicine had the power to extract evil from anyone whether victim or perpetrator. I knew that while I experienced a great healing, I was still a long way from justice.

"I set my focus to prayer, magic, and might in effort to manifest the power to search for the Sugar Demon and one day bring him into ceremony so that our spiritual cords could be dissolved, he could be exorcized, and restored to essence. I hoped he'd be in prison and that somehow I could gain access through a chaplain in a religious context or perhaps through an experimental treatment context. Either way, while I wanted him to be spiritually liberated, I'd never want to see him free to harm again. I imagined freeing the souls of perpetrators but only so that they could be put to into service as stewards of a remote permaculture island colony. They could build their own healing paradise, far from potential victims, but close to the earth, a source of infinite forgiveness and compassion. The highest truth is that humans are all victims of historical circumstance, to be made into a host for demons, to be possessed, to become a criminal of any kind, worst of all a sex criminal, is to have been cheated or robbed of the opportunity to grow from childhood innocence into adolescent innocence, into adult innocence, and finally into elder innocence. The formation of the individual sociopathic ego is a modern corruption of the once primal group mind. The decision making process that allows a man to harm a child in the shadow without remorse is an unprecedented aberration that defies our true nature. I knew in my heart that restoring a wholeness for humanity would require organizing on both sides of this "issue".

"My research led me to some profound revelations on the pathogenesis of sexual predation. While I was confident that I could give testimony that sexual predators are possessed by parasitic organisms, how could I possibly translate the psychedelic shamanic experience of possession, parasitism, purging and surgical exorcism into a theoretical model that could be tested the lab?

”I began to look for analogs in the scientific literature, examples of similar phenomena that are already recognized and understood. I discovered that many known parasites have the ability to jack into the nervous system and “drive” their host into pathological, maladaptive behavior.

”The Cordyceps fungi is infamous for zombifying ants and driving them to high points in the jungle to eventually be consumed from the inside out until a mushroom grows out of their head and releases its spores.

"The gordian worm grows inside locusts, grasshoppers, and beetles then after metamorphosing, drives it’s host away from it’s natural habitat and into suicides by driving them into water where the worm can then live out the rest of its adult life.

"Toxoplasma gondii is a parasite that remove rodents’ fear of cats, making them easy prey. Once they’ve reached the cat’s guts, it can sexually reproduce.

"Many other known cases of possessive parasites are known to science.

Jade noted, "There’s definitely a scientific basis for so called possession if you put it that way."

"And much folkloric data on the ways in which demons parasitize human emotional outputs. What’s missing is a clinical understanding of how our emotions are actually biologically metabolized. Also, how demons reproduce. Do they lay eggs, are they mammalian, etc. My visions tend towards the insectoid egg laying template for biology, but who knows it could be a completely different process. "

"A different kingdom of life, the scummy kingdom." Jade with a look of disgust.

"Indeed, and that begs the question, like the ladybug analogy earlier, if demons are indeed parasitic organisms, what in the invisible ecology could eat them, making the job of the exorcists and shamans exponentially easier. Can so-called angels eat so-called demons?

"In several of the ayahuasca ceremonies leading up to the big one, I noted that if what plagued me was alive, biological, parasitic, it must have one or more natural predators, there must be an order of species that could debug me like frogs, lizards, lady bugs, and dragon flies.

"I also began studying parasitology, human sexuality, demonology, and of course continued by training in tantra, and continued my weekly mushroom journeying.

"I also discovered a wide range of strategies in wild animals to protect against parasitic infection. As my own guinea pig, volunteering in my own clinical trials, I took careful note of what was replicable about the ayahuasca ceremony. It wasn't magic, it wasn't just the intrinsic skills and talents of the healers, and it wasn't just the medicine, it was a procedure. A procedure with dramatic and repeatable results. The task now would be to assemble a team of sexual shamanic healers who would be willing to design a ceremonial ritual involving classic sacred sexual healing techniques along with the substances necessary to make the lower astral plane visible so that the procedure could be documented phenomenologically as well as physiologically.

"I'm sorry to hear that you still had more clearing to do. As you know its customary to spend many months in the Amazon with the medicine. There are layers upon layers that have to be shed one by one. It often takes months of consistent work, innumerable ceremonies to get to the deepest levels. I supposed you were blessed to have such a deep cleaning in one sitting. And for all that was left to be brought the surface, at least you wouldn't be able to ignore it and let it fester.

"Yeah, it's a sick kind of "glass half full" situation. Since then I've felt like I have an alligator tearing at my genitals. It's not a pretty site or feeling. The mushrooms have showed me what it actually looks like. Crablike crustaceans, clustering over all the glands, poking, prodding, pinching, to harvest the exudates. Some are big some are small. Like I said, it looks like peeling road kill off the road. Its been a sad irony that my heart is now love ready, but my sex organs are not.

"I knew the only ethical path forward would be to take every measure possible to protect myself from further infectious sexual demons, and to protect others from them as well. I would have to explain my condition to potential partners, and set boundaries so that we could only have very controlled types of outercourse, in the context of ritual purification and protection.

"Not exactly something you'll get a lot of positive response for on an online dating profile. Though I knew that if I demonized myself, for a lack of a better word, they win, if I keep feelings diseased, contaminated, contagious, I'll cower in the shadows and convince myself I must die, or more accurately give in to the suggestive demonic voices.

"I knew better than to give up. And I made a promise to my heart healers, I would live, I would fight, they saved my life, I'd been initiated as a delegate of the healing power of the medicine. I can never take my life now, it would reflect poorly on the medicine path. To be a spiritual warrior on the medicine path, you become the property of the medicine, its no longer your life to take.

"I was not about to join the monastery though. I needed, healthy love, and ultimately spiritually safe sex. I had to create a new standard for sexual health that included more than just the diseases that are transmitted on the surface of the skin. It seemed no accident that I had been training in tantra all these years. I knew that tantric sex was not just better in terms of pleasure and depth of intimacy, it is spiritual hygienic. With the proper tantric procedures in place, demonic transfer is not possible. I knew that intuitively, I felt it over the years. The pure bliss, the pure pleasure, the absence of mind chatter, the divine presence, the kundalini holy ghost. I trusted that while I had to be honest about my condition, I had the skills and training to protect myself and others.

"Just as I couldn't afford the months of ayahuasca ceremonies to complete the healing from head to toe, I couldn't afford to go to the nearest tantric goddess temple and pay for state licensed certified sexological bodyworkers to provide professional sexual healing services, and I certainly could not solicit them to break the law and risk their credentials by incorporating the use of illegal psychedelics. For me to access the sexual healing I needed, I'd have to seek out suitable sexual partners, fully disclose my condition, and acquire informed consent, then train them myself.

"I knew that to be safe, I'd have to pray that the women who would step into my life and show up for me sexually would be fellow survivors who'd have a stake in being a part of my research. It became clear that I wasn't just pioneering my own sexual healing journey, I was establishing a protocol for low income victims of sexual abuse to follow in their own lives. Sexual abuse is a public health crisis, the statistics are unbelievable, something more powerful than talk therapy is drastically needed for both victims and perpetrators. It became my mission in life to make my inner demon slaying into a declaration of spiritual war.

"As the Goddess would have it, my courage was honored and a series of new sexual angels came into my life, all of whom were survivors of various types of sexual abuse and misuse. Each would bless me with their willingness to participate these esoteric explorations.

"I collected notes, conducted interviews, recorded narratives, etc. I feel it best to share the most relevant findings with you since this is truly becoming a shamanic nurse training program."

"Yes please do, I'm curious about how people started showing after all of this shadow work." Jade said.

"Ok, that will be our next module. Shall we go stomp it out on the dance floor? That was a lot to digest."

"Yes, I need to go shake my booty chakra!"

A couple of hours later, as the sun set, and the vibe of the dj sets darkened in tandem with the night sky, we got back to the material...

On Tap Kundalini

"This friendship was very strategically designed. It was clearly agreed that she would be a test student for me to apply the tantric energy healing skills and talents I had. Over the course of 3 volunteer sessions very powerful discoveries were made. Most importantly I learned that I could become a conduit of kundalini shakti on demand. All of the dancing I was doing had conditioned me to draw in massive amounts of high voltage pranic energy. Most people who give casual massages would likely report that they sort of go with the flow and play with whatever movements arise at a whim. By extension, to have a conditioned flow of shakti, for me it felt like beyond the normal kind of energy “doodling”, what begins to take place is a form of energetic possession whereby my entire body has the dexterity of my hands and I’m able to incorporate completely novel configurations of my body to perform tasks that are being initiated and guided by an benevolent alien intelligent healing force.

"What evolved into one of my most powerful techniques began with her. As I surrendered to the possessing force, I positioned myself under her and we reclined on a couch. It was as if I became a bucket seat for her and my legs wrapped around her at the thigh level effectively strapping her in. My arms then were guided to sweep and energize the chakras. Various “holds” were “felt into place”. It was as if I was a lock smith with the stethoscope on a safe, focusing with exquisite attention on where the subtle elements clicked. Various rates of vibration, depths of pressure, and points of alignment

caused for powerful energy blockages to be dislodged. My whole body was at times coordinated in peristaltic movements. Imagine the way a caterpillar climbs up a stem. I was effectively squeezing out her body and subtle energy field, and pumping shakti through. This was really the first time I was encouraged to actually become a healer myself. In her review she wrote:

"I've had two healing sessions with Ben, and I feel that he is a true healer. I've been giving and receiving energy work for ten years, so I feel that I'm a pretty good judge of these things. His energy is powerful and you can feel it for days afterward. My second session with him was literally one of the most amazing experiences I've had. I almost felt like I was having an out-of-body experience at times. I feel that I've been permanently changed for the better as a result of my contact with him. I would highly recommend him to anyone who's considering working with him in any capacity."

"It felt paradoxical since I felt so in need of healing myself but apparently it’s an age old paradox of the wounded healer archetype. Many don’t discover their healing gifts until they’ve been through a spiritual emergency. After facing their demons, and battling them in the underworld, they return, having died and been reborn, empowered with healing gifts. Though for many there is no clear point at which they are fully healed. Healing and purification are ongoing processes, furthermore, if one is “healed” and becomes a healer, they’re voluntarily inflicting wounds upon themselves continually as the receptacles of others’ psycho-spiritual-physiological diseases. It took some internal inquiry to reconcile this paradox but the simplest way I can put it now is that when shakti is invoked, any of the healers personal old demons, or recent

stowaways from their patients must run and hide or risk incineration and/or devourment.

"Different healing traditions have different advice for procedures of decontamination of healers before working on patients. Everything from going into a forest barefoot and asking a tree to or bush to receive one's toxic accumulated energy by literally throwing it out at it, to bathing in sacred waters, to invoking deities through prayer or mantras. I can only speak from my experience and say that the validation and encouragement I received has been enough to feel confident that transference from wounded healer to patient can be precluded by various means and that each should seek their own path. This isn't math though, there are margins for error.?

"Because I'm an extreme survivor, I feel it's most ethical to work mainly on other extreme survivors or people in dire conditions. The chakra balancing and crystal toning for light maintenance of spiritual health I'll leave to the far less wounded healers out there. I feel strongly compelled to use the precautionary principle here which according to wikipedia states that: "if an action or policy has a suspected risk of causing harm to the public or to the environment, in the absence of scientific consensus that the action or policy is not harmful, the burden of proof that it is not harmful falls on those taking an action."

"Since we don't yet know exactly when or how demonic contagions are transferred we must assume that they can always be. As is the case with various incurable STIs there's a grace in seeking others already infected to preclude spreading of the virus to yet another host. Of course in the case of love, an informed consent decision is often made to risk exposure in the name of love. Well doing healing work on others isn't supposed to be about

taking the risks that you're willing to take with a lover. So to conclude, until we understand transference much more I hesitate to work on non-survivors. Though by many definitions we're all hosts to a multiplicity of demons and we're all survivors of cultural sexual wounding. Perhaps when I have years of healing work done on me and I feel generally purified, I could loosen up about this. But there are so many survivors in the world now, it just feels right to stay mostly within that field. Of course by the logic of transmission through loveless fornication, the chances that any one of us hasn't slept with a perpetrator or survivor and thus been exposed are nil. I suppose it's all a matter of degree. I chose to consider myself an extreme case, and to focus on providing services to fellow extreme cases.

Pharmaco-Demonology

"She was a real Goddess send. She was ready to believe me about my exorcism, soul retrieval and Fox Mulder style obsession to prove the existence of aliens, in this case, extradimensional more than extraterrestrial. We met up a few times, meditated together, and ate my now classic sprout soup with fresh garden herbs.

"We chatted it up a lot about all kinds of esoteric subjects. We meditated together and gave each other great strength and encouragement as spiritual warrior allies. She didn't flinch when I told her about my prematurely aborted tantric exorcism. It was her ears that heard me say that I know that what I need is to be spoiled with divine sexual love to fully disinfect, purify, and repair my chakras. That if I could afford to just buy a night at the nearest goddess temple and be loved on by a group of women, the deeply nested demons would be blasted out, but since I'm impoverished, I'll have to earn the blessing by healing others, as paradoxical as that seems. The more I surrender to the divine feminine, the more teachers and patients I find or find me. She understood that I must be on the path of the sexually wounded sexual healer. The rising tide floats all boats I guess.

"More about her, she was experiencing erratic demonic interferences in her life, caused mostly by a black magician casting spells and curses on her. Together we studied the subjects and at one point she agreed to be interviewed. Here's the transcript:

B: Welcome Maya, I have a few questions for you about your insights into the demonic realm and you have some interesting experiences that you've shared with me in the past and I would absolutely love to have you share those. So I'll just go back over some of the stuff I remember we talked about.

Have you had experiences that you'd describe as witnessing someone being completely overtaken and sort of classically possessed.

M: Yes.

B: Would you care to describe in whatever detail you're comfortable with.

M: Ok so, uh, before New Years I was at a Santa Monica train station at a really late hour and a police officer who I think was also possessed, he must have been on a lot of medications, but he just came in very roughly into the café and he pulled my hands behind my back and pushed my head in the ground and arrested me, and in that moment, um a master who later healed me, explained to me that a demon had stabbed my astral self with a really thick pole about one and half inches in diameter and since then my eyes were a little hazy, I couldn't see straight it was like I was always dreaming or I just wanted to go back to sleep and I walked really stiffly, it was like my joints were locked up and my head was heavy so there were certain times when I was driving, my head would just bob up and down because it was just so heavy to hold up. That was my most recent experience.

B: So what I'm trying to lay out is a sort of system for categorizing the various degrees of possession that there are where the extreme would be the mothers that

stab and kill their own babies. These women aren't say, career psychopath criminals either, they're normal people with normal lives with very little precedents for spontaneous violence. In their own minds they say, I don't know what came over me, there's that glazed-over effect that happens with people, even people with anger management issues and they go into a rage and they see red and then they don't know what they did afterwards.

If psychotherapists are going to take their system for categorizing pathological behaviors and they're going to then have to do the match-up game of species of demonic parasitic organisms and their dominant mode of behavior once they get control over a person, so long story short, the voices in the head, and the impulses, and just alien thought forms, alien impulses, that you yourself in your essence of knowing right and wrong and knowing your own sense of boundaries and sense of ethics... have you had experiences of feeling there are alien thought forms that we could say are demonic, spam robot, pop-up windows in the mind stream, you know, unwanted, unwelcomed, fearful, anxious, even, whatever you have going on that you feel is like, not serving you and not something you asked for or created for yourself. Have you had that type of degree in your experience.

M: Yeah, I feel there were many times when I knew it wasn't my thought, and to just end it all, it always had to do with hanging, with belts or a rope, somewhere in the closet or on the rafters outside, that thought always appeared, as well as a really strange thought of taking a cleaver knife and just, and just facing it towards your face and cutting your face in half. Yeah, things I just couldn't make sense out of.

B: Those alien produced fantasies that you don't feel come from your essence, when you remember the events as they happen, or the imagination of the events, were there any patterns in what had happened in you internally or externally leading up to that, so taking a pharmaceutical drug for example could be one thing that induces an increased volume of these things, or being in a toxic relationship, or being drunk. Have you noticed any patterns where you notice, okay yea, when this thing happens this is triggered or is it totally unpatterned?

M: This time it was when I started taking an anti-depressant, then I would have increased thoughts about doing that. And before that, the thoughts would just come at random moments, I couldn't really predict them.

B: If you had these thoughts before taking the medication, and they increased as a result of taking the medication, I would personally deduce that that means that whatever alien attached parasitic organism that is hacking your mind stream and your visual field and your other sensory inputs, auditory and whatnot, they're always waiting for the opportunity to exploit your weakness and the weakness in the integrity of your field. That field is built with love, fundamentally, that's the building block of the field of protection, your security perimeter around your fragile mind stream, that pure river that should be flowing with no malicious creatures in there. It's protected by the integrity of a field of love that is created around it from inuetero to death, and if we were protected with love by our communities and our families and our relationship to nature, then we would be impenetrable for the lower astral plane demonic creatures. As one way of thinking of it, we're basically vulnerable to them. So whatever had gotten into you earlier in life that would be responsible for projecting these things into the mind stream, the

application of that pharmaceutical drug, it's giving them more power over you in some way. Without the scientific research that's needed, we can only postulate that either it multiplies itself or it grows and it's one organism…either it has the resources to create offspring rapidly and reproduce discrete units of itself or its like, it was small so I could only put in maybe minutes a day of unwanted thoughts into you, because it didn't have a lot of power but then something happens when you take the drug and then it itself as one entity grows and gets more power because it has more strength in itself. Either that could be what's happening or it could be that it's reproducing itself so that more of them are able to get in there and they take turns. This is the kind of behavioral analysis that is gonna be needed to be able to know scientifically how to combat this infection, is what's happening on these levels so. That's my commentary on what you described and that's a typical thing that I'm hearing.

Have you ever experienced methamphetamine?

M: No

B: Okay good, don't cuz it is that doorway opening to the max, or that weakening of your field.

Next question is, you've had the physical possession, the mental possession, how about, have you ever had any outbursts of vocalizations, you know, glossolalia, speaking in tongues, non-human language sounding stuff, vocal chords, we could call them vocal possessions perhaps.

M: No I haven't had that but I've experienced that with patients because I used to work at a mental, a convalescent hospital, and one the patients that was

possessed, actually that demon transferred to another patient after he left and she was a Spanish speaker and of course she was speaking to me about the bike that I recently lost and she said oh, do you want another bike just steal one, and she kept saying take me, take me, I'm yours, like she knew my name but normally she doesn't know my name.

B: Wow, that's very interesting so you're saying that you had already sort of identified and being interacting with this very let's say unpleasant sort of character in a person that was previously much different so it was a sharp contrast, so something is animating this human being to behave in this obnoxious manner and you get to know it a little bit, and then the guy dies and then shortly thereafter, coming through the vocal apparatus of another living person in proximity, it seizes their vocal cords and speaks in their dominant language, right, and you're able to sort of recognize it, is that what you're saying.

M: Yeah.

B: That's fascinating, okay I'm gonna just meditate on that for a second, a whole floor of the NASA of spiritual ecology that will one day exist, will be dedicated to studying hospital transference, yeah, definitely so, okay maybe now if you care to tell the story about the dream and the ex-boyfriend, or former lover as I like to say.

M: Yeah, okay so I've been dreaming that this ugly demon with really big fanged big mouth just took a big bite out of my neck and right shoulder, and um, but the dream also was, while that was going on, the demon was also penetrating me, and I wake up and the ex-lover, it turns out he had, without permission, just started the act of intercourse and I asked if he bit me and he was just like

no, no, I mean he could have been dreaming to, and just started it without realizing it, and it was in that moment that I realized that he was most likely possessed.

B: Did you tell him that you had that experience ever, did you react uncomfortably when waking up.

M: I did react uncomfortably.

B: How did he respond?

M: He was so clueless, so clueless. He was very very clueless he just kept denying that he had done anything wrong and just completely acted like nothing happened and it was okay to do what he did.

B: I'm sorry to hear that. It's one of those degrees of violation that's very common…did you come to some kind of resolve with him…

M: It was a strike. It was a strike against the whole relationship, three strikes and your out.

B: Okay.

M: Yeah

B: Did he attempt to make it up to you in any way? Did he apologize ever?

M: No.

B: But it was clear to him, with your body language and your verbal language that that wasn't cool and he was like whatever?

M: Yeah, like "oh….okay"

B: The relationship continued and you thought, “okay, as long as he never does that again,” kind of thing or…

M: Yeah, but it really faltered.

Yeah from that point I didn’t really want to have intercourse.

B: His unremorseful response was sort of a breaking point that ultimately was a breaking point for the whole relationship

M: It was a breaking point

B: I’ll speak from experience and say that, there is a susceptibility to possession during sleep for sure, amplified with any alcohol consumption, especially large alcohol consumption to the point of being blacked out, your sense of self is completely blocked and whatever you do is the behavior of…

M: Yeah.

B: Of gremlins.

M: Have you ever seen those possessed people, that walk around the streets and they’re hands are usually in this formation, which is “I love you” upright in sign language, but upside down I’m told it’s a negative connotation but they walk around with this hand gesture and they’re touch almost every leaf that they can. I’ve seen it in two people, but I’m sure that they’re more that do it. Do you know what that means?

B: I don't know, I'm glad you said that because part of understanding this fully, would be, I mean I think most of the data that's going to be collected about the reality of the scientifically provable phenomenon of invisible intelligent entities able to basically hack into human nervous systems and produce thoughts and emotions and feelings and even on an advanced level the ability to manipulate entire situations and multiple people and inanimate objects, and this fact of this forthcoming scientifically provable phenomenon of demonic possession so called, or formally called demonic possession, going to skid row or the psychiatric ward, of course that's where the people who are most possessed have ended up. It's a revolving door between the mental ward and the street, so pretty much you're talking about the same people, you're either in or your out.

The patterned subtle gestures have got to be an important indication for distinguishing, who's doing this and who's not doing it. And there are other patterns of behavior, patterns of their particular profile of abuse, their particular medications, how do you create these linkages to…Let's say Fred the demon actually exists on a plane of reality where it's ability to manipulate people is more like octopus tentacles where you have you a brain unit of the body in one area, but they're actually able to use cord-like tentacles to get into people and have this affect. So it could, yeah, do you see what I'm saying

M: Wow, yes.

B: So if you're doing a specific patterned gesture, could it be, does Fred the demon have a carbon copy of himself in every single one of those, or is it that Fred has 50 million tentacles?

M: Ummmm.

B: And every time a weakened person opens up, and Fred's competing with John because John is getting something else out of people and making them do behavior X and Fred's doing behavior Y. What if you just did a study of people's hand gestures, and gave them art supplies and then really see if something is going on but, alright….

M: I mean I know you said tentacle, but a few days ago, last week I was walking out with my cousin out in the neighborhood and I felt almost like a tentacle reached through my ear into my back of my brain and in that week it was really hard to think. If I got a cat scan or something of my brain, nothing would come up. And also how I told you about how I think that either my step mom or my dad's girlfriend has made a voodoo doll of me because there are certain times that I've felt a needle. Like a giant needle going through my ovary or a just certain parts of my head will feel really funny, almost very specific like, I can pin point it down to someone's punching me or something. I mean there must be a science in voodoo and how it affects other people, I still can't solve it.

B: I'm glad you brought that up.

M: Sometimes I felt like a marionette, even after the cop thing had transpired I would walk around like a puppet almost, and with one of my close friends who's very connected to me, she started feeling the same things, the same chronic headaches and the marionette walking sometimes when we would spend time with each other because I think it effects people you're connected with as well. Not only yourself.

B: Wow, so how about if you could talk about, your understanding of how the chakra system is…where does the chakra system fit into this. Let's say we've established so far in this conversation that so-called demons are real and that they behave a lot like very intelligent mind hacking parasites and seem to have an organismic nature which means that they would have to reproduce somehow and they have life spans and they need to consume different inputs and they have different outputs, if they're a biological machine, they're not just a robotic machine and they're not just an ethereal vapor, like ghosts or something, specters, they're anatomically engineered, biomechanical entities that are intelligent, and have actually more dimensional…in some ways we have more dimensional command in maybe parts of our realm, and in other ways they have more dimensional command in parts of their realm that are inaccessible to us. So, I kinda feel like, there are entities that span so many dimensions that you can't even begin to fathom and they completely intersect everything here and they pick up objects and make stuff levitate and switch off lights, but that's pretty rare.

Every demon wishes it could have the power to do that, every demon wishes it had the power to pick up that knife and put it in somebodies hand, or pull that trigger, or whatever, and some of them, I guess…it is a constant battle, it is a constant resistance, the will to not do wrong, with the urge to do wrong is the front line battle field between the demonic…that's the interface between your essence, which is, everyone I believe, you know, I mean unless you become really fully psychotically possessed, you're pretty much resisting the urges that would make bad things happen, resisting the urges that would result in negative consequences.

M: The more you're opening and strengthening your chakras to help others you're leaving yourself vulnerable for parasites to attached to, so even the best healers are the most sick.

The chaka system has seven life forces each pertaining to a body system so that whenever say a possessed person injures someone else in a certain….say they cut their skin, then technically the demonic parasite would be attaching to the fifth chakra so, or you can relate, when someone has a pain that's unknowingly getting their organs or intestines you know that's a demonic parasite of the third chakra. So you can pin point based on a persons injuries or pain, which chakras they're damaging and which ones you can heal.

B: Can you describe a little bit about your training in this system and specifically what have you been told about…I mean a lot of people are taught about the chakra system but not a lot of people are taught, and most people's chakras, probably everybody's charkas to one degree or another are actually habitat for malicious organisms that are constantly trying to get an ever-increasing foothold on you and will stop at nothing. If you fail at being loved or you're culture or community fails at loving you, you know, you could have been loved, but then for some reason become an asshole and then you become susceptible and you get more chakra parasites. Was that explained to you?

M: The chakra healing I did was called Human Universal Energy and it basically says that when you have an illness, or pain, that means that chakra system, that certain chakra is damaged, and because it's damaged that also means, or can mean, it could be physical pain and/or a spiritual pain that a demonic parasite has attached to. So

our training was we would meditate for a long period of time to strengthen and open our chakras and then from there we could strategically place our hands first on the 7th chakra to maintain the patient's overall health, and then to whatever other chakras or body areas that needed attention for a certain amount of time and so we would be acting as the vessel for energy. It's not like the Chinese system where you use your actual energy to go through someone else, but we're just the middle man for the universal energy to go into us and into the persons damaged chakra. So a lot of people would get demonic parasites. There's a two part process where you identify it, you kind of pry it out, and the second part is you pull it out and just release it from the system. Last week when I went, the first part of the healing, they stopped early, because they said I had just so much bad energy. So I have to go in today, but it should be better.

B: One time in one of our conversations we were kind of comparing notes on a parallel journey of experience and personal healing and study and experimentation you know to a degree and we've been involved in different healing modality traditions and have been d.i.y. hacking our own, and you know everyone has to become their own mind hacker, you're being hacked so you better be able to hack them back and get your mind back. So, at one point we had this exchange where I had just been doing some body work where I was having this very extremely tangible feeling and experience, a sense that…I mean it's almost like being a mime, you know what I mean, you see a mime and you see a body worker and it's like, if you say, hey mime, come over here and demonstrate to these people what I'm talking about, I want you to mine that you're…that someone is lying down on their stomach and you're giving them a massage and all the sudden as you're massaging them you start to bump

into this nest, you know of creatures, and you disturb it and then you realize this it's an emergency, this person's under attack and you discover this and you become the hero and you decide that the best thing that you should probably do is try to remove them, they're causing pain and they're already in a place where they're doing something harmful, and you start reaching into that nest and its like you're reaching into a beehive, trying to get them all out of somebody, or a red ant hill or something like that, but as the healer you have the confidence that you have the allies and the strength and the armor on, and the disinfectant spray and all of your trinketry and what not that's gonna protect you, and that gives you the ability to actually survive….but like you said the best healers are sick, you know what I mean, because you're sort of electing to become this spiritual pin cushion or something, or this spiritual cesspool vortex so you better…and I've known a lot of psychotherapists that are so whacked out because of the work they do, you know what I mean

They can't keep a relationship, they're just neurotic about everything, they start to become…the transference happens, so anyway going back to what I experienced. I was having this experience of where I'm actually in a nest of things, but what I wasn't fully sure of at the time was like, I wasn't medicated myself, we'll keep that vague, but I was let say, third-eye closed, shut, my third eye was shut relatively speaking, and so um, I'm sensing with my intuition, I guess I'll just throw this out there as a side bar, it's like, intuition plus third-eye being open means that you see more of the fabric, or what's giving you that intuition, the information that's in those higher fields. So I'm feeling that I'm pulling something out I know I'm pulling something out, I'm physically feeling it crawl into my arm and seize my muscles and lodge itself. It's like scabies, they lodge themselves underneath the surface of the skin and they lay

their eggs under the surface of the skin and their whole life cycle is occurring where you're scratching to get below the surface of the skin where they're burrowing all around the place, the burrowing nature of the demonic organisms, to do that and so, but I wasn't sure that time, am I pulling out one long giant like tape-worm kind of a thing or am I pulling out only a few at a time, and lets say, in a patterned…a mental disorder, a neurosis, a neurotic mental disorder caused a patterned behavior, and then you have to wonder if one engages in that patterned behavior every time they do that they're giving a food pellet to the demonic parasite, right?

It's like, do this, it's gonna make you feel bad about yourself and that's what it's really all about, like eating disorders. Every disorder is about, how do I make this person feel bad about themselves because when they feel bad about themselves I get a food pellet, so whatever they're susceptible to do to feel bad about themselves I'm going to crank that up to the max, you know what I mean?

M: Yeah

B: So In that burrow where they're doing that in their little nest, my question has been, um, like when I feed the Koi fish, the food pellets go out there, and it's like a feeding frenzy of multiple fish trying to get at that resource, it's not just one big fish that's sitting there by itself, alone with no competition, with no offspring, no babies to feed, it's not just like one thing that sits there and then it has the ability to manipulate you in various ways and get you to do what it wants you to do so it gets you to put out this yield, for its consumption. I think more realistically, that there are multiple, or more of a feeding frenzy when you do something you wish you hadn't done or you do something that makes you feel bad or you do something that's sexually pathological and makes you feel good but its like

a shallow good feeling, you're actually doing harm, but you're feeding these things. And I asked you one time, cuz you were going through a sort of surgical extraction, a surgical exorcism extraction procedure and I asked you, since I was curious and going through this at the same time, "Is it one big one or lots of little ones? And you said both, and I was like yes!, that solves it!

So that was a long lead up but I'm wondering if you want to talk a little bit about anything you kind of know about like, if you were a zoologist or you were studying the sort of demon kingdom like the animal kingdom and you'd be like yeah, I'm out there exploring and identifying, the taxonomy kind of thing, right, there's ones that look like this, there's ones that look that. There's ones that smell like this, ones that smell like that. Just things that differentiate them in your mind from all the different experiences that you had personally. How would you identify it if there was a line-up.

M: If I can't see them, the most strongest, the biggest ones, smell like sulfur, and I've had certain like ah, one night I had one follow me on the way home, it was following me everywhere. Other than that the facial expressions of people are blank with their eyes are almost pitch black, or smiling in a very sinister way or grinning I guess you could say. Some are angry, some laugh like non-stop, the people under attack are constantly wailing cuz the pain never stops, and eh, yeah and another thing I notice is the head movements, head movements are very very quick, almost unnatural, you know like in the scary movies they always do that, they really do that though, and they don't really blink, it's almost as if the person forgot how to blink because it will just stay open. That's what I noticed.

B: And how about behind the scenes, behind the mask of the human form, the sort of The Matrix meets Men in Black.

M: Haha, Men in Black plus The Matrix, totally sums up the world of interaction of the world between human and spirits, basically.

B: Exactly, can you describe anatomically any glimpses you've had or, say you saw the demon of that ex, or the former lover,

M: Um hm,

B: Can you describe it like you gonna tell and an officer to sketch it up cuz they were gonna go and

M: Ummmmmmmm

The demon was dark skinned, um, must have, well when I say big mouth and big fangs, I'm saying like a circle and it's like a circle mouth like a parasite, with big razor sharp teeth.

B: Do you feel your chakras are infected with demonic parasites?

I feel more like my chakras are damaged because of demonic injuries, and um, and black magic. Yeah, more so. It does feel sometimes, cuz my head ache it shifts, and it moves unnaturally and that could be parasites that are just moving and trying to eat away at your brain or something, your spiritual brain hahaha.

B: Okay so I remembered I asked you after your session, if you could ask the healers to describe to you and then convey to me what they saw in their procedure so

if you could describe that one procedure as if I never heard of any of this stuff and you're just telling someone what the procedure was and then you're like yeah it was mostly invisible to me, but what they told me afterwards was they were doing this and they saw this.

M: Like I was saying with the power of intense meditation, you start to see and feel things, the pain of others, I think a lot of the healers have treated for so long that by now they know which attack was from a demon. I'm pretty sure the master of the center knows exactly what happened, exactly what the demon looks like, but I haven't had a chance to talk with her.

B: Okay.

Do you have any thoughts on or practice any form of Goddess worship?

M: No

B: No? Okay

What do you do for defense and protection against, now we have these categories: demonic parasitic infection, demonic attack and injury, demonic possession, so I guess defense strategies against injury, possession, and infection.

M: What I do when I feel not good, or I feel I have an infection, I will um, you get a bunch of rue, you pluck off the small leaves and you blend it and you filter out the water and you put it in a soap bottle and after a shower you put it all over you for 3, 5, or 7 days and it does make you feel a lot better and my aunt has a set of like, it looks almost like Tai Chi exercises, where you're breathing in and breathing out good and bad energy. And of course

there are meditations, and the injury, you don't know until it happens really, I'm mean of course self defense would help with that. And of course infection, probably lessen the number of sexual partners you have because you never know what infections you might be spreading down there, not only physically but spiritually.

B: Okay can you talk about that more.

M: Eh, if you say someone has issues, and someone has a lack of love and doesn't display any respect or love towards you, that in itself is bad energy and so when you engage with them, you're not only leaving with your body, your leaving with your body plus a couple of demonic parasites that afterwards you start feeling the same way of that person, and it continues on a chain.

B: YES! Okay, please allow me to soap box here for a bit. For the men out there, help the men understand how important it is to conduct the act of love making in a ritualized manner that really anchors in the highest intentions and, and is about building honor and trust and respect and boundaries and communication…what I'm trying to share with my being exposed to, in a good way, being found by and embraced by the sacred sexuality, modern sacred sexuality movement, and um, we have to, like what you're saying the advice would be something like, first be warned that this is happening, you know, exactly the way you described it, which I'm 100% in agreement about, and then, knowing that now, if you didn't know that already, here's what you must demand from your lover, male or female, or any configuration, before you allow your sexual intimacy to occur with one or more people, you have to do x,y, and z to make sure that you're safe in all ways. We don't have to go into the medical stuff of course, that's another conversation but the spiritually transmitted

demons, the sexually transmitted demons or spiritually transmitted diseases, I think they both make the point. Do you have advice for all genders, specific advice for men and any other advice you want to give because I think men need to have this ingrained, how to conduct themselves using an ethical procedure and some skillfulness and some artistry to be able to make someone feel safe and also the biggest challenge is gonna be figuring out, how the male who's filled with the culture's demons? We're all carries of the cultural demons.

We could be saintly in our lives and sage-like and still have pornographic programming and still have all of these issues that are societal and so, what I want to be able to master and teach is the ability to really conduct myself in a state of grace that makes transference impossible because the love lava of unconditional real true pure love is something that will incinerate these demons, like you're creating, when you effectively sort of secrete your own love biochemistry and you create this cosmic energetic vibrational light love field of energy then you are effectively frying the demons and that, and when the kundalini plunger effect starts to happen and you get the coiled serpent actually hydraulically douching out the chakra system and that's been caused by an influx, it's like you're using each other's bodies to open a valve to divine energy and that divine energy is what douches the chakras in a hydraulic peristaltic serpentine movement kind of way, I don't know if that's something that you've experienced or that you practice and by all means, give only as much detail as you want, but you should be able to say to somebody, "Look Pal, you know, I know you're a sweet heart and I love you and that you're loving me to the best of your ability and it's cute and charming that you fumble around and make mistakes and I forgive you because I know you're trying and I know it's authentic so, you have

permission to enter me and use, or we'll share each other and experience pleasure for with and through each other for the purpose of pure hedonistic pleasure and the purpose of healing and the purpose of strengthening our bond in this life journey together and for relaxation, for all these reasons, but I know that you are also as much as those intentions are there I also know that you are this entire reservoir of demonic entities that are the culture's programs that are living inside of you and trying to transmit themselves so because that is a fact of your existence, we need to engage in this procedure that's going to guarantee that we have created the field of love energy that they will have to evacuate from, they will have to scurry away from because it will consume them and you know, so, how do you effectively convey, how do you convey that knowing what you know which is, most women are not having a conversation anything like this with the people they allow to penetrate them?

M: Yeah

B: So how do you do that?

M: Well that's really tough, I bring up to the males because, a lot of males are not spiritually in touch with themselves or these subjects. So usually not mention that part but just mention that you're not emotionally ready for a stage like that, and that our generation, this culture kind of just throws away the sacredness of sex, um, you have to make that part clear, because a lot of people forget that you kind of have to earn it, you can't just, first date I paid for your dinner so….huh huh..

Um yeah and it's also very tough to be spiritually sexual in a generation that's so, like I told you before is so technological where we make every decision objectively

when you know you need a little subjective to correlate with your heart.

B: Can you recall any situations where you've been able to have satisfactory results with somebody because you've trained them to be the proper, whatever you like, there's no one way, but it's your way and that's what matters.

M: Yeah, there has been. Where we both meditated for a bit, and then the heat arose, haha, and we both decided you know it wasn't the right time or place to go through with it, and that was success. When you think of both of your priorities and if you're both ready for it. So yeah I do think meditation together with your partner is really essential.

Alright, how about dancing. I have this formula, I far exceed this in my life, so I'm a bad example I guess, or my case doesn't count I dance so much, it's almost like I don't not dance ever, or something like that, it's happening while I'm doing the dishes, gardening, watering plants, something is wiggling

M: Haha

B: Cause I'm usually listening to psytrance in one ear and podcasts in the other. So I don't have a problem with this but I feel like most people do have a problem with this, so how do I subscribe the sweet spot formula if I'm an extreme case, so here's my thing: dance at least three times the duration of the intercourse you have and you should have a healthy relationship, dancing together. It doesn't always have to be okay we have 5 minutes let's have a quicky in the janitor's closet at the office or whatever you're obviously not gonna dance for three times

that amount of time before you do that, but overall on average you know, and it should be, the point should be made that dancing and meditating...

M: But not everyone wants to dance…

B: Not everyone wants to dance which is a freaking problem, hahahahaha!!

M: Tell me about it! Hahahahah

B: The Tantra Task Force is going to solve that problem to the best of its ability because if you don't dance you can't disinfect and purify and heal. You can dance in whatever way, you can dance with your freakin toes, I don't care, but do something that makes you feel good in your body, and sharing that with somebody before love making.

So dance and sexuality, any thoughts?

M: Some of the dances are very connected with sexuality, if you look at tango, salsa, all are going with the rhythmic motions of lovemaking, they go hand in hand. The problem is when you're with a partner who has two left feet and just refuses to dance, haha.

B: Hahahhahaha.

M: So you're reduced to the type of dance where you're just jumping up and down, that's fine, its okay, its much more fun with an actual dance partner though.

B: Have you had a sequence where you've danced, and meditated and made love, or meditated and danced and made love as the lead up?

M: No I haven't, cuz I've only been dancing swing and that's you know, regimented, restricted to 8 counts and you're usually dancing with old men, hahah, so it doesn't lend itself to that.

Okay, or just freestyle, I guess the answer is no… but then my response would be…

Ideally yes!

B: Ideally yes!! Okay men!! Men out there!! That was an ideally yes.

Men need to step up their game!

That was an ideally yes. That means you need to step up on the dance floor, the game is on the dance floor not on the TV, it's not on the TV or the game console.

M: Yeaahhhh,

B: Yeah

M: Yeah

B: That's cool, okay that's great, I want to end it right there. Thank you!

Shakti Shock

“Remember the first time we danced?” I asked?

“Like it was yesterday.” She said as she swayed her hips and smiled.

“Did you feel divine energy flowing between us, up from the root chakra and down from the heavens?”

“If I didn’t we wouldn’t be here right now.” She teased.

“Haha, I made the cut, thank goddess.

“You sure did.”

“It was mutual!”

“It was perfect wasn’t it?”

“Beyond perfect. Well this short story will give you a sense of how my flow evolved, it didn’t come early or naturally for me as it had for you.”

“It was always there, just waiting to be discovered.”

“That’s a nice way to put it. Here’s a sweet origin story of my super heroic dance powers.”

Almost without fail, the ones who find me are more appropriate, sweeter, more angelic, and more “sent” from above than the ones I pursue. In a tantric couples therapy

session with a former lover I set my intention to be guided to do the sexual healing work I've been called to by my dharma. I verbalized to the cosmos, to my aggressively jealous former lover, and to my neo-tantra guru: My love is a public resource, like a national forest or a reference book at the library, it must remain accessible to all and be possessed solely by none. My attention, affection, and devotion will follow the currents of divine will and like a Ouija board planchette, I will apply my channeled shakti where ever with whomever I'm guided. Though I will have ethics, clear and strong boundaries, and avert: disease contraction, unwanted pregnancy, heartbreak, and inappropriate attachment. Clinical yet sacred, ceremonial yet procedural.

Though I stated this clearly in writing at the beginning of our 6 month monogamy lease, and at first the terms were agreed to, it all fell apart as jealousy became pathological. To be fair, I was just beginning to discover how exactly to resurrect pre-agricultural primary partner relationship models that allow for ample throughput of new relationship energy. I allowed my boundaries to weaken, and committed the cardinal sin of moving in. I was warned by several tantric masters, DON'T MOVE IN! Blessings to her and her finding a more apt suitor. She needed a knight in shining armor, I was the knight in rusting armor, the nomad, not the alpha six figure family man, though I tried.

We've all been there right guys? Well, at least us drummers. You know what they call drummers that break up with their girlfriend? Homeless. I know I sound like a cynical asshole, I have my moments. My highest self must say, deep bows, blessings, prayers, big love, best wishes to her Majesty. I'll meet that disco queen again someday on the dance floor and all the shadow material will be stomped away. There was eternal bliss in our business

development, cuddling, dancing, love making, farming, it was a damn shame that it couldn't sustain growth and evolution on agreeable terms. Our highest moment, in a healing ceremony was being called before a shaman, together, creating a timeless union of our divine energies, now that was beyond marriage.

So in our parting I restated my intention which was to not fall into anyone's traps as I develop my skills as a Daka. In the course of a year following the break up, in my quest for personal healing, to be earned by healing others, I did follow the Ouija board model I described. In general as I played the dating website slot machine game, the ones I wanted more often than not taught me more painful lessens, and the ones who of their own will, as self-selectors, were the ones who taught me the more pleasurable lessons.

I had to succumb to the online dating ecology, because in this day and age, people don't just fall in your lap, they don't even notice you because their on their smart phones looking at other guys on dating apps. So you better be on there, or be damned. At first I felt like a fool, marketing myself, playing up my strengths, playing down my weaknesses, getting laughed at for my devotional tantric poetry, competing with all the douche baggery, dick-pics, alpha posturing, etc. However immeasurable magic did occur on an almost daily basis. For every hundred I reached out to, I'd get about 5 or 10 qualified leads. That's way better than the hoped for 2% direct marketing return rate. The ROI on time spent on free sites, was immense. Imagine all the money saved on buying ill-suited suitors drinks at the local meet market dive bar.

Well Anita, a tall dark and gorgeous gardener from the Caribbean, didn't force me through the humiliation of

begging for her attention, she found me, and thus I knew since I got .01 incoming messages a day on average, and the average female gets flooded with 20 or more, I had better pay attention.

We chatted it up a bit and found great points of synergy around gardening, environmental education, and her interest in exploring tantra. This was exactly what I needed.

With the help of a certified sexological bodyworker I drafted a “Sexual Arts Training Partner Agreement”. A document to establish transparent boundaries and prevent attempted privatization of my body.

She agreed and we began training together. It soon came out that she was a sexual abuse survivor, that her mother had been sexually abused and so she was in hyper-protective mode of her children. She sheltered them so much from outside threats, but tragically it was not enough. While out in the world fighting the good fight to keep food on the table against the owners and bosses, her poor daughter was being molested for years by her poor son. The predator lurks in all directions and enters the (mostly) male vector from a dimension where locked doors have no repellent effects.

It broke my heart to learn of this, but it also made it grow immensely. It proved to me once again that the intelligence of the Ouija board was greater than my own and the more patience, humility, and receptivity I showed, the faster the righteous mutual healing opportunities would flow onto my lap.

She was a major key playing Angel. She was the least jealous, most open minded, most generous, most

respectful, punctual, reliable, honorable, I can't praise her enough. She didn't run me ragged having me chase her around.

Southern California to be stood up, ignored, forgotten, fallen asleep on, etc. I heard every excuse and lie in the book from so many others. No she was different, she was there to take this work seriously and really show up. She was a co-initiate, appropriate, divine.

After much dialog setting boundaries and intentions we began the energetic work together. She was very helpful in giving feedback and guidance. For example, I was blushing and half giggling while explaining that she'd need to agree to expect to possibly feel occasional erections pressed against her at times. I explained that we must allow for the male member to become naturally aroused, however there will be no attempted grinding or intent to stimulate it or pursue sexual gratification. She understood and dismissed my awkward concern by letting me know that on dance floors in her culture brutish men grab women and rub their hard-ons on the asses of strangers without a thought. She would not be offended by it, but she said I need to speak through this disclaimer with more clinical confidence. Just state it clearly and matter factly without acting like a grade-schooler avoiding eye contact while talking about something naughty.

So with great patience, faith and trust she became the first to experience the prototype of what would become my signature free devotional introductory session I call Shamanic Goddess Worship.

I was building the convulsive shakti massage work I'd been doing and felt that I must structure and choreograph a sequence to music. I chose 4 psytrance

tracks that made a progression, from shadow to light, including: Quiet My Mind by Ovnimoon, Ancient Spirits by Time 2 Live, The Race by Quantum, and Sweet Things by Liquid Soul.

Beginning with saging in a circle around her, then sweeping the inner aura, then gently brushing the skin, then dancing embrace from behind, then dancing embrace from the front, then Yab-Yum. The intention was to build, purify, and disinfect an energetic container that would be conducive to tantric lovemaking. Though we agreed not to progress to genital stimulation, we were able to experience a deep, powerful, profound chakral intercourse that was as fulfilling as great sex. It could have only gotten better from there. But we both knew that sexual intercourse results in massive “cording” which in our neurotic culture becomes entangled easily and often rips and tears when it must be disentangled. We proved with flying colors, it’s quite possible to create tantric bliss in a conscious manner without intercourse. She noted how by the time we got into Yab-Yum (me sitting in legs folded in lotus position and her sitting on my lap facing me with legs wrapped around my back), all mind chatter dissolved. We ascended to a entry level samadhi together in just 20 minutes. This was the desired effect of Osho’s “Dynamic Meditation” to flush out all the demonic thought forms, festering emotions, etc. and create a clear canvass for meditation and/or intimate union.

In my early tantra classes the instructor was able to shake, stretch, and meditate us into the oblivion of pestering thought forms and drive us into this state of silent bliss. For me to be able to induce it so quickly in another was quite glorious. This was the beginning of my understanding that psycho-therapy must not be about chasing phantoms in the cognitive labyrinth, it must be

about dissolving the entire illusion and getting the mind to simply shut the fuck up. This is one of the coveted crown jewels of most tantra pujas, the egregore or group mind state of ascended bliss.

So I could sew this badge on my vest. Next was the non-erotic tantric massage. She allowed me to freestyle a tantric massage. I let her know, this isn't a trademarked thing, tantric massage is based on principles including movement, sound, breath, chakra work, transmutation of sexual energy, etc. So you will not be receiving "the" tantric massage you'll be receiving "my" tantric massage.

I wasn't sure exactly sure how to prepare her for how otherworldly these things can get. In fact, I wasn't really prepared fully myself. This is where her gracious "training partner" agreement was so vital. When most people think of massage, they think of back rubs, foot rubs, and the occasional lay on a table with a towel on your ass, get oiled up, and have someone kneed your flesh like dough.

This is much different, put simply when the shakti trance/possession state is achieved, it can be a quasi-psychedelic experience. Ultimately for the giver and receiver it can feel like falling into white water rapids, where the raft is a divine healing intelligence. Full body energetic orgasms can crash like waterfalls out of nowhere. It's truly an adventure, but for first timers it can be as terrifying as exhilarating. Almost a near death experience as powerful blocked energies and emotions get dislodged.

To get this level of energetic release, you can't just kneed the surface of the skin, it starts to turn into what looks almost like Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. I realized how blessed

I was to have her trust, this would have seriously freaked most people out. Of course the core boundary of “no lewd contact” was kept in tact, but much deeper boundaries were dissolved completely. You could call it Shakti Shock: What are you doing to me? What’s happening to me? Whatever it is don’t stop!

What started as a simple shoulder rub, progressed into a wild energetic ravaging. The mechanics can be roughly described as follows: gentle, soft, caring touch flows into a powerful frenzy of convulsive motion, deep breathing, low frequency moans, and exotic contortions that are conducive to a sort of energetic car wash experience. My chakras enlarge, and begin to alternate between sucking out diseased bioplasmic matter, and pumping in new healing and sealing prana. We melt into a field of dynamic vortices that are indestructibly capable of funneling transdimensional lava flows. From the outside it would perhaps look like the opposite of Jiu Jitsu ground fighting because in fact, you’re not folding the opponent into joint locks, you’re unfolding and unlocking them instead.

At times I’m lifting the whole body up with superhuman strength and targeting the jet stream of shakti into diseased areas that are intuitively navigated to. Intense!

I’m now convinced that nothing can prepare someone for this experience, they simply must surrender and trust.

I’ve seen footage of modern tantra temples, where they verify the deity-possessed in a ritual manner, you must walk on coals and/or be whipped and show no marks to convince your patients that you’ve got the goddess juice

so to speak. In my case the proof is in the pudding, if you feel like you've been ravaged by divine healing energy and your physical and/or emotional ailments are relieved temporarily or permanently, than I've done divine work so long as I honor the set boundaries.

After the success of this first trial, we decided to progress into another stage. This session design was novel, I decided to follow an intuitive nudge and invite her to lay on top of me facing upwards. This gave me the ability to act as a vibrating massage table. I'd enjoyed this immensely during lovemaking as it allows for optimal tantric breast massage during intercourse, increases surface area contact, and generally feels wonderful for both parties. In this experimental context the intercourse part was left out and it was to be a further exploration of the power of shaktified massage.

To minimize the distraction of work and rent, moved to Long Beach amongst my beloved punk brethren in a chaotic yet humble, egalitarian, permaculture punk house. Bill Mollison said you don't really need many shelters in the desert. In one of my favorite permaculture eco-village videos, a detailed explanation is given about the astronomical rise in cancer rates since the use of toxic building materials in modern homes. Looking around at the stick frame structures built so unconsciously in earthquake country, I decided to simplify and live according to the climate. So I salvaged a bunch of of ¾ bamboo from a landscaping gig and built a 5 foot wide, 6 foot long, 3 foot tall hut. I figured, what do I really need shelter from in this climate? The backyard chickens, the cats, the raccoons, the rodents, the dog, the crack heads, the home bums, the rain. So I secured the walls, closed gaps with chicken wire, rolled up a rubber pond liner for a convertible waterproof roof that could run off to my surrounding herb garden. This

was my sacred tantric temple laboratory. It was filled with love and charm and the site of many powerful experiences and discoveries.

So she was laying on top of me, I opened myself and surrendered to the shakti channeling and was able to perform feats of sacred movement that were astounding to both of us. The force was beyond my conscious will, it wasn't that I was not in control, rather I was not exerting control. I was just allowing the higher intelligence to flow and I was so athletically conditioned that I was about to sustain high amounts of lactic acid without fatigue and was able hold contortions for extended periods. I guess it helped that I picked up a job as a sign spinner where I danced at the biggest intersections of the South Land 5 hours a day 6 days a week for 6 months. After I while I started using 15 pounds of wrist weights so I could get good resistance training while working the sign. With a straw hat and straw skirt promoting trips to Hawaii I became a thick conduit for shakti energy flow. With progressive psytrance in one ear, and a variety of my favorite podcasts in the other I made a decent living plus bonuses. I was getting paid to dance, conduct research, get a self defense based workout, and shamanize traffic with good vibes. It was pure bliss despite the smog. No comment on whether I was high as a kite, it was more the 5-HTP that kept me smiling. Deep bows to the African Griffonia shrub, fixing nitrogen in the soil, and fixing the serotonin in my brain.

All that dancing conditioned me for this healing work. I was seriously able to shake congested prana and demonic entities out of people and flush them with fresh high grade pure prana. Something just comes over me, all of my PSTD and neuroses remit, and I feel like a clean vessel. Early on I feared that I could be creating a passage

way through which opportunistic demons could transfer in the way that intestinal worms strategically lay eggs on the anus knowing that's the busiest port. However, I surrendered and trusted that the shakti flow was so pure and powerful that it actually drove all demons at least temporarily away. Since we both felt so energized, refreshed, lucid, blissful, cleansed, and renewed I let go of my fear and just continued to go with the flow and "follow the yes" of consent as I progressed in my knowledge and understanding. She loved my energy, she warned me that she'd be a fiend for it. She melted into ecstatic bliss and revealed in the sense of floating to heaven on my waves of shakti love. She asked to have her breasts massaged, I agreed and worked that element into the flow. The moonlight mixed with the urban sea port light glow, falling through the gaps in the bamboo roof was quite sensual. She later expressed curiosity in the mechanics of intercourse in that position, I assured her it's most ergonomic and exquisite.

She ultimately found a suitable tantra relationship partner, and was very grateful for my help introducing her to the art. I hope she's been able to experience the full glory of what I now call the Dolphin Ride.

Beyond the experimentation and field testing, it was her role in that pivotal time in my life that really built my confidence and sense of purpose. When I talked about going to war with the demonic realm, exterminating the species of sexual parasite demons, training men to be honorable tantric warrior heros, earning my ultimate healing by burning karma through healing others, she believed in me like no other.

It was so endearing that she loved to plant things and we could talk shop about do-it-yourself horticulture.

She came from a long traditional lineage, she was good medicine.

“Let’s make a little herb garden on the balcony.” Jade asked eagerly.

Yes, it will be an edible scale-model vision board of our future sexual healing paradise.

“Yay!”

We went to the nursery and picked up some potting soil and a selection culinary herbs. She gathered up sacred decorative rocks, a buddha statue, and I put in a Goddess figurine. We loved our little symbol of the mutual dream to rise up and out of Vegas and build a permaculture goddess temple in the tropics.

The White Paper

“Okay you’re gonna want to take a hit or two before this one.” I suggested.

“Really, okay, why?” She asked.

“It’s pretty nerdy and dry, but there are points that might get you roaring in laughter, if so I think you’ll appreciate it more if you’re high.”

She found me on the go-to fetish online community. She “got it” in terms of what I was representing: tantra, revolution, eco-sexuality, transmutation of fetish and fashion into purposeful organized, tactical sex magic. We hit it off and eventually met and were able to build a deep and meaningful rapport. Her relationship status prohibited her from playing with me, however we did work through some designs together which would serve as the platform for future standard operating procedure. She graduated from a prestigious university and thanks to her drug reform activism advocating medicalization of psychedelics, she had no trouble understanding PTSD, the status quo of treatment, and the so-called mystical experience. While the pretty patterns, Gods and Angels are often hoped for in the midst of a psychedelic mystical experience, any true psychonaut knows that light is only half of the truth of reality and that to bask in it, one must confront their own demons literally. That’s not a fact that looks good on a brochure. Obviously to appeal to voters and suffering patient populations, glossing over the dark side is

obligatory. However, to be honest with humanity in this state of crisis, some of us will have to go rogue and publish data on shadow of shadow work.

She stomached my story in detail, and entertained my study design protocols with the most qualified ears yet to hear my wild ideas. That she was a fetishist was the icing on the cake because not only could she understand the need for psychedelic treatment and the need for medical standards of experimental research, she could understand the need for restraint mechanisms, sensory deprivation, group scenes, and fact that the catharsis of peak erotic states is in itself nothing less than exorgasm.

Now psychedelic sex is as old as dirt, but back in the ancient days, the demonic load on Earth was comparative negligible, not to mention the fact that people were chronically healthy and happy being raised in cultures to provide such services by default.

In the modern demon infested world, psychedelic sex is a much different story. Though it was widely enjoyed and embraced in the late 60s and early 70s, even since then the demonic load has increased exponentially with the rise of high speed internet porn, the biggest demon vector to ever exist in the history of the unknown universe.

The sick shit going creeping around in the cesspool of most modern men's sexual subconscious keep's them in rational fear of turning the psychedelic flood lights. In the kink scene, all of this shadow sexual material is openly embraced, often uncritically. I'm all for sexual liberation, but preferably in a ritualized and enlightened matter, literally. The light of consciousness must be lit, lest the reckless demon spreading dirty deeds go unchecked. The world religions put themselves near out of business with

puritanical, fundamentalist, repressive sex negativity. The kink backlash is the result. I labor to withhold judgment, but I dare say, that I dare many of the darker players to open their third eye so they can see what kinds of grotesque parasitic creatures are becoming their bedfellows.

So the days of innocent psychedelic sex are long gone, it's become a "bad neighborhood" so most people avoid it. Some brave souls dare to journey in union, though without carefully building a container they sometimes report being jumped and gang raped by demons.

The screaming abyss is a densely inhabited place, and like traveling through urban centers anywhere in the world, there are angels and demons co-mingled at every turn.

All of this stuff was axiomatic to her, the wild uncontrollability of high dose altered states as she confessed, resulted in her being arrested, and taken by ambulance to the hospital while masturbating and howling at the moon. That's not gonna make it to the cover of my brochure either.

"Hahahahahaha, I don't know if I should feel bad for laughing, it sounds traumatic!" Jade exclaimed.

"Don't worry about it she was proud, it was punk as fuck!" I assured.

"Haha, sounds like it!" She agreed.

So after careful deliberation we arrived at some medical protocols and procedures for clinical psychedelic sex.

First, a list of assertions or premises for medicalized psychedelic sexual exorcism:

1. Demons are invisible to the naked eye but exist as energetic parasites lurking all around us at all times

2. They are attracted by energy that's released during sex, aggression, intimidation, fear, etc.

3. They enter into cracks in the protective shield of our auric field and chakra system caused by abuse, trauma, neglect, lack of adequate love, negative thought patterns, etc.

4. Acts of sexual manipulation, abuse, exploitation, and rape create opportunities for them to spread and infect souls, virgin souls are a delicacy for them

5. With varying degrees of conscious awareness from relatively benign ignorance, to sinister intentionality: sexual predators are being possessed by demonic entities

6. Surgical shamanic exorcism must be performed to remove them

7. In perpetrators with full blown infections, their demons have spread and gotten control of their nervous system

8. Victims have incubating infections that if disinfected, purified, and healed before they spread into the nervous system, can prevent neurosis and sexual pathology

9. Surgical shamanic exorcism when combined with certain psychedelic plant medicines, ceremonial ritual allows for the patient and/or shaman to see the infectious parasitic organisms as if with x-ray vision

10. Goddess-centered sacred sexual healing arts such as Tantra when applied in conjunction with psychedelic shamanic exorcism produces a positive synergistic effect whereby an erotic exorcism can be performed

11. Most traditional psychedelic shamanic healing ceremonies are inaccessible financially and geographically by the average American

12. Most Tantric “Dakas” (male sexual healers) and “Dakinis” (female sexual healers) are inaccessible financially by the average American

13. A “poor man’s” do-it-yourself-or-with-partners home-based procedure can be quickly, easily, and affordably trained for mass application with minimal risks and mild if any drug side-effects

Next, a list of the risks we enumerated after a few brainstorming sessions:

1. The horror of encountering the demon gangs can induce in repulsion and reflexive violent defensive flailing

2. Kundalini surges can cause spinal injuries and whiplash

3. Chakra blow outs can cause more damage to the protective webs and thus a botched procedure leave a patient more susceptible to increased infection

4. Violent oral and anal purging

5. Foaming at the mouth can cause asphyxiation

6. Violent seizures and spasms can bruise skin, break bones, become a threat to medical staff, etc

7. Synthetic psychedelics seem to generally have a greater risk of precipitating psychosis and occasionally permanent mind loss

8. Synthetic psychedelics often lack a patron saint, official spirit guide, or in medical terms shall we say a specialist entity on the other side to attend to the functions of the medicine, to erect a sterile medical tent for operations on the other side

9. Obviously there are legal risks with rogue experimentation with Schedule I substances that have been banned almost everywhere in the world

10. When demons that have not been energetically incinerated are extracted or flee, they can infect the healers, staff, nearby patients, and the public at large

11. If ambulant young and adult demons are killed or flee, but their eggs and larvae aren't destroyed they can rapidly repopulate

12. Without proper after care, the surviving demons can re-enter, and according to some Catholic exorcists, they often call for back up and bring more of their gang.

Some of this stuff is hard to sell in grant funding applications but we did our best to draft a proposal with research questions that would help develop this new branch of science. In the order above our responses are as follows:

1. Can a hybrid massage table/restraint board with detachable gyno exam stirrups be designed and tested for comfort, ease of access, and adequate restraint to protect the safety of the patient during an operation?

2. Can a trained staff member effectively stabilize c-spine and preclude spinal injury during kundalini surges?

3. Can healing/sealing “prana” be supplied to damaged chakas and chakra protective webs assuming that chakra transplant is too far beyond the event horizon.

4. Can psilocybin help minimize the biohazardous waste load and associated sterilization requirements as it tends to induce dry purging as opposed to ayahuasca which is typified by wet purging?

5. Can the foaming at the mouth be explained as a form of detoxification? Should the foam be chemically analyzed?

6. Can dakas and dakinis manage to restrain patients by hand or will restraints or a combination thereof be necessary?

7. By studying the comparative rates of psychiatric hospitalization, criminal convictions, etc. associated with each psychedelic, can we prove that minimally altered plant derived medicines have a drastically lower rate of reported cases?

8. Can collections of trip report data be analyzed to demonstrate and state with confidence, at least anecdotally, that synthetic psychedelics lack dedicated spirit guides?

9. Can we set up a laboratory in international waters and thereby bypass draconian drug laws?

10. Can we conduct experiments to “myth bust” cross cultural shamanic folk science and distill standardized medical technological platforms that are not culture-bound?

11. Can we provide long term after care to the patients to study relapses, recidivism, resumption of symptoms and potentially discover patterns in lifecycles of the offending parasites?

12. If we provide long term clinically supervised after care, might we be able discover the most effective strategies for sustaining conditions that inhibit reinfection after the procedure?

She had to go on about her life but her insights were precious and she and I would continue to share ideas and keep in touch.

“You two laid it out like a scientific white paper.” Jade said.

“That was the plan, we’ll see if we can get our peers to test the hypotheses, and reproduce the experiments…” I replied with a shaking head.

Science Friction

“Okay more sci-fi.” I said

This was short lived a banter about with an online date about her porn addiction and her wanting me to come over to her place to watch tentacle porn. It never panned out, however it reminded me of something that happened to me during a night of somnaudism, that is programming my dreams with spoken word played through speakers at both sides of my pillow. I’d been doing this for years as form of faux lucid dreaming. Anything I listen to from academic lectures to audio books to whatever, when I hit R.E.M. state, whatever is coming through the speakers is seamlessly transposed into the dream theater. Its more than just seeing the speaker, it’s a complete contextual immersion on the material. I wrote an article about it years ago. Anyway, I was listening to Philip K. Dick’s “Galactic Pot Healer” and a tentacled alien rapist was discussed, and low and behold, I had the tactile sensation and complete dream, well more like nightmare experience of being anally raped by a transdimensional sexual predator. It felt so real that it made me start to wonder if perhaps in the ecology of wounded human chakras, there are not just localized creepy crawlies, but possibly giant multidimensional entities that are jacked into not just one person, but potentially thousands, or hundreds of thoughts, or millions, perhaps billions spanning many dimensions.

This led me to intensive research into the esoteric science of astral ecology. There are compelling accounts of tentacled creatures that jack into the chakras and extract various products from the human energy system.

Ayahuascaro shamans have reported similar entities. At a lecture in Venice beach I asked a sound healing shaman if he'd ever extracted chakra parasites, he said yes just last week he had to pull an octopoid creature off the throat chakra of a patient.

"I hope it's sci-fi, if its science fact, we're in big trouble." Jade worried.

Hosting Astral Larvae

“Ah, this little note is very instructive. Did we ever talk about degrees of possession?” I asked.

“Not yet, but let me guess, thought, word, and deed?” Jade replied.

“Very good, and here’s a fun and memorable way to think of about it.”

I dated this witch in training, she was a mental health department social worker. We talked shop about pathogenesis, patterns of possession, commercialized shamanism, so many powerful things. She was highly aware, skilled, and capable of digesting the implications of my so-called discovery that demons are responsible for all mental illness. As I write, Halloween is being celebrated. Everyone’s dressing up like Jason and laughing about it, tomorrow some buttoned down kid may shoot up his school. The hubris towards the spirit world is supposed to exorcized on this day. The irony gets sicker and sicker.

In our talks we agreed that this culture is manufacturing physically and biologically diseased human shells to act as zombified host orgasms for demonic astral larvae. If only she could petition her department to give me all the money, clearance and lab access to prove it.

Perhaps the most important thing I learned from her was a mnemonic device for categorizing “Degrees of Possession”. Previously I had only thought of thoughts, dreams, emotional states aka moods, physiological

sensations, audio/visual hallucinations, mechanical acts or deeds. She shared a simpler way of understanding the powers of the demonic realm as they interact with our minds and bodies.

Say you're driving down the highway, a demon can be a back seat driver, a front seat passenger, it can be driving and you can be the passenger, or you can be bound, gagged, and locked in the truck, hence complete black out possession with no memory of what "you" did. That sent some chills down my spine.

Bulimic Demonectomy

“Have you ever battled an eating disorder?” I asked.

“As a cocktail waitress in Vegas, your body is your resume, its your business card, it’s your business suit, of course I’ve had to battle the beauty myth to survive here.”

“I hear you, this issue hits close to home for me. You’ll feel a lot of empathy for the star of this story. She’s a warrior for body justice.”

“Let’s hear it” She cheered.

Eating disorder demons stole my sister when I was a kid. Luckily her life was saved but she ended up being adopted away. My angels tell me that it was that fracture in my early life reality that caused me to fall apart. Not that it was any “persons” fault, the situation was complex. Broken home, broken culture, etc. There aren’t enough fingers to point at all the causes. But it wasn’t until I did experimental shamanic healing work on a young woman in East L.A. that I understood who or what to actually blame.

She had been struggling with a ruthless eating disorder for several years. She was a pillar of her community, a very active, powerful, educated, actualized woman. She’d be the last person you’d think would be susceptible to such a condition. Her curves were lovely and she got plenty of sexual attention and affection. Of course as with most people, the quality overall was lacking. My point is that she had the social and intellectual

infrastructure to make mental illness very unlikely to take hold. But take hold it did.

To honor my vow to heal to earn my healing, I exclaimed on my dating profiles that “I’m Really Good At… Sensual Healing Bodywork: I believe unconditional love should always be freely available and we shouldn't have to risk being mistreated in a dysfunctional relationship to experience the attention and affection that we all deserve.

I conduct free healing sessions as a volunteer service that are a combination of sacred communication, meditation, dance, and body work in the form of tantric massage to help people enter a deep state of relaxation, inner peace, and bliss from which to dissolve negative thoughts and behavior patterns, heal and transcend physical and emotional pain, connect to personal and cosmic energies to inspire creative energy and empower one’s goals and dreams.”

She found me and asked for my help. We chatted a bit and I felt she was a very worthy feminist warrior that I would be honored to help. Lacking a clinical private practice studio, I conducted sessions where I lived, which I knew was asking for trouble. She lived far away so it was polite to offer a sleeping arrangement, a big no-no, I knew better. Of course I would not be attempting to solicit sex, but the cording that happens when you sleep next to someone completely undermines the healer/client relationship. This would be the last time I allow a 2-3 hour healing session become a sleepover. We ended up becoming very close and very deeply connected on a purposeful level. She was absolutely worthy of all my attention, my best attention, and as much time as I could give. Unfortunately I wasn’t anywhere near looking to take on the emotional responsibility of a full time friend, let

alone lover. I was deep in my own mess. Despite the semi-hard lesson, there was great importance in the fact that we did spend several nights sleeping together cuddling. She disliked feeling like a guinea pig, but I was clear with my intentions and documentation from the beginning. She consented to the guinea pig package, though at times begrudgingly. None of my procedures were invasive, but at times more cold and scientific than romantic, playing with fire I know. Well we managed to do alright. She just purely and simply enjoyed the divine love that I was channeling. It made her feel safe, protected, nurtured, and it was clean, without drama or strings attached. It was just right. It's not my ego taking credit for this, very truly it is not even my spirit, it is the spirit. The essence of true pure love that's radiating in ambient space and can be tuned into and channeled by human beings who learn to hang their personality on the coat rack while they intentionally share love with others in whatever form that may be.

They always say the Dalai Lama's attention is so exquisite. He's just so present and there with you. Love is just quality attention, why do you think everyone feels so love deficient? Where is all the attention going? Into 20 apps, 50 windows, 100 text messages, and in L.A. 6 lanes of traffic.

So for her to be held in my arms, rocked, caressed, massaged, with no drama, was Nirvana. That's why countless 1000s line up to get a hug from Amma, the Hindu "Hugging Saint". I imagine, she's not going over her shopping list while hugging you.

After reading Sex at Dawn, I certainly won't say "it was only natural that she wanted to possess me and consume all of my love and light". Rather I'll say, because what I offered was rare, she was unable to counterbalance

her natural need to access THE love, with other suitable providers, so she started to addict to the MY love. Which, while theoretically infinite, needed to be available to others. We live in a chronic state of love budget deficit, that has been engineered to sell pharmaceuticals, figure it out, it's all forecasted in the Gita. Greed, overpopulation, irreligiousness, the ancestors fall down…

Again, I loved this woman, she made me equally happy, we closed an intimate circuit and THE love flowed freely without obstruction.

Now back to the eating disorder, the catalyst for the whole experimental relationship. Well, put simply we defeated it together in about an hour of session work. Yes, gone, removed, destroyed, dislodged, disinfected, sealed off, quarantined. Though it turned out to be a victorious battle, the war was not over. But incisive discoveries were made that I feel have profound implications for putting the pharmaceutical industrial complex out of business.

I'll describe in detail what happened. So the first night she came over, I gave a thorough introduction to the experimental methods I would be using. Really it's nothing shamanic healers aren't already doing, the only difference is, I'm "energy healing" with the intent to document scientifically provable and therefore medicalizable exorcism. She could have gone to most other energy healers and they may or may not say much about what's "actually going on" or may use vague language that they themselves sort of take on faith, like "I felt some blockages and removed them, you should feel fresh energy flowing into your chakras", etc.

There's nothing untrue about that, but that's like saying I'm going to pour holy water on your gangrene and

it should be fine. Where does the rubber meet the road, it has to meet somewhere. Again the germ theory analogy. We need to know and I mean KNOW how offending negative thought form entities actually behave biologically and ecologically. We need to distill the technological frameworks that consistently yield measurable results and we need to develop open source technologies to put big pharma down for good. And by Goddess we need to give people the reassurance that their thoughts are not them. They are pure love light essence, stillness, silence, they are not the “pain body”. Disidentify, Eckhart Tolle impelled. I wonder if he’s ever eaten magic mushrooms and seen the pain body with his own third eye. I’m sure he’s felt it, felt parasitized by it, felt oppressed by it, but has he actually seen it?

So I talked and talked, told her about being a former prostitute, about demonic infestation, shamanic exorcism, third eye activation with Ayuahausca and mushrooms, the works. I asked her if she had ever been told or imagined that what possesses her to harm herself could be discrete entities, commonly referred to as demons that could be manipulating her mind and body? She said no, she had always just thought that it was her, but a part of her that she couldn’t control, couldn’t reason with, it felt automatic. Now we’re getting somewhere. I started to realize that in fact we’re dealing with different species that feed on different types of energies and activities. They must burrow into to specific chakras and work their evil deeds through those circuit boards. They hack in and populate in localized chakras.

Her consciousness expanded around this discussion. I could see her sense of empowerment and compassion for herself as she could understand her victimization as not a character flaw, but in fact a sinister

and potentially fatal parasitic infection. It was not HER, all along, it never was HER. The moment to moment tunnel vision, beta brain wave state “self” has been worn down to a faint dim dull de-energized marionette. Once weakened to that state, the offending infectors have got near total control. They stand between you and source energy. The energy you metabolize from the sun, the plants, and the animals, gets funneled directly into the mouths and therefore the empires of the demonic realm.

They’re not just eating the kilocalories, they’re eating the negative emotional energy in the form of glandular exudates that are being manufactured by the neuro-chemical mechanisms involved in self-hatred.

With as much cognitive awareness as we could achieve together through dialog, after strict boundary setting, and my standard disclaimers, the session began.

I burned sage, played relaxing Peruvian flute music, lit candles, and started what looked like a normal full body massage. I guess the difference between a typical massage and a shamanic massage is that as a healer you’re opening up dimensions of extra sensory perception so you can scan the subtle body, see into the astral plane, and actually blend the dimensions so that your will to disinfect, purify, and repair the multi-layers of a human being is facilitated on higher and deeper levels of reality.

So I’m pouring love and light into her, intuitively feeling her energy field, scanning for distortions, pockets of stuckness, temperature differences, changes in auric density, etc. All is going fine, sweep, flick, rub, shake, rattle, roll, flip, very mild very low voltage. She was getting so freaking turned on though she said her pussy was going

to explode, she could barely contain her enthusiasm, I'd brush above her breasts and she'd slap my hands down on them. I trusted her enough to be carefree and playful, though I kept serious and on-task. These are the types of light hearted antics that remind the healer that a best practice is to always have a nurse present. When you're just starting out, that luxury may be out of reach so be sure to build plenty of rapport ahead of time.

After adequate generalized nurturing massage from head to toe, both front and back, she was laying prone and I felt was drawn to her right arm. Here's where all hell broke loose, well, not all hell, but a sizable chunk. I kept my cool, not wanting to alarm her. You know like when someone runs up to you with a gaping wound, you're not supposed to scream in horror. Honestly it wasn't that shocking or disorienting, actually I was able to remain meticulous and composed. This was to be my first non-invasive surgical demonectomy. Exorcism is more like a raid, demonectomy is more like a controlled extraction.

I had not consumed any medicine, and was not clairvoyant so I can't visually describe exactly what was happening, I can only describe the tactile dimension of the experience. The best way to describe it would be as follows. Imagine a mime, acting out the following scene:

He's intently massaging the body and inner auric field of a woman lying prone. Then all of the sudden within the auric field he discovers a nest of rabid rodents. They're trapped in a tight space and try to scatter, with his hand reached deep into their burrowed tunnel, he pulls them out one by one, holding himself together and trying not to panic. He pulls several out by the tail and they fail around then begin burrowing into him. Without fear he allows them to climb into him while he pulls the biggest and most

stubborn one out, this is a really nasty critter, it takes him several minutes, total concentration, and exertion to dislodge it. This extra nasty customer bites and scratches up his arm on his way in. He then feels them scurry up his arm and they find a nook in his field to stow away as refugees.

That was essentially what it would have looked like to an onlooker. Because I was unmedicated, I have no description of what the creatures actually looked like, or how to categorize them taxonomically. All I knew for sure was that I was able to extract what seemed to be most if not all of the adults in the nested population. Feeling confident that I had at had them at least temporarily contained, I intuitively began to energetic seal the area of her right hand with prana. I then held her closely, rocked her, and explained to her what just happened.

She felt safe, relieved, and comforted. I held her tightly all night long. In the morning I asked her how she felt and if she had any compulsions or thoughts of inducing vomit. She said no, inside her mind was a peace, a stillness, a silence, that she'd forgotten was even possible. I asked, if she were to stay in my care, if I could hold her forever, would she ever imagine succumbing to the bullying of the compulsions ever again. She said no.

Something snapped in me at that point. An "ah-ha" moment, an epiphany, but it was bittersweet, it was as aggravating as invigorating. After decades of political theorizing, philosophizing, psychologizing, it had never been so crystalline. Like a good ecological designer, like second nature I started to break up the ossified thought pattern with a bit of random assembly. Normally we rob ourselves of value and opportunity by accepting the world as it has been designed for and handed down to us without

question. Random assembly in the design process is an exercise whereby you take system elements and on paper draw or list them randomly so novel relationships and outputs can be discovered serendipitously. Ever since I started using this method for ecological systems design, it kick starts itself in the background of consciousness automatically. In this case, it smashed the dominant paradigm of mental health treatment. As I held this dear woman in my arms and we rejoiced in her freedom from incessant, ruthless, demonic bullying, it hit me so hard. I mean, the unquestioned status quo reaction to her answering those questions would be something like: “Wow, the symptoms are gone and you could imagine never being victimized by them again if you could simply remain in my care, just being held, that’s quite lovely. Well, enjoy it while it lasts because in 5 minutes the alarm’s gonna go off and we’ll both be in rush hour traffic for two hours on our ways to psychically and chemically toxic work environments that will destroy this peace and make us both helpless demon feeding troughs by the 3pm slouch.

How about a bit of random assembly, how about, FUCK THIS REALITY! No more putting up a false mask of professionalism, no more suffering in the shadow, no more spinning the hamster wheel, no more keeping up the Jones’. How about just laying here and taking care of and being careful with each other. The unquestioned assembly of economic system elements sets us up to struggle to barely survive as individual economic units, destroy our mental and physical health until a minimum of age 65, and then kill us painfully with death caused by all the accumulated diseases. Why don’t we reduce the total wage slave hours sold to the system, collectivize resources, and utilize our new found free time to close circuits of oxytocinergic activity. I know, it’s called being a hippie. It sounds like I’m over thinking it here. But

seriously, the cure for everything is love. The grasping for material wealth at the expense of adequate nurturing and nourishing love time is what's making everyone neurotic and allowing big pharma to make billions hand over fist.

What's more important: your ambitions to be applauded in your industry or your being present for your spouse(s) and children? What's more important: sensual self-care, or making yourself look good for others?

These axioms of Marxian feminism were so drilled into my jaded, post-idealism I would never have imagined that I'd be able to see them in a new and refreshing way, in a way where I actually could see a point of leverage. It's been thoroughly proven that capitalism is psychopathogenic, but it has not yet been thoroughly proven that its demonigenic. Christ was a sage, not salesman. The Buddha renounced his princely wealth. Holiness has always ostensibly been about living simply in loving grace and natural harmony. But all these pseudo-religious aristocracies have been violently amassing and hording material wealth as if it's their divine right.

If we were able to see clearly as if in the movie They Live, that the holiest have become the most hellish, certainly there would be a global coup against organized religion. If it could be proven that the demons that that religious masses fear so much are actually being given free reign to implant their larvae in us and digest our minds into utter ruin, they would rise up. As the Buddha would have it, cultivate the discipline to vanquish alien thought forms, as Christ would have it, build fellowship of authentic love, be of service, resist capital.

Yes, with this dear woman in my arms I realized that the labor movement and the hippies with their general

strikes, and love-ins were righteous revolutionaries yet both failed to win the hearts and minds of the religious orthodox. Could there be a way to unite all races, classes, genders, ethnicities, and religions? We all want to heroically fight evil right? How is it that evil is so elusive, so disguised?

Perhaps they're not so elusive after all. If I could extract demons from this woman, what would it look like to shamanize a CEO, a pimp, a warlord? Would not there be measurable differences in their psychologies and outlooks. Might their sadistic tendencies be exorcized, their greed, lust, and anger be purged?

This woman would be forever changed, now what the doctor tells you is bullshit, what the pharmacist tells you is bullshit, what the therapist tells you is bullshit. You're not the problem, the design of this reality is the problem. The demonic agenda to invade weakened human minds, bodies, and souls is what has designed this grid framed prison of a social reality.

Attempting to cope and function in the workplace, as a lover, a family member, or in any other role, while being chronically victimized by invisible mind hacking demons is an impossible task. The whole system is indicted when we realize that just coming to a grinding halt, being still and loving each other instantly dissolves our neuroses. Perhaps the most cursed paradox is that what our higher healing intelligence craves, pure, unconditional, free love, is so hindered by the rat race reality that our romantic and family relationships are actually more harmful than helpful.

This woman had been with many boyfriends, but they all drove her mad and exacerbated her symptoms.

While they could have provided exactly what I was providing in a clinical context, they were all totally dysfunctional and insane.

Seriously on this trajectory of madness, there can be no hope. But if we can just figure out a way to collectivize the acquisition of our basic survival needs, and if we could collectively choose to resist the seduction of differential material wealth, we could drop out and rise up sustainably.

Good luck trying to get urban hipsters, religious elites, and politicians to join in a “Cleansing of the Temples 2.0”. No ascetic renouncement of the pleasures of the flesh aren’t popular in this millennium. But that’s why my faith is in tantra, the diagonal path to enlightment. The verticalists want denial of the body for ascension to god, the horizontalists want base dispirited hedonism on the ground level of being in the flesh, but the diagonalists, the tantrics, invite initiates to revel in the best of both worlds.

The revolution will not be ascetic, it can and will be more sexy, yet it will be fulfilling and uplighting, glorious and divine. Purification through intimate acts, not in avoidance of them. Okay, all manifestos aside, really I can’t emphasize enough the profundity of this moment in the history of my life.

As this dear woman lay in my arms, my wrinkled forehead relaxed upon these revelations. My frustrated, jaded, revolutionary pessimism breathed new life. Holy shit, this tantra stuff can cure eating disorders. A wise man said, Tantra is Medicine. And I’ll say that it’s also an epistemological solvent as powerful as any psychedelic. Imagine if the occupy movement was engaged in ritual sex magic, or even just facilitated cuddle puddles. Maybe there

were some. I'm not talking about drunken sloppy orgies, either. I'm talking about tactical tantra. What better way to recruit for the revolutionary forces than by providing free tantra clinics to the medicated masses, breaking their spells, breathing love and light back into their flesh, fulfilling them in ways they'd never imagined. Worshiping their intrinsic god/goddessness.

As this woman lay in my arms, a seed of a new revolutionary praxis was sprouted in my heart. I know how to kill these fuckers. I've got the demonic realm by the tail, now I need to unite with more angelic allies to slash off its evil head.

Tragically, our bond had to be broken, she had to leave against the will of every crying screaming cell in her body. She had to get in that car, drive 2 hours, and work the whole week. The reality of course came crashing in. We could not afford to sustain the healing, the healing the just barely began. This was just a drop in the bucket. She had suffered for years, in this moment of guerilla samadhi, I shook my fist at the bosses, damn anyone who would deny this beautiful woman's truth so much as to force her to be slave to your paychecks. Her truth is of chronic suffering, you force her truth into the shadow and she cries alone. The rain falls freely, the sun sheds light, the soil bares fruit and vegetables, why must she be made to work for your machine? Here at my humble temple, she can eat the food that makes her smile, that she wants to keep down, that's good for her. Here she can help to grow the food that will nourish her and in so doing she'll be loved by the spirits of the land. Here she can lay in my arms forever and ever and never again, not for one second, ever, ever, ever be bullied by demons. Damn those who would drag her poor soul kicking and screaming from this place of healing. She need only work for the land, she need not

work for the man. And I'm not some sex cult leader, I don't impose my sexual will upon her, and I don't seek to have 50 wives. I seek to learn from and train with more angelic tantric shamans, we need temple clinics on every block.

Ah my belly-aching sermon in Boyle Heights was met by the cold harsh reality of the winter concrete. After many encore good-bye hugs I said, now we're breaking the oxytocin bond, eggs can hatch, larve can grow, and the ambulant can return at any time now that you'll be alone. Whatever you do, don't feel bad! Even if you can't defeat the compulsion to induce the vomiting, don't exhaust yourself fighting it, rather apply full consciousness, breathe, maintain your self love, say to yourself, this is not me, this is not me, I'm not doing this. Try to laugh at them, laugh at them as loudly as you can and still get away with it without being heard. If you remember that they are contorting you into these acts because when you behave in a manner that violates your sense of what is right, you feel bad, feeling bad is an infinitely complex electro-chemical event that produces glandular exudates. Like gremlins they're pulling levers, pushing buttons, and squeezing food and drugs out of your energy system to feed theirs. The act itself, the physical act of gagging yourself and inducing vomiting actually does nothing for them. They're not eating the vomit are they? They're eating your pain! So starve them of your pain. And laugh at them as you go through the motions without anguish. The compulsive neuropathways may take years to dissolve, they can keep pushing the app launch button. They built the "gag yourself till you puke app" in your nervous system. It's not easy to delete it. But the magic of the nervous system is that if an app is used "rarely" it will be given less priority in terms of processing power, and eventually it will completely fade into inert memory. You will never be free of the memory that this horrible life chapter occurred, but

you'll be able to observe and analyze the memories from a detached place, where you're armored with self love so will not be tempted to tear off the scabs and dig another vortex into hell. You'll be soaring high above. If you set this as the long term goal, and you gradually reduce the degree to which you succumb to the compulsive behaviors, you'll eventually ultimately heal. Though for this to work, you'll need to keep yourself inundated with internally and externally induced oxytocin.

She went back to her busy life. This one session gave her about two weeks worth of relief from the compulsion to induce vomiting several times a day. Gradually the demonic street gang worked itself back in and continued to extort her tributes, though as far as I know her coping skills have improved and she manages to surrender less and less anguish. She also started weening herself off the meds that were only blinding her conscious awareness of the dark truth going on beneath the surface.

I almost forgot to mention, the demonic creatures that stowed away in my energy body had to be dealt with. I could feel them effecting me with a general malaise. This was the first time I would knowingly take on another's demons. Like the shooting red line of a tetanus infection, I knew they were working their way through me, looking for a weakness to exploit. They couldn't hide anywhere, though I lost any tactile sense of their whereabouts, I felt mentally out of sorts, slightly disoriented, uncharacteristically moody, not a lashing out kind of moody, just a mild depressive anxiousness.

Synchronistically, a couple days after the session, I had planned to go dance the night away at a psytrance party. I had my theories already that just as chickens give themselves dust baths to kill ecto-parasites, humans dance

to kill psycho-energetic-parasites. At the first outdoor psytrance party I went to, I was completely religiously converted, this was my tribe, my fellowship, my church. No books, just dancing. Everyone in a state of demonicidal bliss. I could see and feel the demons fly off of myself and others. The frantic ecstatic gyrating, stomping, flailing was quite literally delousing the chakras. The autonomic dance movements, totally free flowing in sacred geometrical patterns cast all orders of offending species, not into the so-called abyss, but rather into the incinerator of hot sacred dance love. If you've ever seen a lobster boil alive, that's essentially the effect. In cold ceremonies, shamans get the brunt of the stowaways, but there are always some that climb into unsuspecting others in the vicinity. Demons aren't as delicate as viruses, they can lurk outside the body and patiently wait in the crevasses of the lower astral plane for the next potential host to jog by and attach to.

I read about the many methods shamans from all over the world have used to deal with this decontamination dilemma. Everything from crystal grids, to tobacco traps, to sucking them down the esophagus to later puke them out on a tree, to blasting them with colored light. All these methods seemed to have a pretty wide mesh though. It never sat well with me well that at best these methods might ever only have about 50% maximum effectiveness at quarantine. The progressive psytrance dance floor, by my estimation provides a 100% effective decontamination rate. Nothing that's shaken out into that field of love-light-energy can survive if it's a lower vibrational entity. That doesn't mean that you can just walk into it and be fully exorcized by the dancing of others, of course you have to dance. The harder you dance the more demons you purge and boil to death.

I knew this to be the case, as I said from the moment I entered the field for the first time. It only made sense that after taking on the demons of my “client” I would go to my psytrance dance floor church and exorcize them in a safe manner along side all my fellowship who came there to do the same. To burn off and melt away relationship drama demons, work stress demons, home life drama demons, depression demons, etc.

Yes, once I got into my groove, I shed them easily as they had not successfully attached. Had the party been weeks or months off, I presume they’d have teamed up with deeply nested populations and made themselves much more difficult to destroy.

“I want to cry!” Jade bemoaned.

“I’ll join you.” I replied.

This story always induces tears, I’ll bet you’re feeling punched in heart right now too. Now would be a good time to give yourself, your whole self, your true self, your embodied true self, some unconditional love.

Dance Magic Dance

“We gotta get up and move around a bit for this one. I’ll put on some progressive psytrance in the background. You’re gonna love this one, it’s a breath of fresh air.”

“Ooo, I could use some of that. I’m gonna open the windows and get a breeze going.”

“Can I take off your robe so I can enjoy your sensual curves in my peripheral vision as I read?”

“My pleasure!” She replied seductively.

This dear friend was the first to experience the full glory of the Shamanic Goddess Worship session sans-yoni massage. I’m so sick of slick marketing language. It’s poison to my soul. I may sound terse and matter-of-fact compared to my “competitors” but you know what, if I die poor knowing I didn’t put a trademarked shamanic healing modality into the “As-Seen-On-TV” branding package, I’ll die blissfully. So after a number of iterations, innovations, modifications, I felt like I developed something that felt right as an introductory experience that I could rapidly deploy to shaktify anyone in a short period. Almost like shamanic first aid. This procedure should get anyone out of the death grip of any funk at least long enough for them to get a new perspective on life. It is a canned mystical experience with or without the magic mushrooms. Later after more training I would incorporate the coveted Yoni Massage. But in this case we would remain fully clothed.

While pimps are stringing out teenagers, frat boys are drugging date rape victims, porn stars are dvda-ing, my sexual exploits are non-violent. In fact they’re not exploits at all. I’m not trying to conquer territory then try to control it in some war of the sexes game. I do maneuver, I do pray, I do fantasize, I do desire, I do play, but I’m not a player. You have to market yourself to some degree otherwise you’ll fail to reproduce and be erased from the gene pool. I don’t try to be a contrived pick-up artist though. For most of my life I said and did nothing out of fear of rejection at first, then fear of judgment by my peers in the activist community. I was in a sexual climate that was extremely anti-flirtation. You would be chastised, shunned, or worse

for courting publicly in a lot of the scenes I spent my late teens and twenties in. As a prominent, though never popular figure, I was a target for gossip, rumors, and the proverbial telephone game. Tremendous lies, false accusations that were fully cleared, politicking, etc. followed me for years. I felt persecuted by hungry drama vultures, and ultimately collapsed inward and essentially behaved like a desexualized monk for many short and long intervals over about 15 years. There are a lot of popular misconceptions about the sex lives of headlining musicians. Leonard Cohen said it best, “My reputation as a ladies' man was a joke that caused me to laugh bitterly through the ten thousand nights I spent alone.”

Yes there are groupies, but being in a band doesn’t necessarily mean you will be desired. Further, groupie types are not often desirable on a soul level. You’d have to be extremely fucked up to be numbed to the warning signals, from the gut level, to surface signs of alcoholism, drug, addiction, and STIs. I now feel blessed that I was a sexual loser for many years. Since the age of 16, almost every relationship I’ve been in has been epic, transformative, soul building, purposeful, and mostly beautiful. Again, I feel blessed that I didn’t have many. As much as I may lament at the stretches of loneliness, I’m no one’s baby daddy, and against all odds I’ve kept my sexual health in great shape. Other folks higher up the popularity pyramid take the game of groupie conquest to a level of deadly debauchery that would make the devil blush.

Another blessing from the many years of unchosen celibacy was the humility it fostered. It made me appreciate the little things to the extreme. At times I was so deprived of affection a warm burrito or a hot shower felt like making out with my own soul. Your body starts to metabolize itself when it has no food.

So in this case, the client for the shamanic goddess worship was someone whom I'd humbly sought the slightest drops of attention from for almost a year. While the aggressive alpha would have given up after the first failed drunken pick up line, I was on a mission to earn her affection one nanoliter at a time. I wasn't a harassing menace, just persistent. And I wasn't trying to get laid, I was trying to gently expand the envelope of consent, by consent. Everything I did was by consent. May I worship your likeness? May I fantasize about you? Will you be my shamanatrix? Can I tell you something sexy? Will you pray with me? Can I send you a sexy poem? Wanna dance? Would you help me proofread my sexual health workshop hand out?

I'd like to create an antonym to the term of creepy. When you create a safe, sacred, sexy rapport with someone who you obviously have unreciprocated lust for, there's always an appropriate way to play with that energy. If the flattery is welcomed on the receiving end, and it's not manipulative, controlling, demanding, insulting, objectifying, etc. on the giving end, there's gotta be a sacrilized term for it. Rather than be creepy like lots of dudes, I'll be buzzy. If I look and feel like a horse fly or mosquito, shoe me away, if I look and feel like a hummingbird or dragonfly, smile at me and I'll walk you home and wish you a good night from the sidewalk.

She let me buzz through her inboxes and smartphones quite often. Having her charitable cyber affection was punctuated by brief moments of some of the best hugs of my life. We could have been hug porn stars.

It all started when I joined that fetish community website. I scanned every profile in the south land. And by

design, you can't search by sex. If you want to seek out women, you gotta go through all the men too. Perhaps the most beautiful and charming thing about the fetish underground is that no one has to sneak peaks, everyone's comfortable being seen naked, and what's more, homophobia is effectively eradicated because as a bi-product of being comfortable being naked, men must become comfortable seeing other men naked, women, and all alternative genders as well. The sweet irony on this fetish site though is that while it provides some of the easiest access to view real nudey pics, if you're a typical creepy troll, you gotta go through a lot of hairy old dudes to get your fix. I love everyone equally so it wasn't ever a worry for me. I was able to truck along and scan, scan, scan. I eventually found her. I won't give her away by saying what she was seeking at the time as a play partner. It was quite endearing though and I was eager to apply for the job. Her academic background was very impressive and we hit it off on that level immediately. I was blessed to have her invite me to my first private play party. As I waited for her to arrive, and hopefully not flake as so many in So Cal do (that's why they say L.A. is like a box of cereal, it's full of nuts and flakes) I sat studying a text book. Apparently I offended a few folks who thought I should have been voyeurizing their scenes. Hey, how do they know I wasn't there to act out my nerd fetish.

Ah that moment when your self-esteem is pulled up from the edge of the cliff by the sight of your crush showing up to something they said they would meet you at. She was a hardcore enthusiast with a big bag of naughty toys. Her radiant warm accepting kindness made me feel right at home.

She invited me but we weren't really on date. She wasn't responsible for me at all, but her "I'll be right backs"

were actually all sincere. She came right back. And when she went places, she signaled me along. We got to talk a bit, I showed her some useful climbing knots, and she made sure I watched a guys balls get set aflame with shaving cream and a cigarette lighter.

I could go on ethnographically about the scene, but all of that stuff is amply documented at this point. The purpose of recalling our play party meeting was that it set the bearings for the entire rest of our dynamic until the shaman goddess worship session. I missed the luck the of the draw to have her as the Goddess who'd strip me down and whip and spank me with intermittent caresses. Down on the next play station, the luckier guy was being gently guided through the same procedure in a nurse-like manner. "Do you have any medical conditions I should know about?" "What safe word will you be using" Etc.

If there was only one time in my life where I could go back to with a time machine and reverse one coin toss, wishbone, rock paper scissors, etc. it would have been to have been under her sadistic care that night. It didn't go very far, just a bit of sensual domming but talk about breaking the ice.

So I didn't get the hands on treatment but I got to lay my eyes on her. For the scene she was in, I was not reading my text book. It wasn't super fancy, but it was kind of a main event. There was this veteran dom guy perhaps in his 50s, a real craftsman. He was loaded with kinky power tools. He had her cuffed to a hanging bar, topless, in sexy underwear, blindfolded. I observed this gingerly with a smile on the surface, yet I had to counter a barrage of jealously demons internally with the cycling mantra: "If he can do it, you have 20 years to catch up...If he can do it you have 20 years to catch up..." The jealousy turned into

hope. I guess if I can be that guy in 20 years, I'll be happy being older. I'm happy to be able to imagine myself being happy being older.

I watched him walk around her blindfolded goose flesh. pinching, prodding, groping, shocking, sucking, slapping, tonguing. From deep in the bonafide ecstatic altered state known as sub-space, she let out shrieks of intense pain, surprise, shock. It was her cup of tea. I was happy for her, and had quickly detached from jealously. I was cultivating compersion, the opposite of jealousy. I was trying to take pleasure in watching her be pleasured by someone else. It was working alright until I saw a maneuver that put me off. I felt something in the vibration that was unconsensual, predatory, sick. Though that may have been exactly what was checked on the sushi menu, I felt a bit of repulsion. I didn't grow up Christian so it wasn't one of those residual Sodom and Gomorrah flashbacks. No it didn't feel moralistic, or jealous, or some kind of knee jerk reaction to some kind of perverse sinner. It just felt kind of abusive, I could have been wrong. I certainly wasn't going to do or say anything. I just set my intention on perfecting my "A-Game" so that sometime in the next 20 years she might want to get in line at my play station.

I guess it was like watching a more successful band play, you want what they have, but you don't want to take what they have, you want to rush back to the studio after the gig and jam all night to get that feeling of moving closer to your goals of being adored on stage.

In this case, I went back to my dance studio and started to put together what folks in the kink scene might call a "Power Sub Worships Goddess Scene":

After patiently waiting but persistently, I would eventually have her enthusiastic consent to receive my shamanic goddess worship session. Jack Morin in The Erotic Mind writes of the four cornerstones of eroticism: longing and anticipation, violating prohibitions, searching for power, and overcoming ambivalence. The first and last were in full effect. I longed, I anticipated, I overcame ambivalence.

In less than a year, I achieved what I had hoped to accomplish in 20 years, to behold her, to have her trust me to and go with the flow of my will, but for that will to be the will of divine masculine and feminine energy. I was serving her and giving her the sense of trust and safety needed for total relaxation. Early in our friendship I asked if she'd be my shamanatrix, she was excited to, but we lived so far apart and were so busy, we never really got to play. So this one session was as far as we ever went, but it was so exquisite and satisfying, I couldn't ask for more.

Here's the review she wrote about it:

The Shamanic Goddess Worship Session was cleansing, cathartic and liberating. Through Ben's gentle guidance, I was able to feel safe emotionally, mentally and spiritually, thus opening up my vulnerability so that I could heal and let go of deep, repressed issues and memories. The progression of the session was gentle, comfortable and respectful. The session started with an opening bow which demonstrated honor and respect to one another, allowing the interaction to begin on stable and honorable grounds. Ben and I then had a thorough discussion of the application of tantric energy so that I was able to understand how this erotic energy would not only allow myself to grow, but through my healing-- the entire world. Boundaries were discussed, and it was made very clear

that although we both would be tapping into our sexual energy, there was not to be any sexual acts or lewd contact.

My physical and emotional states were addressed afterwards, through reflection and discussion of what healing needed to be done, and how we would achieve our goals. I was asked to introspect and write my virtues and vices on paper and we then discussed how and where to direct our energy for the session. Afterwards, we both set an intention verbally.

During the first step of the process, I rapidly breathed through my nose, taking in plumes of cleansing burning sage from Ben walking around me with the smudge stick in his hand. This allowed me to become aware of my energy in relation to his, as well as bringing focus to the current moment, clearing my mind.

Afterwards, I was directed to shake my entire body wildly. This allowed me to shake off negative residual vibrations and warm up the body. Afterwards, Ben brought pads and taught me basic self-defense and striking techniques;. This allowed me to build confidence in terms of self-defense. I was then asked to dance freely and blissfully, allowing my body to relax and let go of personal reservations and insecurities. I was then blessed by Ben as he danced around me in a circle, praising through devotional hand strokes in the air. I began to feel surges of energy as the divine frequencies of my body came into my awareness through Ben and I's connection, even though he and I did not touch. Ben then began to brush the surface of my skin while continuing to dance around me, bringing intimate sensual energy and having my awareness become even more heightened.

To the melodic bass line of the music, I received a massage, with Ben intuitively focusing on tense areas- I felt my body melt into his hands. My anxieties, insecurities and fears dissipated as I felt even more relaxed and comfortable with the session.

After breathing in deeply, Ben massaged my chakra points, and I felt my negative energy being replaced with positive light. Afterwards, Ben held the front and back of my body at these chakra points and I felt the therapeutic love and energy flood my entire system.

Then, Ben gently led my hips to move rhythmically with the music, our chakra systems aligned in synergy. Our arms moved together with our hips, love streaming from our fingertips. He moved to the front, and I embraced him out of sheer joy, for I felt so safe and free to love. We continued to move beautifully in synchronicity.

Afterwards, Ben and I sat down in Yab Yum Goddess position, maintaining gentle and connected eye contact with synchronized breath. I melted into complete safety and nurturance, with Ben embracing me, rocking gently back and forth and in circular motions. I felt absolutely connected with him and surrendered my energy without any fear or distrust.

After a deep embrace, we stood up and bowed to each other. I felt deep honor and respect for what he had done for me, and I knew that he had been blessed with the beautiful experience we had shared as well. We reflected on the ceremony, and I shared what I had experienced emotionally, physically and mentally. I disclosed how each element of the ceremony made me feel and my thoughts on all aspects of it. Ben shared his perspective and shed insight onto the ceremony as well.

To conclude, we meditated together, kneeling and sitting cross-legged breathing deeply and visualizing all of our negative energy leaving our physical bodies and entering the Earth. A pure energy was envisioned as entering our bodies through our chakra systems, beginning at the root chakra and meeting the divine cosmic energy coming down from the crown chakra, as a complete system. I felt incredibly free, connected and safe. It was truly divine.

“Now that’s a testimonial!” Jade said, falling into the couch after her private go-go dancing show routine.

“I’ve come along way, she’d be proud to see me here with you now, knowing she’d played such a key role in development of my path and career as a loving artist.”

“Loving artist, I love that!”:

“I love us.”

“We love us.”

“Even better.”

Back Alley Sexorcism

“You know those Yoni massages I love to give you?”

“And that I love to receive, yes!”

“Here is the origin story of how I got into the practice.”

“Oooo, I’ll get one hand free if you will.” She said with a wink.

This was to be my first sexorcism, an underground yet clinical shamanic sexual session. She found my profile stating my willingness to offer free tantric healing sessions.

She was a mother, a survivor, a gardener, a psychonaut, and a tantrika herself. She was quite skilled, and quite worthy of my best efforts. I gave it a go, stumbling through an orientation, boundary setting, and outline of what to expect. It was choppy and needed work, she gave great feedback as we went along and at the end.

We cycled through the routine and all was well, it’s worth noting that the exorcism and incineration effects were satisfactorily achieved. Dry energetic orgasmic emotional release waves were induced, wild tears, wild laughter, peristalsis of the chakra system, spasms, mild convulsions, text-book shaktification.

I had seen the documentary called The Workshop, a California nudist retreat where intense deconditioning

around monogamy takes place. But its much more than that, it seemed to be about declaring independence and autonomy as a diverse, empowered, sexual being capable of safely and sustainably allowing for multi-layered interaction.

There was one powerful scene where a daka is doing a clothed tantric healing on a woman and it's as if he's doing some sort of energetic wringing out of her stuck traumas. At certain key leverage points, she goes into writhing and sobbing spontaneously, without any conscious linguistic structuring of the content. It's like changing the transmission fluid for the chakras. All of this black sludge comes out and has to be flushed away so that fresh fluid can flow in. This clearly must be integrated into routine status quo health and wellness protocols.

He was a pro, me as an amateur felt good that I was starting to see similar results.

After the dancing and massage work, a yoni massage was agreed to. I had discovered previously with a friend that I had the ability to perform in a manner similar to the sybian sex toy which simultaneous stimulates the clitoris, while the woman rides a saddle like machine that powerfully vibrates her whole pelvis. It's like the traveler's orgasmatron. It puts all men to shame, but for years I've endeavored to restore the good name of mortal men and out do it. Of course it will never be able to match the energy of love that a human partner provides, but on a purely mechanical level, there's no competition, hands down it wins on that front. However, thanks to previous LSD experiences I somehow have managed to breathe, slightly shift positioning, use patterns, and unique fulcruming in such ways as to overcome fatigue and deliver vibration rates that rival the machine's.

It ends up looking like a sort of like an Aikido wrist lock I do on myself that gives me internal digital intercourse access with my right hand, plus stability and a sort of interlocked and stabilized vibrating palm on the pubic mound including the clitoris. Sacred spot, aka g-spot massage had thus been made into an energy efficient, ergonomic, and high powered mechanical system. In tandem of course is the subtle energetic domain, projecting kindness, trust, safety, impersonal unconditional love.

She was satisfied, cleansed, rejuvenated, and I felt like I'd held it together without any serious fumbling. Though far from a totally smooth operator, the fundamentals were by now in place. And again, she gave excellent feedback to help me shore up my weak points.

Much material was moved and released and now I believe every orgasm is actually an exorgasm, I didn't feel any stowaways. Of course there were no lab instruments in place to measure and compare to other sessions, it was just an anecdotal observation. I did notice she needed quite a bit of aftercare as she was behaving almost like a staggering drunk, drunk on bliss. We did embrace, cuddle and debrief in bed, then had a lovely dinner. She very much enjoyed the aftercare and cradling after the session. It would be a sin to take someone into a session, then boot them out into the world, worst of all into traffic while rushing the next appointment in. No, this work has a long arch of warm up and cool down.

Yoni Worm Extraction

“Okay, party’s over, back to the gnarliness.” I said half seriously.

“Oh no, I was just getting warmed up!” She rebelled.

“I know, well, maybe the party’s just beginning, then.”

“That’s more like it.”

“Every orgasm is an exorcism, but not every exorcism is orgasmic…”

This was another professional tantrika, healers without healers become dead healers, so I’ve heard. She was excited to be bathed in my healing love light. I gave her the basic shamanic goddess worship session and she was wildly moaning and convulsing, the shakti bombs were blasting the nests of whatever she’d accumulated from her clients.

In the aftercare/debriefing she asked, “Do know what tapeworms look like?”

I said, “Yes I do.”

She continued, “Well, remember when I was trembling and shrieking a bit? Yes, I replied. Well, she said, I had closed my eyes and gone inward and as you were on your knees sweeping the front of me, I could see

you extracting what looked like a tapeworm from my yoni and I freaked out a little bit."

Ironically she was a bit hesitant as though she thought I might think she was crazy. I nodded deeply and assured her that she experienced a clairvoyant flash of what is quite accurately going on. This is the kind of everyday shamanic medical data that needed to be explored and studied in proper laboratory conditions. She was a nurse before becoming a tantrika, another welcomed synchronistic twist…

While we lacked the instruments to take proper photographs of these phenomena, the best way to sound the alarms to get the funding to develop instruments would be to get as many similar reports as possible. If it's not a freak occurrence that can be dismissed as a marginal subjective and potentially imagined non-phenomenon, if it's a patterned response elicited repeatably under controlled conditions, then it is worthy of bigger research budgets.

Where did that one of potentially countless dislodged and extracted parasites go? Again it appears that the shakti field generated by ecstatic trance dancing may essentially bringing the pot of ether surrounding us to a rolling boil thus disinfecting and decontaminated the environment. Again, I felt no invasions after this session. A final note, I was very moved by her openness to the energy, she was not shy about letting it possess her in dance, and in receiving massage. She was eating it up and moaning powerfully with every exhale for perhaps 30 minutes to an hour. Some wise tantrikas emphasize the fundamentals: breath, movement, sound. Often the sound is overlooked. It doesn't feel like it always has to be disciplined bija mantras, or "seed sounds" of the chakras. It can just be purgative pleasurable protracted vowel sounds

on the exhale. I always encourage this and now pleasurable vowel sounds flow from me freely.

"I'm starting to really understand the level of commitment and investment you've made to this process, I getting chills thinking about how you had to go through all of this to become the person you are here with me now. It's such a trip that this is happening. But it's all meant to be I can feel it!" Said Jade.

I replied, "Thank you from the bottom of my heart for your acknowledgement. You'll feel it even more at the Ayahuasca ceremony. I'm just trying to reverse engineer, open source, and decentralize a fraction of the power that's wielded in well conducted Ayahuasca ceremonies. "

"I can't wait!" Jade exclaimed.

Jade on Aya

In the beautiful oak tree shaded Santa Monica mountains, many an underground Ayahuasca ceremony commences on any given weekend. We were blessed to be in one held in a large yurt in the middle of a permaculture farm in development. As almost always, the souls we shared the night with were sweet, soft, and gentle. The shaman was an old trusted friend and the crew were like an elite cabal of angels who performed every task with elegance and grace. Of course we're all human, but these humans went the extra mile to hold a sacred container visually, sonically, thermally, etc. A good ceremony has care put into every possible dimension. The safer and more comfortable the space, the deeper the purging can go.

As ceremonies go, this one thankfully was not extremely dramatic, it was a nice introduction without any horrific sights or sounds, not including the cacophony of wretching and vomiting.

Jade was so in her element. She was in love with the design of the experience. She blended so well into the community, it was delightful to see her where we both knew she belonged, in the company of fellow light workers. The Queendom was so skillfully decorated with angels, positive affirmations, sea shells, pastels, whites, and natural themes. She was dressed in such a lovely white outfit, her eyes glistened in the candle light, her aura shimmering through the Aya lens. I was ever so in love with her and proud of myself for being so austere and selective in who I'd built a life with. Without attachment to

any permanence in the future, I was truly in joy in the moment.

The most important lesson from the ceremony, in terms of relevance to my the overall shamanic journey, was her response and reaction. Like I said she was in her element and it showed. It was as if she had been in this role her whole life, or for many lives. You know that feeling you get when you feel like you've known someone in a past life and you feel that you're starting where you left off eons ago like it was yesterday? That's the vibe she exuded. I didn't project this as a burden on to her, that she could or should train to be an Ayahuasca shaman, rather it was just indicative that she doesn't just have a gift, she is the gift.

How was I so certain of this? It was in the way she started rocking out during the sacred live music segments. Without having been disciplined or scold for being out-of-line, she just naturally started dancing on the floor. In other words, while most people would feel socially pressured to sit still and be stoic except when purging, she just was busting a move. Her hands traced the spiritual currents in the room and she danced like a snake, as she always does so passionately, exuding the spirit of freedom and sensuality. She was shamelessly positively possessed. I was silent giggling, and had an ear to ear smile for hours. Few times in life had I been so ridiculously happy.

Seeing her in action was foreshadowing for our next shamanic adventure at the Queendom. She would be applying what she learned in a ceremony that took on a life of it's own, very unexpectedly.

Pranic Healers Gone Wild

Interwoven through all the sacred love making, massage, lectures, text books, etc. our daily practice of the Twin Hearts Meditation was developing quite nicely. Everyday for about a half hour we would rotate our joints, stretch, dance, and prepare our selves to become channels for diving healing loving energy to flow down from the heavens, into and through our crown chakras, down into and through our hearts, then out through our outstretched palms into an imaginary earth globe. The host, high voltage, golden and pink light was directed with purify intention to bless the entire earth and all life on it, including our mortal enemies, those who've wronged us, and the tortured souls who need the love the most. This exercise my sound childish or trite, but I guarantee you, it's absolutely no joke. If you want to be a net positive benefit to yourself and the world, if you want become a living, walking, breathing blessing, this meditation practice will get you there. There are very serious cautions around it though. I encourage you to study it for yourself and seek the advice of local Pranic Healing masters. I can and should only speak from experience without giving specific instructions.

What matters most to be conveyed here is that our dedicated practice of this meditation technique was like body building for the astral body. We were getting ripped. As a good skeptic though I always like to bend taboos and put new age spiritual practices through the bullshit test of a mid to high dose mushroom trip. It's this protocol that gives me full license to believe in the "light", and not just the light, but the lights. The color schemes that the Pranic Healing system prescribes for treating a wide-spectrum of

ailments is not just some kind of cartoon make-believe game. But don't take my word for it, I suggest seriously studying the Pranic Healing system. I chose not to go the route of certification, and I don't sell my services under it's name, like most established systems the rules are too restrictive for a rogue healer like me. However in the spirit of Bruce Lee's Jeet Kune Do, I study any and everything I can, and apply the techniques that work best for me.

The peak of our private Pranic Healing self-study classroom assignments occurred the night we ate shrooms a good 45 minutes before doing our daily Twin Hearts Meditation routine. The proof was in the pudding, as they say. As we followed the crown and heart chakra opening procedure, my third eye was able to see the light show in its full glory, and my able to sense the density and power of the energy flows was dramatically intensified. By comparison, if you've ever been under a waterfall, it's much more profound and delightfully crushing experience than being in the shower or in a light rain. The mushrooms enhanced the perception of the energy flow and needless to say my mind was blown. Jade's experience was less pronounced which could have been due to any number of factors, dosage level, potency, etc.

We chose to do our own things for a while after that, go off into our own journeys. I began to sing and dance, offering devotional mantras to various tantric goddesses. I soon found myself in quite a lathered up frenzy of healing energy. When Jade returned to me, I asked if she'd want to experiment with the Pranic Healing practice of sweeping the aura and chakras. We had also been doing this daily as a form of general maintenance, a form of energetic hygiene if you will. It's promised that those who have a consistent and proper Twin Hearts Meditation practice, will see rapid results in their ability to

heal themselves and others using more advanced Pranic Healing techniques including general and localized sweeping and chakra energizing techniques.

I wasn't expecting any dramatic shifts to occur. Doing the sweeping from head to toe, front to back was pleasant, sublime, never acutely eventful in and of itself. It looks like feather dusting, or cleaning windows with a squeegee. This time all hell broke loose.

She stood in front of me, I stood still, eyes closed. Her strokes began and within seconds I started to feel the peristaltic waves come on. The power and urgency was mild compared to the wet Ayahuasca, and the dry mushroom purge effects, though it was difficult to resist. I consciously decided to try to fight it, I didn't want to be reduced to a writhing fetal mess in that moment. I tried to hold myself together, stand tall, and withstand the otherwise completely mundane procedure. I guess the urge to break taboos and experience the sweeping in a medicated state was an important decision, it revealed that the true potency of the sweeping technique is undeniable when amplified by the magic of the mushrooms. I mean, it doesn't get any more scientific than that. For perhaps 100 days straight the sweeping occurs with effects so subtle they can barely be perceived and thus be easily dismissed, then with the application of this device, the magic mushrooms, immediate, medically measurable, involuntarily physiological effects, cascade forth.

It didn't stop there.

As the purge waves become to powerful to withstand, I had to drop to my knees, and surrender to the process. Jade was not phased, she just kept going, kept sweeping in cycles, her arms and flattened palms were

paddling in the ether, tinsel strands of light stirred in the wake, I felt like I was in a car wash and at times in the action of an electric egg beater on a low setting. There were no words spoken between us. After all of the course work she had done, this was not shocking, it was happening, ready or not.

Moments after I crouched to the floor, menacing, tortured demonic vocalizations began. It was not an onslaught of vulgar profanity, but rather of more of a beastial, guttural, nature. It was a series of sounds almost exactly like that of a cat hacking up a hair ball. Freakish enough to make you wince, but also something so natural that you wouldn't worry to much about it. In our heightened states of awareness, we could be see and feel the gentle extraction of a nest of demonic parasites. It was their unthrilled laments that were being voiced through my vocal chords. They were being energetically dragged out of their hiding places deep in my chakral caverns. Jade like a feline hunting mice, was breathing and sucking them in, for proper disposal in the divine digestive system of the mother goddess. She was now able to own her power to properly dispose of these offensive creatures. In this manner, they were rendered harmless. I would call this a controlled purge, and it was a grand feat in the history of my shamanic studies. So much of my anxiety had come from the fear of improper or ineffective containment and disposal.

As state above, this was quite unexpected. I hadn't even yet revealed to her my knowledge of these digestive effects. I hadn't even yet named the Goddess of my devotion, nor shared with her the most gut wrentching of my research material. As of this moment, there could be nothing else held back. It was time to open up the most extreme case studies.

Naturally, she wanted to understand how this whole shamanic digestive system worked. That's when I knew it was time to introduce her to the Goddess by whom she was first possessed by in our inaugural shroom trip. She had climbed to the summit of a mountain of course work and was poised to continue, nothing had deterred her thus far. The most shocking, disturbing, horrific, and yet beautiful and glorious revelations could now be shared, and she'd now with fully informed consent, at least as much as possible for our feeble human minds, be acquired. She asked several months prior, in her possessed state, was I ready? A big part of my hesitation was the fear that her average, or lower self would crack in the face of the truth. For me to be ready, I knew she would have to be ready. By now, I could safely say, as much as humanly possible, that she would be qualified to enter the depths of hell and come out dancing and smiling, picking demon guts out of her astral claws and fangs.

The next morning we debriefed.

"How are you feeling after last night, Jade." I asked.

"I feel great, we really moved some material, I guess since I was planned at one time to be nurse, I'm not surprised that this is all happening. Removing parasites, changing bed pans, administering medicine, it's all part of the deal right?"

"You got that right. Someday there will be a shamanic medical school."

"I think we're founding it."

"Indeed. I hadn't wanted to reveal my knowledge of this digestive mechanism to you yet, but I guest it revealed itself. Talk about a big pill to swallow."

"You know me, I watch so many nature programs, there's much more vile and shocking acts of devourment in nature."

"That's how I like to look at it. We're just so prissy and domesticated, we're afraid of every biological function and want it all to go out of sight out of mind. Thank you for having the bravely to do this work. You've never fainted or flinched."

"You're welcome, it's mutual. You did at least as much healing on me before I knew it. I've intently observed all the elaborate energetic hydraulics that you're engineering during our lovemaking. It's all the same at some level isn't it?"

"I believe so. Somehow we can use our energetic tubing to transmit fresh, new, cleansing pranic energy, then reverse flow and use the same tubing to draw and and flush the dead, diseased, expended energy out...a constant flux."

"So what else is there for me to know?"

"Well, technically we're only half way down the chakra system. What we dragged out last night, let's assume those were the top dwellers, the bottom dwellers are still snug as bugs in a rug. We are readying each other for that most unthinkable of healings. The one you initiated with me in the bathtub that nether of us were ready for."

"So that's where this is all leading..."

"Yes, I knew exactly what you were doing, who you were possessed by and what would happen next if I were to have granted consent."

"So what's the big deal, you need a sexorcism. You cleared my lower chakras with all of your pelvic and yoni massage work, all of your chakra toning, singing, loving on me from head to toe. Why don't you want me to return the favor?"

"I had to be sure you'd be able to sustain what could be an avalanche of hell breaking loose. You've aced every test so far. I'm confident we are both ready. But we will first need to formally introduce you to the Goddess who you were so beautifully possessed that night. This next selection of research notes is the most extensive and most important. I feel guided to ask that we take a mini-treat to the Yoniversity of Kalifornia."

"Ha, I love it, when and where? I'm there."

"It's in L.A., a private temple home where the Goddess energy is sustained and well care for. There are many temples in the world in devotion to Her, but few are run by female priestesses, most have been hijacked by men, douchey men at that."

"What tragic Irony."

"I know, right."

"I'll book us a stay and we can lay out and enjoy several warm summer nights in the garden next the ponds."

Yoniversity of Kalifornia

We were greeted with a warm welcome to this well disguised witch coven. You'd never guess what was happening her from the outside. It blended in to the sea semi-suburban homes. Yet once past the gates it revealed its paradisical gardens, regal interior, and holy architecture. It was well chosen to be a secret safe space for the practice of psychedelic goddess worship. After visiting with the temple staff, and four legged guardians, our studies began in the comfort of an elevated outdoor bedroom with L.A. skyline in the distance, pittering of pond fountains and the scent of flowers and herbs nearby. An epic literary hike to the climax of my erotic memoirs from the astral battlefield was going to take several hours. We nibbled on some chocolate mushroom trail mix to stay energized and cosmically dilated throughout the journey. Our playful banter dissolved into a deep meditative trance as the heaviness of the stories matched the intensity of the trip.

"I will read to you from my most cherished works. In the timeline I've been sharing with you, the next chain of events begins after I had taken the research as far as I felt I could with random friends and lovers who were kind enough to join my efforts. Believe me, that handful of favorable respondents and training partners was hard won. For every one who stepped up, dozens stepped down. I do believe I earned the blessings that came next." I said.

“I’m ready for the third act, I just want to get extra cozy, can I lay back into you lap, I’ll hold the papers so you can hold me.” She replied.

“You’re cuddle designs never cease to amaze.”

She giggled at my compliment, but that would be the last of the light heartedness for the duration of this study session.

Enter the Goddess

While I was feeling much better about myself overall, having been given so many opportunities by the Yoniverse to learn and grow, I still felt very alone. All of these experiences were fleeting, I didn't feel like I had anywhere near the healing loving partnership I needed to really do deep chakral and soul tissue repair.

I knew it would be a lot to ask. I knew that even if someone did want to be in a relationship with me, it wouldn't be fair to them to put them through this horrible shadow mission unless they themselves were sexual abuse survivors who would intrinsically be on board with the mission. I craved a partner like Scully, perhaps together we could investigate the "Sex Files". In one sense, because females are disproportionately sexually abused, I should have no trouble finding a survivor to join forces with for tantric healing and empowerment. However I found that while I did end up dating many survivors, few if any had the drive that I did to fight back on multiple levels of reality. I knew that a spiritual warrior goddess was needed, and a sacred dancing one at that. For all of my strength and resolve comes from channeling shakti on the dance floor. I was dancing for a living, I needed a dancer, a sacred dancer.

The story of how we met is perhaps one of the most bizarre and unpredictable plot turns in the history of my life. Like something straight out of the Big Labowski, a chain of events brought a magical woman into my life.

One day I rode in my supervisor's sports car. Once a week he'd meet me at one of the main intersections in Long Beach to give me my paycheck and celebrate the glory of my bonuses. I haven't loved many other supervisors or bosses as much. He truly reminded me of an ethical, respectable version of Coughlin from the 80s movie Cocktail. He was an entrepreneurial and hustling big city renaissance man. Working two jobs to fund his business ventures, rave accessories to be exact. While I consider myself more a psytribe member than a raver, we're all just smiling fungus monkeys on the dance floor no matter what label you give us. So I felt much affinity knowing my boss was involved with the electronic dance music subculture. I didn't think about it much at first, it just contributed to my general affinity towards him. It was after several months of work that somehow we ended up having a conversation about his other job.

He told me he did djing and security for a prestigious west L.A. cougar club. My eyes widened, as I exclaimed, "Are you serious? Why do you have me dancing out here on the street corner, you gotta put me on in the cages at this cougar bar you speak of. I'll make you more money there than out here!"

I wasn't serious, but I wasn't joking either.

I flashed to a memory of sitting in a booth at my favorite Mexican restaurant in Eugene, OR eating my obligatory veggie burrito. It was the year 2002, just after coming home from an ill-fated U.S. tour that put me in the

crosshairs of Johnny Law, landed me in debt, and sadly resulted in the loss of many friends due to bitter betrayal. I was devastated, demoralized, dispirited, lost. I spent several months almost completely horizontal, watching only a few movies over and over again, Cross Roads, Lord of the Rings, back to back, over and over, anything to keep me from facing my inner demons which had consumed my whole reality. Ramen noodles, Old English malt liquor, burritos, ramen noodles, Old English, burrito. I was a junk food vegetarian at that age. It took many years to develop a meaningful and informed dietary health consciousness.

I was in the depth of despair, sitting in that booth that I was struck with a stroke of genius. At the time I wasn't thinking about karmic consequences, transparency, ethics, morals, etc. I was just one of those conniving green anarchists that snickered at spirituality, scoffed and looked down at others, and had no qualms about transgressions of all types against the bourgeois. So from that militant manipulative mindset, I had an ah ha moment. I gotta get out of debt, get away from all these betraying former friends, and continue with the revolution but in a new way. Maxing out college credit cards to finance the revolution didn't work. Financial aid doesn't cut it. I'm too neurotic to hold down a regular job and that wouldn't be enough anyway. I'm too timid for a life of crime or selling even benign drugs. That leaves the only thing I was ever good at: prostitution. Though why should I think that I'm only desirable to men. Why can't I be the sex slave of a wealthy woman, why can't I find a sugar momma who's sympathetic to the revolution. This thought grew in my mind and I began to convince myself that I needed to drop out of college, move to L.A. and try to network and build alliances within the Hollywood elite. Anything could happen, but it ain't happening in Eugene, OR.

I was delusional and narcissistic with a toxic messiah complex. I wreaked of spiritual disease, I was repulsive, disordered, barely able to function. I wasn't sexy, I wasn't fit, I wasn't mentally or physically healthy. But somehow I thought I'd be able to dust myself off and ascend to the high status of a powerful warrior knight with a rich princess benefactor.

So about this cougar bar, it had been over 10 years since that diseased cynical conniving green anarchist mind of mine had surmised that I'd come to L.A. to be a gigolo. Luckily shortly after moving to Long Beach and surviving the faked pregnancy, I was recruited to play in a prominent punk band, a fellow member of which would become one of my best friends. The busy life of a musician meant getting day jobs and focusing on recording, playing out, touring, etc. The revolution was sublimated from actually fighting it, to creating the soundtrack for it. For this I wouldn't need a benefactor, so the idea faded in my mind. Had this not occurred, I would have tried to infiltrate the cougar underground with my sharp wit in effort to bank roll the revolution. At that time my idea of revolution was kind of naïve at best and absurd at worst. It was romanticized fantasy of earlier similar far off historical contexts. The modern police state reality was no place for a violent revolution. J-walking at a protest could get you 25 to life in this country. Part of the reason I escaped the northwest, and in fact the main reason I booked that U.S. tour was to not be trapped in the coming Green Scare.

I had always been an above ground activist, engaging in advocacy for civil and ecological rights and justice. There was some macho insurrectionary posturing, but I was smart enough to know that once you stick your big head out there in the above ground sphere, whatever bad-ass ninja night warrior shit you might daydream about

can never come to pass, lest you risk being made an example of in the grand jury driven court system. None of that for me, I would refine my tactics and take a more elegant approach. Violent revolution is not the answer, I was more sold on the guerrilla marketing that would foment an archaic revival where coercion isn't necessary at any level because quite simply we eat better, love better, make better art, provide better education, make better use of the land, prevent, heal, and cure illnesses and injuries better. In short we put the dominant paradigm out of business by ecological design. A sustainable revolution with a revolution in sustainability.

My revolutionary praxis changed, but the need to finance it didn't. I just believed that one day my music career would be successful enough that I could finance the initiatives that I wanted out of pocket, and I'd have a global army of fans to help execute to a plan. I could employ them to design and build autonomous eco-villages, and they could be working to the rhythm of live music. I had thought to myself for years already, the punks claim to want revolution but most are too drunk and ineffectual to accomplish much of anything. There are totally accomplished warriors among us, but they're few and far between. Conversely metal heads, now most of them are skilled crafts men, hence the construction worker stereotype. They have expendable income for all those high priced club concerts and even higher priced bar tabs. They're dressed for the part. Why not start a band that seeks to deliver them from the cartoon fantasy of devil worship, and give them a sense of duty, purpose and honor as earth stewards, earth defenders, warriors of the garden, reforesters of the wasteland! Epic!

This didn't happen. That's a long story that I'll spare you. What did happen is that after 10 years of climbing the

music industry latter. I had that tantradelic spiritual emergency and subsequently followed guidance from the mushroom to jump ship in search of shamanic healing.

So when my dream of financial success through a rise up the metal charts died, I was lost. Maybe it was time to find a cougar after all. One of my old bosses, a dear friend, heard me rattle off the cuff the phrase, “Green Cougar Sugar Mama” once and without skipping a beat said, “I’m buying the domain right now!” Man, that guy was a riot.

But yes why not aspire to access all of this stale wealth that’s caught up in high society rugs and paintings. Mustn’t there be some horny aging 60s era millionairess who’d take a liking to a smart young buck like me?

After all my humbling life lessons, I no longer wanted to perpetuate the prostitute archetype in my life. I really wanted true, appropriate, balanced, healing love. Not manipulative, false, or half love. I have a big heart and I can love infinitely, but I craved a core true love partner who would be fighting back to back and loving front to front in a shadowless, glorious, divinely ordained manner. I didn’t want to shack up with a sugar momma, satisfy her, but be deeply yearning for a better match to my age and soul purpose. At the same time though cougars aren’t necessarily naïve about this. Some of them may be getting their hearts broken over and over in serial monogamy with young guys who shack up for awhile, eagerly please but then move on, but it seems that many must understand this pattern and more realistically just revel in the younger male sexual energy and not expect too much in terms of life long commitment.

Again, I was too destroyed to have much “game” left in me. I just wanted healing love. I’d made it to my 30s, my revolutionary idealism had gotten more realistic and I’d be happy just to have a my own back yard or back acre food forest garden where I could make sweet love to my beloved and fish in my own pond. But when my boss, who’s dj name was the Witch Doctor mind you, told me he djed and did security at a legitimate cougar bar, something snapped inside me.

As an anthropologist I gotta check this place out at least once. Who knows, I could win the jackpot. Maybe I could find a rich benefactoress who would feast upon my sexual energy but would leave scraps for me to share freely with whomever I so chose. Maybe I could find one who would like to know about or even see me share love with a woman of my choice. Anything is possible. So went. I danced. I got hit on. And I wasn’t feeling it. There was something so smarmy about the whole thing. The music (it wasn’t my bosses dj night though) was lovely yet kind of like 80s easy listening chart toppers, the rectilinear architecture, the stage lights, the clientele were lovable yet just completely straight out of a daytime soap opera, it was so L.A. So not spiritual, so not aesthetically engaging. I blessed them all and left after about an hour. I couldn’t take it anymore. If that was the fight, I didn’t have any fight left in me for this kind of selling out.

I lamented aloud on the way home. O Goddess, where’s my sacred temple do dance in, and where is my beloved, if I am the dancing Shiva, where’s my Shakti?

At that time I didn’t know the names of any of the Hindu goddesses. In neo-tantra training, apparently they’ve dropped the whole traditional initiation through a guru whereby you choose a goddess to devote your tantric

practice to. So when I cried out where is my shakti, It was in reference to the divine feminine force without a name. Arguably without a goddess of devotion, I had not yet ever practiced tantra at all.

So I went home, crestfallen, no I don't have what it takes to be a gigalo, and even if I did, the music a the cougar club is so bad, and the architecture, and the stage, and the women hitting on me and purring at me, I just don't want to do it. I want something real, truthful, pure, honest, divine. O Goddess where is my Shakti?

I ate my magic mushroom chocolate, and went back to the drawing board for a while waiting for the trip to begin. I fired up my computer and started searching the dating sites again for potential suitors. But something possessed me to up my age range. I had it capped at 35, but after going to the cougar bar, I said fuck it, you know what, Harold and Maude status, I'm going to up the age limit to the max and let the divine guide my dating options for a while. That old lady was so sweet and nice tonight, the one that wanted to eat me alive. I gotta show some love to the horny elders and be open to that energy.

Then something happened. Within a few minutes I found her, and she was only a few years older than me. I would have never ever ever in a million years have found her if it wasn't for my witch doctor cougar bar security guard boss inviting me to his joint. Just simply going to that place provided the synchronistic impetus to up my search criteria age range so that this woman, who had been accessible all along but was hidden by my search criteria just inches away on the screen, could be introduced to my life.

There she was, that little glowing pic on the screen, those profile sections all filled out. She was an Indian Hindu goddess worshiping, singer, dancer, poet, feminist, healer, like no other. I smiled and crossed every part of my body in hopes that I'd get a favorable response to this introductory email:

"Hello beautiful Goddess!

So nice to see you here, what a breath of fresh air, my prayers to Shakti have been for her to appear in my life to help me study the sacred arts of sensual dance.

While she wants so deeply to enter all of us, so many are so closed off, men and women. It's so rare to find self-identified Goddesses in this world.

I bow to you now, and hope to one day bow to you on the dance floor.

I'm so saddened by the lack of consciousness around me, I'd be happy to offer to pay you as a teacher and allow me to channel Shiva to the highest level in dancing union with Shakti...

Below I've included a poem I wrote that expresses my souls purpose and heart's desires:

In devotion,
-Ben"

She replied, "Loved your poem! Just finished reading it!

Your soulfulness and authenticity as well as your intense passion are beautiful...

But I have a feeling you have a lot to teach as well, we can always do trades....

Sometimes, just meeting someone who can see our soul, is a gift in itself, isn't it?...

She sent me a powerful poem that I don't have permission to share but it was extremely soulful and devotional. To this I replied:

Last night I read your poem and trance danced for an hour evoking the divine within, never before had such fire consumed me, I was flooded with powerful energy and sacred warrior spirit entities gathered around me and danced into my minds eye. My own weaknesses, fears, and doubts were burned off and for once I could clearly see the beautiful righteous rage of the gods and goddesses who seek human vessels to align with their will for the healing of earth and the end of patriarchy. I saw you and me teleporting all over the world, dancing in the middle of war zones, in brothels, in refugee camps, creating a vortex of transpersonal love that seduces all into surrendering the illusion of dominance, and making us all play like children in a field of pure bliss. In dance, we can not be harmed and we can do no harm. Not a negative thought, word, or deed can survive in the fire of sacred dance.

I had a vision of us creating a sort of spiritual "drive through car wash" wherein we dance each other into divinity and in a state of healing grace, one by one, people enter the field, we crack the shells of personalities and

liberate the essence that we then pass back and forth, massage, and deify. Like a sacred dance carnival ride, step right up, experience the bliss of the divine within!

I can't say if or when these may come true, or if it will even be us who manifest them, but just the inspiration of seeing your dance videos made these visions come. I'm forever seeking insights of how to apply sacred dance to world peace and mass higher chakra activation. The transformational festival culture is creating sacred space for high consciousness gatherings, and training spiritual warriors for peace. I feel the next phases will be the strategic application of the sacred union dance into the belly of the beast. Cultivated in our sacred spaces, then marched out and deployed into the profane spaces. Sacred dance flash mobs!

Love and bliss so compelling, it can stop the matrix in its tracks and one by one, peel the wounded victims of patriarchy back into the mother in a sonic liquid of pure right action

I'm no master, I'm no saint, I'm just striving to live in grace and harmlessness. I'm a feeble broken male ego who discovered how to dance into the light and wants only to be guided to share it and circulate it in a state of total devotion. Okay, enough words from me, be well Your Highness!

She responded positively and our chapter quickly began. We would start spending time together having delicious home made Indian food picnics on the beach, the park, or the lawn. The first time I saw her I felt a sense of deep soul connection, that we were not meeting for the first time in the history of our past lives. We both felt at ease and were able to open and share freely. We held

space to vent about patriarchy and how it had wounded us on deep levels unseen by modern science, and masked by the egotistical, materialist, superficial modern cultures. Her background as traditional Hindu yoga instructor made her sense of the chakras immeasurably more sincere than all the westerners that go through the motions thinking of the colored subtle energy wheels and their 72,000 nadis or energetic connection pathways as an imagined map.

When I shared my story of having destroyed a nest of chakra parasites in a tantric dance ritual. She gasped, she got it, she said that was the first time she'd imagined it in that way. The idea of shadow material stealing your energy and putting a toxic load on your multi-dimensional bio-energetic field had not yet been imagined by her cognitively as parasitic organisms. Demons, of course, because as everyone says and knows, "we all have our inner demons". But its mostly taken for granted that demons aren't really real. That's just an anthropomorphic projection on phantasmic psychic activity that feels evil because it's negatively charged. We atheististically assume it can be explained by physics, not biology.

No she got it, the way I did, and she was moved. I told her everything, that I have been developing my shamanic abilities and dance is the core of it. I've been traveling deeper and deeper in ecstatic trance dance altered states, yet I've had no suitable partners, who are matched in my intensity. Sure I can dance with lovers, friends, shroomin' or rollin' strangers at raves that like to twirl my hair and stroke me as I dance. But I've needed the real thing, I real shamaness for whom dance is a spiritual practice if not profession.

For her it was both, and it was medicine. I didn't know it at first but I would soon discover, she was to bring

many of the tantric scriptures I'd studied to life. She was a modern descendant of the ancient wisdom tradition. This is what they mean when they talk about how neo-tantra lacks guru initiation. I become her initiate through a magical process that neither of us could have predicted.

So after many lovely visits where we bonded and blessed each other in many friendly ways, It was time to take it to the next level, and not at all as a gutter-minded typical westerner would imagine. We were to have chakral intercourse at a vibrational frequency of love many orders of magnitude above that of typical genital fucking.

I booked an hour at a band rehearsal studio, plugged my MP3 player into the P.A., and the journey begin. This would be similar to the shamanic goddess worship sessions but modified in that she was asked to dance freely. As normal I danced around her and "closed the gap" with auric sweeping, light brushing, massage, and eventual full embrace and hip locked shaktification. She was a living breathing dancing shakti conduit already so I wouldn't need to be activating it, or clearing out a lot of stagnant plaque to get to it. We'd be able to truly close a shiva/shakti circuit and let the sparks fly, which they did.

The moment I engaged her in full embrace, I lay my head on her chest, my arms enveloped her pelvis, and on my knees I worshiped her second chakra with my forth. In other words, my heart pressed against her yoni, in a sensual not necessary erotic manner, and we both felt a powerful surge. I thought we were going to ignite the atmosphere. She was going wild, I'd never seen anything like it. She was a professional Bollywood dancer and instructor, I'd never seen one up close. She was beyond matching my intensity, she moved like a tornado. I was

holding on for dear life, but bringing in super human strength to withstand her ravaging mania.

Moments after the peak, the studio manager opened the door to give us an unexpected 15 minute warning, we were snapped out of the trance and let go of each other slowly to follow our own dance patterns again. As we separated her eyes were closed and something undeniably supernatural occurred. Well more accurately, it would be better described as transnatural, it was not above nature, just beyond the limited slice of reality we normally perceive with the five senses.

In a word, she became possessed. I'd never seen anything like it before, I always thought the Christians were faking it but perhaps not. This was more than what met the eye, she channeled someone or some thing more than a mere mortal. Clearly not demonic, as it would not have been able to survive in shakti field, not angelic because it was not sweet and gentle, no this was shockingly beastial, it was the Goddess Kali.

I recognized her immediately and it all started to make sense going back to our earliest communications. The day after I found her, I started watching more of her dancing videos. One after another I watched in astonishment. When I got to the one where she looked like a dark princess from another dimension, all covered in mystical regalia, belly exposed, breasts held in what looked like an armored top, ornate adornments on her arms and legs, I started to feel an archetypal DC comics kind of fanboydom. She's a bad ass, a true traditional warrior goddess! I almost fell out of my chair with the urge to kneel and bow to her. No wonder it wasn't working out with all of those valley girls, kinksters, punks, metalers, hipsters, hippies, etc. Bless them all, but she had more

magic, wisdom, and medicine than all whom I'd ever known combined. She represented an unbroken lineage of connection to the tantric golden age of goddess worship. She wasn't making it up, she was made of it.

Now that we'd tested our dance chemistry, it was time for our first band meeting to discuss our potential co-creative synergy as recording and performing artists.

We went to the beach for the sunset with a drum and bass guitar and I played her OMG, then explained the Three Fs: Fighting, Fucking, and Feeding. This was a short hand way of describing a vision for a traveling performance act that would demonstrate to people through dance and stage props, how to defend themselves, how to practice sacred sexuality, and how to plant a food forest. She'd run big stage productions so didn't flinch.

She was on board with everything though of course, she had her own passions, higher purposes, etc. to fulfill so it was on me to make a business opportunity out of it. In other words, she'd love to be involved professionally, but there wouldn't be a mutual sweat equity investment in the dream.

I was just happy to have her encouragement and validation for the concept.

Later I went back to my bamboo hut and watched her Kali Worship dance routine video and my life would be forever changed. Beyond my aroused gaze, and mystical heroine worship, I would be moved to research the Goddess. Like many non-Hindus, I had always avoided serious understanding of their pantheon. I didn't have the interest in or attention span for it. I had already lumped all world religions into the heap of toxic patriarchal waste from

age of 12 as I got into punk rock. I knew that modern India has some of the most extreme forms of violence against women, and they're extremely conservative and sexist in many ways, that the mainstream orthodox represses and denies the 1,500 plus year integral role of tantra in their multi-ethnic and cultural heritage. Gandhi advocated the destruction of the remaining ancient goddess temples (the few that hadn't already been destroyed by Christian and Muslim invaders) Publicly goddesses may be paid lip service to, begged for boons, and idol worshiped at the male-dominated temples, but privately, culturally sanctioned misogynistic domestic violence at home had become the norm from the accounts I've heard. I wasn't particularly interested in becoming a Hindu scholar to learn about their Gods and Goddesses. Again, a short-coming of neo-tantra, it's been divorced of the obligation to train in devotion to a female guru and a female deity.

Well now I had a reason to investigate further. So I put "Kali" in a search engine and the Wikipedia came up. All that anthro training gave me not a detached skepticism, but rather a deepened curiosity to understand what universal truths the architects of the mythology were trying to symbolize both iconographically and via narrative. What are the actionable lessons to be derived from this goddess archetype that defies all patriarchal constructs of the demure, subservient, lessor sex, who has no value as a combatant, let alone military leader.

The fierce goddess in her timeless glory standing atop Shiva, sword held high above, severed demon head dripping blood into a bowl, tongue outstretched, bloody fangs, loose long hair, naked, wearing only a neckless of severed demon heads, and a skirt of severed arms, a bloody battle field in the background, total apocalyptic Armageddon, but with a female deity bringing down the

sword on evil men. Divine Mother, Creatrix of the Cosmos, Destroyer of the Cosmos….so far so good, what's this? "Demon Slayer and Protector of Children!"

This is my kind of Goddess, culturally sanctioned to castrate sex offenders?! I read her quite contested but generally agreed upon origin story. Mythologically speaking she was created by Goddess Durga to slay the darkest of darkest demons, particularly one nasty customer who had bested all the other warrior gods and goddesses, and who allegedly could clone himself with each drop of blood he shed from the wounds inflicted by his opponents. So Kali, the fierce, beastial, predatory demon slayer, was created to not just slay the bastard, but to lap up all of the drops of blood before they could grow into new demonic soldiers. Her fury was so wild that she might have prematurely destroyed the whole cosmos, so Shiva, her husband, was sent to snap her out of her frenzy by playing dead in front of her. The love of her husband and the masculine, grounding, stabilizing consciousness that would provide, is what becalmed her.

That's a crude distillation of many often conflicting stories spanning many regions, languages, times, and degrees of patriarchal denial of the more serious implications. I would find out later that originally she was not just standing on top of Shiva, in fact she was fucking his brains out. Riding his cock, amidst her demon slaying frenzy. I normally don't speak in such a crude manner about sacred union, but if you take a look you'll see, quite clearly she's fucking his brains out, she's sexually dominating him, and loving it. He's blissed the fuck out, receiving her shakti in her most empowered and blood thirsty state, in the glory of conquest over evil. Of course the map is not the terrain, the menu is not the meal. Like all mythologies, religious texts, oral traditions, they are

ever-hacked memes that are skewed, distorted, revivified, as appropriated as needed across cultural space and time. The “telephone game” of cultural history has treated this hot potato of a goddess with more revisionism than Christ herself!

The go-to scholarly study on the convoluted matter is the academic anthology of Kali research entitled “Encountering Kali: at the Margins, in the Center, and in the West”. After reading this I got the gist. This hot potato was more like a hot coal shoved down the throat of the patriarchal dominant Hindu paradigm of the early second millennium. An unforgettable, irreducible, middle finger to the man. All who would seek to deny the primal sexual power of the feminine would be destroyed by her fury, period. The idea that she was is a mother goddess is a very recent and localized appendage to her raw designed form. While perhaps a post-tantric attempt to minimize the ferocity of her wrath, I can embrace the archetype insofar as it upgrades the source code to convey an urgent need to protect children from demonic sexual abuse.

This was a big deal, how in all my years of being an ally to militant feminist women had I never seen this deity be made into a mascot for the revolution? Just about every other imaginable form of cultural appropriation had been normalized, from mohawks to mantras. Apparently Marx had succeeded in abolishing mysticism in the revolutionary left. And the Om Shanti crystal worshiping hippies were too busy being stoned and dancing at the drum circle to take up arms and revolt.

Well not me, I’m ready to pound the war drums and go on the war path. What strikes me about the image is that it triggers an instinctual feminine power that we expect to encounter when we haphazardly come near a young

raccoon or bear cub: the wrath of the wild mother. No perp would dare attempt to rape a woman who was trained to invoke and be possessed by this deity, nor would they dare rape her children. When was the last time in modern western culture that the wrath of woman was taken seriously? It's been crushed and ridiculed leaving only the smug warning to keep your distance when she's on the rag. Well perhaps that's useful bread crumb to what this ancient mythology is pointing to, male humility, male surrender, male submission, justified fear of the uncontrollable, untamable, wild, liberated, righteous rage of the divine feminine possessing the flesh of the human woman. I suppose they could have just carved statues of momma bears, bearing their teeth and claws, but they didn't. No they weren't abashed about getting on their knees and bowing to her fearsome, dark, beautifully horrifying true nature. They were after all, heros, tantrics, bravely confronting their own demons, and invoking the goddess and engaging in ritualized sexual union with her in multiple dimensions of reality visible only to the initiated and third eye dialated. But you know all those freaky ancient people, sleeping with Gods and Goddesses like there was no tomorrow.

I wouldn't be sold on any attempt to tame the goddess' fierce and sexual nature. I put my epistemological detective hat on and began to research. It turns out, just as I suspected, Goddess Kali has been a revolutionary mascot throughout the political history of south Asia, from Sri Lankan insurgents to militant rebels fighting British colonial rule. Yes, she is irrepressible, empowering, and to this day at Kali temples throughout the diasporic world, she is ritually invoked in weekly public spiritual healing services and annual pujas that draw many thousand devotees.

What I saw my dear dance partner do, was not an act, nor an anomaly, in fact it is quite the norm. Sing her devotional Sanskrit praises, open your chakral valves, and she'll possess you, male or female, young or old, Hindu or non-Hindu, she is a force of nature, a renewable public resource. Invocation is an open source technology and maintainers of the ritual code are the priestesses and priests who are preserving a relationship to a deity that was established by psychedelic tantric sex cults.

What did all of this matter to my little life, my little healing journey, my little quest for justice and salvation? Well, my shamanic healing was only partially complete at that point. I had my heart chakra douched out thoroughly in that epic Aya ceremony. But my second chakra, the one most diabolically violated and infected was still festering. In fact, since the Aya ceremony, I had developed an extra sensory perception. I was able to tactilely feel the phenomenological fact that demonic parasites were biting, scratching, nesting, defecating, and generally defouling not just my elusive chakra, but my actual genitalia. I reasoned that by being doctored in that ceremony but only above the waist, a general rupturing of the dimensional boundaries occurred and formerly imperceptibly deep nested demons were forced closer to the surface. Whereas I could not feel their activities before, now I felt under siege. The expression ants in your pants comes to mind. With single minded focus I had dropped everything in my life, this was a crisis, a spiritual emergency, with surface level manifestations that defied medical explanation. No rational scientist would believe that meta-visible demonic parasites were as frantic as a disturbed wasp nest down there.

Who could I talk to or tell about this? Who would possibly believe me and not try to have me committed? Who else but the demon slaying Goddess Kali? If your

house was infested with termites would you not call the local exterminator? Well she came to me in my time of need as a non-local exterminator, a transdimensional exterminator, licensed and bonded, ever present and on call. You just had to know how to make a service call and she wasn't in the phone book.

She found me, I didn't find her. I believe that she had been taking a liking to me. In fact a clairvoyant Kali worshiper I met told me that she was in dialog with her since tending a Kali temple in India, she said, "Kali likes you." I was honored. I began to feel that what was happening was an authentic divine intervention. My tantric teachers who I had been seeking answers from advised that I not be afraid, that I go with the flow, and know that everything that's happening both to and for me are happening because I'm ready.

What did my dear dancing partner think of all this? She wasn't surprised, she lived and breathed Kali worship, she was a true devotee. My neo-phytic epiphanies were to be expected. As is suggested in all of her temples, bow before her, worship her, live righteously (psychedelics and homosexuality permitted and encouraged of course), and be healed, be blessed, have your prayers answered.

Many Christian converts have parallel narratives: I was hitting bottom, the holy ghost appeared to me in a way that was paranormal, personally relevant, revelatory, and miraculously healing.

Having not yet been healed, but just beginning to develop a rapport with her, I began to design the context to invoke her for the targeted second chakra healing that I desperately needed. I needed a fearsome demon slaying warrior goddess to liberate me, I needed deliverance in the

form of sexual exorcism. Holy water, crucifixes, and Catholic exorcism was not what the doctor ordered. I was to be saved by her.

Like a good amateur scientist, I knew that if all of this stuff is real, the demons, the demon slayer, the potential to invoke her as a possessor, I had to design guerrilla laboratory conditions to study the effects and publish the results.

Luckily my initiator, my guru, my semi-romantic dancing partner was willing to participate whole-heartedly. I cared for her, I loved her, I saw to her needs, I worshiped her, I did my best to serve her. She reciprocated by sharing herself almost completely with me in this healing journey.

She trusted my intuition about how exactly we should proceed in a scientifically and medically respectable manner. I asked why she was so willing to give so much. She explained in tears that she knows it's her soul's purpose to serve Kali and to help heal me with her powers, that her heart ached knowing what was done to me, and she wished she could have been there to protect me from all the demonic sexual abuse.

At one point when I was giving her an intense massage, she burst into tears, "I love you, she wept, "Because you are love and I am love." Demons had wrought havoc on her, I was helping her fight back, we were sharing healing love however we could.

Over the course of several months I did all I could for her and she did all she could for me. The path forward was only illuminated one step at a time but ultimately a treatment plan was mutually developed. We would

essentially attempt to act out the ancient tantric ritual as encoded in the true, uncensored original depiction; and we would endeavor to capture publishable data in the process. The hypothesis was that Goddess Kali is more than a story, an icon, a mythological figure, she is a force of nature that when channeled into a human vessel, is capable of medically measurable healing. Exactly how we did not know. But everything leading up this point indicated to me that to be sexually healed, I need more than a glorified “rub and tug” from the most affordable neo-tantrika escort. I needed a more traditional, authentic, ceremonial form of shamanic sexual healing, one with teeth so to speak.

A violent confrontation with the sexual demons that raped their way into my second chakra and were violating me ongoing yet undetected for 20 years, may not be a typical candles, incense, flowing drapery, and exotic music kind of healing session. We had to prepare for a tornado. I knew that we could not be alone, I may need to be restrained, my neck stabilized, we’d need nurses. Sexual exorcism is not a day at the beach and it’s not a make-believe kinky fetish play scene either. The medical ritual I designed was not to please my fancy, it was to take every imaginal precaution knowing we’d have no idea what might happen.

If I had the budget I’d rent NASA headquarters for a weekend and put their staff on payroll to assist with and document this event. Of course with no budget, we’d have to get creative and work with a skeleton crew. Guerrilla sexorcism it had to be, no goddess temple, no gauntlet of dakinis acting as doulas for me to deliver Rosemary’s Baby. The modest design I came up with given budgetary constraints was as follows:

● Each take a mid range dose of mushroom chocolate

● Repeat the Shiva/Shakti trance dance we had done at the rehearsal studio

● When sufficiently shaktified, lay me down to be massaged, prayed over, then sexually mounted

● Hope that Kali arrives to possess the mounter

● Have a trusted assistant hold my head in proper cervical spine alignment with her knees while holding my arms up and back

● Hope that the shakti field would be strong enough to incinerate the evacuating demons

● Live happily ever after

She didn't flinch when I laid it all out. She gave informed consent to this design. As with any experiment, a graduated approach is necessary. Just because you have an agenda to discover or prove something doesn't mean you brazenly jump to the maximum parameters. You slowly work your way up to the safe limits and course correct along the way.

I was not stranger to clinical trials, over the course of many years I partook in a number of studies to finance my bohemian lifestyle. My nocturnal artistic endeavors and my debilitated left brain made it near impossible to perform satisfactorily as an employee in the nine to five, work-a-day world. Not to mention, I'm a virgo, I'm unemployable. Don't take my word for it, read it in the news: "China job ads

discriminate against Scorpio and Virgo: Chinese managers have placed job advertisements that tell people born under certain zodiac signs not to apply." Yes that was a headlining news story! So my prostitution to big pharma as a lab rat can be excused astrologically.

Truthfully no matter how much I want to absolve myself of the guilt of taking their blood money, well to be exact it was my blood money, vile after vile of blood money, and piss money while we're at it, I can't justify it. I grew many gardens with the blood and piss money. I financed many a psychedelic shamanic ritual. I boycotted the rat race, commuter traffic, business suits, cubicles, office politics, etc. and found a shortcut to economic survival. Never mind risking life, limb, and sanity. I always chose the lower risk studies anyway. I passed on the spinal taps, though the almost doubled payout made it tempting.

I still behold some cherished memories, like when the hot nurses would flirt with me while taking my blood. There were other perks, like the professional Vietnamese massage vouchers, the veggie menu options, and the strange serenity that you feel being in those mechanical beds. Every time I'd get admitted whether it was for a few days or a few weeks, the deepest calm and relaxation set over me. Of course I'd much rather be on a psychedelic shamanic vacation in the Amazon than be pimped by drug companies. Few people enjoy going to the hospital, unless they have a nurse fetish. But seriously it was a kind of like dying and going to heaven on a remote space station. It's so otherworldly. I loved that there were nurses, staff, technicians, awake and rotating shifts 24/7. I actually felt safer while being dosed with potentially lethal experimental drugs than anywhere else. I could just lay in limbo, let them dose me, take my piss and blood and return to the cruel

world a few thousand dollars richer. Please don't take that as endorsement or encouragement of this life hack. Any normal personal would be mortified by the experience.

I think the reason why I was such a sucker for it, besides being a virgo is that one time when I was on the street at age 13 I was hospitalized. One of my "double date" hustler friends did a back-alley eyebrow piercing on me that got infected. The local youth drop in center freaked out when I walked in all swollen like Rocky. Luckily they had taxi vouchers and contracts with the general hospital. I was admitted and spent about a week off the street, and for the first time in months, separated from my one or more daily intravenous hits of meth.

It was a brief window of clarity. I was on an anti-biotic IV, just laying their watching movies, resting, and writing in a journal. I was at the peak of my revolutionary idealism. I believed that with more education and training the punks would rise up and liberate humanity and the earth. I was not cynical, jaded, burnt out, even though I was emaciated, malnourished, pasty white, and chronically on the edge of psychosis and death, I believed that I would rise above the street life, escape to the woods and establish a warrior training temple. I wrote to myself in my journal: you must escape the street life, get off the meth, regain your strength and train to be a warrior, you're no threat like this, the street is killing you, just like they want it, you have to get clean and rise into your power…Finding myself, my highest truest self high up in that San Francisco hospital room gave me great comfort and hope. 20 years later, not quite the warrior of my dreams, still effectively a prostitute, and not much better off in many ways, I reached back to my inner 13 year old and reconnected with that sense of pause in the hospital.

Back to the point, the medical studies had been an on and off thing for 10 years while living in L.A. I knew the drill cold, stop smoking pot a couple weeks before admit date, stop smoking cigarettes a few days before, drink tons of water and cranberry juice, bring lots of laptop work to do, resist the urge to masturbate if you get stuck with a roommate. Seriously though I did thoroughly read each page of the thick consent packets. I got a good dose of medical legalese, saw the protocols be acted out by the investigators, the doctors, and nurses.

While I had no respect for the toxic poison drugs they were pushing into the pharmacies, I did learn a lot about study protocol and procedure. They didn't care about us per se, but they were experts in covering their asses.

For me to be conducting rogue, guerrilla psychedelic sexual exorcisms with tantrikas invoking Hindu goddesses, I'd be hard pressed to find a legal firm, insurance company, and government agency to legitimize the research.

I guess we were in effect, back alley shamans lacking the necessary paradigm shifts to make this work both legally sanctioned and medically standardized.

Well innovation waits for no legislation. The show must go on, I gotta do something about these demonic ants in my pants and I'm not about to numb out on Prozac.

So I did my best to design the experiment according to the Nuremburg Code:

1. Required is the voluntary, well-informed, understanding consent of the human subject in a full legal capacity.

2. The experiment should aim at positive results for society that cannot be procured in some other way.

3. It should be based on previous knowledge (e.g., an expectation derived from animal experiments) that justifies the experiment.

4. The experiment should be set up in a way that avoids unnecessary physical and mental suffering and injuries.

5. It should not be conducted when there is any reason to believe that it implies a risk of death or disabling injury.

6. The risks of the experiment should be in proportion to (that is, not exceed) the expected humanitarian benefits.

7. Preparations and facilities must be provided that adequately protect the subjects against the experiment's risks.

8. The staff who conduct or take part in the experiment must be fully trained and scientifically qualified.

9. The human subjects must be free to immediately quit the experiment at any point when they feel physically or mentally unable to go on.

10. Likewise, the medical staff must stop the experiment at any point when they observe that continuation would be dangerous.

I could elaborate on each point but the most important thing to note is that I thoroughly analyzed the potential risks, like any Virgo would, and designed the

experiment accordingly to have a series of phases building up to the ultimate ritual.

As stated above there were months of incremental preliminary screenings, dry runs, expert consultations, etc. to mitigate the following risks to her and/or myself:

1. Known STI transmission

2. Cross contamination of unknown STIs (sexual demons aka transdimensional chakral parasites)

3. Whiplash

4. Spinal Injury

5. Minor injuries from convulsions

6. Adverse physical reaction to psilocybin

7. Kundalini Syndrome

8. Other adverse psychological after effects

In the same order listed above the risk mitigation measures were planned as follows:

1. Full STI screening and use of the pelvic condom

2. Extensive shaktification of the operating room to inhibit transferability

3. Head restraint by nurse

4. Arm restraint by nurse and straps

5. Leg restraint by straps

6. Micro dose preceding the procedure which would only use half a normal recreational dose

7. Extensive warm-up dancing to ensure kundalini spikes and surges flow smoothly without obstruction

8. Pranic Psychotherapeutic procedures before and after

“Still awake?” I asked while re-adjusting slightly.

“I’ve never felt so awake. I’m really feeling the shrooms, it feels like I’ve been right there with you two this whole time, I can almost feel her inside me.” She replied with astonishment.

“I’ve felt her inside you too, and not the lowercase “her”, but the uppercase, “Her”.

“Now I’m starting to really know what is going on, I’m mean really know.”

“Shall I go on.”

“Yes, please.”

Mushy Dark Chocolate Love

She had never journeyed with the mushroom before, yet she felt called to it. We did some intellectual prepping so she'd have a sense of how women shaman had been reclaiming lost powers by uniting with the mushroom spirit allies. When she was ready to be introduced to the medicine, I was to be her initiator, which was a great honor.

The set and setting was humble, but perfect. In my backyard food forest bamboo hut we built a soft and warm nest. I asked if she'd be okay with our shedding our clothes down to our underwear so that we could have non-genitally focused sensual energy exchange through maximized skin surface area contact. She agreed with assurance that she trusted me. She set her laptop to play transcendent mystical world music to accompany the journey.

We took about a ¼ of the normal recreational dose. At this level, warm loving feelings, enhanced pleasure sensation, mild visual pattern overlays, and subtle communion with divine spirits is to be expected. The main goal was to make sure she didn't have any negative reactions such as nausea or acute emotional disturbance. While I'd normally consider it a best practice not to mix physical intimacy with administering the medicine for the first time to someone, our rapport had grown so deep and powerful, it felt natural and right. We weren't a couple per se, but we were sensual and semi-erotic healing partners. She welcomed my energy and appreciated my loving devotion to her on every level.

I held her, rubbed her, massaged her, breathed love all over her, softly rocked and vibrated her. We both rose into ancient, timeless, perfect bliss. The medicine made every intimate sensation stretch across infinite

dimensions of time and space. She called me her sweet boy and loved that the medicine dissolved my virgo shell, and from a state of pure essence, a playful innocence was able to brightly shine through the tortured mind and soul she had gotten to know at the personality level.

As I nestled my head on her shoulder and looked up at her devi-like face I felt for the first time in my life, a sense of pure timelessness, as if we were ascended masters, immortal, above the petty material world. I never wanted to come down, together we made a complete circuit. In that space of utter contentment, nothing was missing, nothing was lacking, at least for me. I was a happy camper. She seemed to be as well. None of our traumas had any power over us in this state, pure sublime sensual psychedelic bliss, the way life was meant to be.

She had no adverse reactions to the medicine and she reported not feeling taken too far out, but that she was glad to receive “a little heart chakra healing”, and she, “loved that it was in dark chocolate”. If you could hear the accent on this woman, every syllable made your knees give out. “A little heart chakra healing”? Mission accomplished, as a magic mushionary, I’d succeed in spreading the gospel or better stated: “goddess spell”.

Unmedicated Dry Run

In order to rehearse the procedure we did a dry run. This is where she performed a cannabis aided non-sexual healing ceremony exemplifying her unique interdisciplinary therapeutic style. She was a trained therapist, with many complimentary modalities under her belt.

She took me on a guided meditation journey while doing a sensual full body massage. Her intention was to guide me into the trauma with the help of spirit guides. She walked my imagination into a deep forest, where I met my panda spirit animal, and a shamaness who would guarantee my safety while I encountered my sexually wounded inner child. She instructed me to embrace my child self and speak reassuringly to him that he is safe now and that those things would never happen again. Of course I began to whimper and melt into tears.

Subsequently she verbally designed a method of demonic disinfection. Invoking the power of a large tree, she said that the roots would be stirring open a funnel vortex down to the molten core of the Earth. She would then cast all of the dark soldiers of the demonic army that had colonized my soul down the funnel to be recycled into new clean energy by Mother Earth. I felt effects very subtly though it was mostly an imaginal exercise, however after a few minutes the purge physiological sequence began to activate. Just as in the Aya ceremony, my head whipped side to side, it wasn't violent, but it was autonomic. Kind of like when you down cough syrup, instinctual wincing and aversive head movement follows. I knew that this signified a dislodging. Her techniques were working, by facilitating directed love energy into my wounds, the offending demons were getting evicted. However this was aborted as she directed me to try to relax and not tense up, but just keep breathing.

The purge was gently aborted in that way. In general such a protocol would be advised. Muscular tension during most energy healings and meditations is contraindicated. However since I knew that this was the beginning of an autonomic purge, I knew intrinsically that this was the desired effect. This was what got aborted that

the first time during the unintended and unexpected chakra douche mishap months before. We backed off and closed down the session. Afterwards I let her know that for the main event, we'll want to welcome the contractions and let them do their thing, that it's not my resistance to relaxation, it's my chakral contractions that are working to eject the demons. So we course-corrected and she had a better sense of what to expect when the purge comes on. Of note is the fact that the purge came on with only a mild cannabis agent involved which opens the question, could targeted energy healing in deep cannabis states have similar potential for exorcismic efficacy?

Calling in the White Coats

While at any given Burning Man festival, Rainbow Gathering, or Venice beach flat, you can find dare devil couples dosing on ungoddessly amounts of mixed plant and synthetic psychoactive drugs. It's not like what I envisioned had never been done before in the history of sex and psychedelics. It was all the rage in the summer of love. The Doors keyboardist Ray Manzarek said himself, "When you have sex on LSD, holy hell, the beauty to the flesh, the beauty of the other person's flesh is just cosmic, infinite, infinite joy, and that's what we discovered, that sex was infinite joy."

I'd experienced that before despite the nested demons who always had to run and hide to avoid the divine love-light energy. This procedure would be different though, this would not just be psychedelic sex, it would be a sexorcism, involving exorgasm. We would just be

temporarily displacing the demons, we'd be tactically raiding their nests with a shoot to kill directive. We had to expect a fight. For all I knew it could be total carnage, in their frantic attempt to barricade themselves they may try to possess me into violence as you so often see in televised Christian exorcisms. They're not timid creatures, they don't excuse themselves politely. They're notoriously vile, vicious, and tenacious. They're happy to not be directly confronted and to sneak through low vibrational sexual activities. But when they're spotted like a suspect in a spot light, they're going to try to flea or fight for their life.

There were ethical and safety concerns that went beyond a typical psychedelic shamanic ceremony and a typical tantric sexual healing session. Combining these two very unpredictable modalities, then adding deity-possession to the mix, who could we look to for eldership and advisement. Of course no one could be expected to sign off, approve, or endorse such a potentially dangerous experiment. But in the spirit of harm reduction, I had to at least run it by someone qualified to have an opinion, someone who could point out blind spots, and possibly provide references to similar research.

So I did a quick search and found a suitable consultant. Again for the record, my payment for her advisement should not be construed as any kind of endorsement for the study design. Until we have ethics boards that are educated beyond the dark ages about sex and psychedelics, we have to be mavericks like my dear fellow psychonaut Jonathan Talat Philips who co-authored a seminal, (no pun intended) article on the subject in which he states, "the negative shadow receded and bright golden energy penetrated forward, calming and smoothing my auric field. We aligned our chakras, which instantly kicked up the heat, and following the guidance of the dancing

energy, a well of positive feelings built up…until a ball of white light launched up from my pelvis and into her heart, and then circulated back through my spine”

That was reassuring to read, that’s exactly the kind of experience I had in previous psilocybin and LSD assisted sexual experiences. Light displaces and/or dissolves dark. But what if you’re a former prostitute that was raped by demons repeated. When you’re a meth addict at 13, living on the street, you don’t think much about the long term consequences of your actions. I thought I was holding my own against the demonic realm, I fought them in epic battles, slayed them with violent dance, stared them down, and built defensive energetic shields. But meth is more powerful than any 13 year old spiritual warrior, you can’t defend yourself alone at that age. They were able to breach my perimeter. At times I could see and feel it, and would fight to expel them. At times I was attacked so viciously by possessed humans that I completely left the body and had no awareness of what was done. I can only imagine that the demons seized the opportunity to hack and dig as deep into my soul tissue as possible to borrow in like scabies. Scratching the surface only opens you up to further infection.

It was a past time of mine when spun out in hotel rooms and allies to use a torch lighter to chase down and kill body lice that had infested my crusty clothing. I would meticulously go through all the cavernous folds in the fabric, find a cluster of eggs and blast them. I’d see a scurrying adult and incinerate them into a tiny heap of ash.

Now it was time to evoke the powers of divine sexual love to go after the endoparasites, the demons that burrowed deep below the surface of my being. I needed help, I couldn’t do it alone. I needed a brave tantrika

heroine or ten to rescue me. I figured with no budget, two would be enough to get significant results.

My Kali invoking dance partner had not been shy about any of this up until a certain point in the conversation with the consultant. We had a conference call, as I felt in the spirit of informed consent, my partner must hear the analysis of the expert, and all of our concerns needed to be voiced and processed together. My heart was still heavy from having unintentionally induced a sexual exorcism with a partner who had no warning of what was happening. I could never let that happen again, there would have to be strict adherence to research protocols.

It turns out that my integrity to this standard was not excessive. A critical modification was made to the design based on this call. After I explained my history of prostitution and abuse, meth addiction, demonic realm combat, the whole story and explained that we would be attempting a psychedelic sexual exorcism. She acknowledged my depth of due diligence and study. She understood that it was a sub-optimal approach for many reasons, but a necessary experiment to see if a “poor mans” protocol could be successfully tested. I explained that ideally I’d go with what’s proven and precedented, rather than play with fire and risk dire consequences. The ideal treatment plan would have been for me to have been immediately sent to the Amazon once I was picked up off the street by law enforcement. I should not have been warehoused in junior psych-prison and forced on meds while being exposed to the infected energy fields of perpetrators. Do you think a victim wants to be living in a confined space with a bunch of perpetrators to experience puberty in a state of agonizing PTSD? Furthermore, after deep cleaning and healing in the Amazon, I should have been sent to spend the rest of my life to humbly heal and

finally become a warrior defender and gardening land steward at a permaculture goddess temple. There I would have had my sexual energy body repaired and maintained by trained dakinis. That would been the ideal 20 years ago. But the reality is that having to survive in the "real world" means masking symptoms, futilely attempting to bury festering trauma wounds, and only inflicting more damage on yourself and others in the absence of true deep healing.

Because my life was destroyed, I've been a fraction of my potential all along. The predictable irony is that when I finally crack and fall apart and am forced to see the grotesque infection I've been unknowingly nursing with my bleeding energy, of course I'm dead broke and cannot afford proper care which again would be months of consecutive Ayahuasca ceremonies in the Amazon, followed by regular tantric sexual healings at the hands and hearts of trained dakinis. Sounds like paradise right? Sounds luxurious and extravagant, something for the highly successful and elite of the new new age. Yeah, the ideal is unattainable by the masses, especially the broke and broken masses. So what's a good guerrilla hacker to do? Hack the technologies, open source them, and deliver them to the masses, but not before rigorous clinical trials.

I explained to the consultant, that I felt compelled to develop this experimental study design not only because my spiritual emergency had become debilitating as I was bleeding life force energy more rapidly than ever before, and now I could tactilely feel the demons feasting on my devastated sexual energy field. I was in crisis, and working my way up the corporate latter to be able to one day afford high society sexual shamanism was out of the question. I explained that since I had experienced numerous Aya ceremonies, that I have more than a layman's medical

grasp of the power of purging, and I stumbled upon the fact that mushrooms can induce the purge for a fraction of the cost, I had to innovate. The masses need a more accessible cure, not just to heal the victims, but to equally importantly to exorcize the perpetrators. Yes, a people's psychedelic sexual shamanic exorcism protocol had to be developed to gain any ground in the spiritual war against demonic sexual predators.

It wasn't just a kinky fetish fantasy for me. It was a matter of life and death for my body, of salvation for my soul, and possibly a revolutionary weapon to liberate the impoverished masses from the specter of sexual abuse. I wasn't lone wolfing this either. I did a lot of research, I joined male survivor groups and attended national conferences. I interviewed other male survivors and proposed research questions to experts in the field. Sadly the leaders in the male survivor recovery field seemed to lack any knowledge of psychedelic shamanism and tantra as potent time tested healing modalities. When I stood up and asked an expert panel if they'd encountered any of the research in these areas they glazed over. And in the support groups, I'd talk to male survivors who's stories were so heart breaking, and on top of the horrors of what they endured, they had virtually no solutions. One poor gentleman was so screwed up by the abuse, he'd been married for 6 years to his beloved wife, but had been unable to have any sexual contact with her. Another gentleman lamented that his own father, the one person in the world who should have provided the first and best sexual guidance had slept on the job, and he was victimized by a trusted relative with absolutely no instilled frame of reference about what these organs even are. I mean this reality has become a demonic nightmare. And to think that females are victimized at a much higher rate, this is literally hell on Earth. Tropical psychedelic tourist resorts

and island tantra retreats are great but, the medicine is not trickling down to the masses.

I met another fellow who became a dear friend. He heard my plea for research assistance that I made at the male survivor conference and while most glazed over, he stepped up to me and we became friends. He was deeply moved by my bold statements and questions. He knew there was a passion and sincerity speaking through me. Eventually as we talked more, he would be the first to corroborate my observations that being a survivor feels like you've been infested with parasites. For him to be able to disidentify from his symptoms, see them not as expressions of himself, but rather as offending alien entities, he was truly liberated to love himself, heal his troubled marriage, and have great compassion for himself. He could now take concerted action to change the "host environment" and make it less conducive to the growth of demonic parasites.

He was the only one I seemed to reach though. My inquiry and testimony were all but lost on the conference. I tried to organize my thoughts before I spoke and made these notes:

- pathogenesis, who is the leading scholar on the pathogenesis of this phenomenon?
- excorcism->extermination
- psy shaman are ghostbusters
- the spirit world: theology, psych sham. for theology and shamanism, love is the disinfectant, for psych its drugs

- theories of pathogenesis
- theology: demons
- psych: deviance
- shamanism: transdimensional parasitic organisms

Quite simply I asked if anyone of the expert panelists or audience was following psychedelic shamanism and/or tantric sexual healing research. Dead silence. Then I asked, does anyone know what the current status quo orthodox explanation is amongst clinical sexologists and psychologists for the pathogenesis of sexual predation? More dead silence. I gave a little more context and briefly explained that I had been able to see the demonic parasitic characters behind the possession of human perpetrators and that I believed with properly funded and conducted research we could begin to develop standard medical procedures to extract and exterminate the transdimensional entities that are responsible for this alien form of paraphilia. Dead silence.

Possibly everyone in the room except for one man and his wife must have thought I was crazy. But that only invigorated me. Hearing the people sob like Bitch Tits Bob as they threw their hands in the air in total resignation, Why? Why? How could he? Why would he?...

These people were desperate for answers and desperate for healing. I just tried to hold the vision that I must not give up, and my work will not be done until this demoralizing scene is one day transmuted. Rather than everyone being a total wreck, at a total loss to explain what's happened, and teetering on the 12 steps, there will come a day where when survivors come together. We will

be hands-on healing each other, training our guard/attack dogs together, educating the next generation, and sharing experiences of shamanic exorcism. From that moment on I knew I had to endure the risks involved with rogue research. But again, back to the conference call, it had to be done in a way that would minimize risk to anyone brave enough to be involved. In this case, for my partner to charitably share her body in sexual intercourse was a big favor, and a big risk.

The first concern of the consultant about this approach was that since we all know the medicines open you up energetically and perceptually and can at times take you out of body, the risk of cross contamination of attached entities may be increased. I shared the concern and let her know that I would be following strict dosage guidelines that would keep us in a low to mid-range of intoxication such that the risk of complete out of body experience would be minimal. The dosage would be within a range that would only slightly dilate the third eye so that the “battle” could be observed and documented. As I had been able to see the previous, nest explosion visually, as well as the soul retrieval, and crown chakra expulsion, I explained that I wouldn’t dare administer a full dose and engage in intercourse. That through much self experimentation I’d found a sweet spot of dosage that was conducive to sexual arousal, blissful self love, and mild visionary access. She agreed that this would be better than full dosage, but again to protect her integrity, I cannot say that any dosage for intercourse was endorsed.

Some say never do it, at any dosage level, many do it recreationally without a thought. From the perspective of personal healing and scientific research, my justification for taking a calculated risk on this one was that if the medicine can reveal more of the truth through third eye

dilation and lower astral illumination, I feel a moral and ethical obligation to know who and what I'm getting in bed with, and I have the same obligation to disclose to another what and who they're getting in bed with. I mean, whether or not we would succeed in trapping and killing demons was secondary to the fact that humanity must have a scientific understanding of this dimension of sexually transmitted demons. I mean, if this medicine can reveal the transmissible demons of one's lover, than by goddess it should be used to asses one's sexual hygiene.

You can lie about cheating a hundred times behind your husband or wife's back, but this medicine can reveal the truth. Demons live in the shadow, they die in the light. I mean after that nest exploded in front of my third eye, I wanted to never again have sex unmedicated. From then on I considered it a moral mandate to be transparent, honest, and vigilant. I had turned down sexual intercourse many times in the months leading up to this. I wasn't going to remain celibate the rest of my life, I would have to again someday have intercourse. How could I go back to blind, potentially cross-contaminating sex after what I saw? I couldn't, I had to proceed with the psychedelic lights on so to speak.

There was no going back for me, I was beyond the point of no return. Now finding a sex partner who would join me in this exploration and SWAT-like mission would not be easy. It was a miracle and blessing that my partner was willing. Really she had no reason to, she was not my girlfriend, though we deeply loved each other as soul friends. No she wanted a fertile husband, an Indian man raised in a context of intact familial love who could love her without defect, she also needed financial stability to start a family which I could not offer. She told me she really didn't see herself having sex with anyone but her future

husband. So you can see, it was a quite as stretch for her to be willing to go there with me.

What she would hear next in the phone call though, would be the deal breaker, she had to withdraw from the intercourse segment of the experiment when she heard me describe in gory detail what it feels like to be infested with sex demons and how they affect orgasm.

As I explained to the consultant exactly how I imagined we'd be able to kill the demons, I described how they swarm at the point of orgasm. As far as I could tell after years of feeling like a pack of rabid starving dogs would pounce on my poor sex chakra almost every time I'd cum, it stood to reason that particular orgasmic energies and/or exudates were a real treat to them. Cum and get it. They're always crawling, creeping, hovering around their prey, waiting for them to get sexually aroused which would signal a potential opportunity to transfer into a their sex partner, and signal like a dinner bell that an orgasm platter was about to be dished out.

I thought it was just me over all the years. I suffered in private hell and just figured out how to cope. I'd struggle, resist, roll, shake, twist, seize up, try to surrender as little of my energy to them as possible. But they ripped most of it away from me most of the time. Only at the most righteous, graceful, divine, and yes psychedelic times was I able to keep them at bay and steep peacefully in the full glory of the orgasmic energy exchange. If I were to graph the stolen orgasmic energy over time, the highest losses would be in my most depressed and lonely masturbations. The lowest losses, would be when I was in sacred sexual union. They would always come close, but the blinding stunning light of love would keep their snapping jaws just out of reach.

When I researched long-term pathological effects on orgasm in sexual abuse survivors, I discovered that my battles to experience my orgasms fully and freely had been in fact quite benign relative to many CSA (child sexual abuse) cases. I had been attacked by strangers and I contracted with Johns. To some degree I was aware of what I was getting myself into. Its much worse for those who were raped and molested by trusted relatives and for years were manipulated, tricked, groomed, and in many cases conflicted with the intuitive fear, anger, and distrust as these emotions tangled with unavoidable pleasurable physical sensations and in many cases orgasm. That's right, the perp likes to induce orgasm in the victim, in fact, that's what the possessing demons are often after. Simply gratifying his sick, sociopathic, reptilian self is just his surface level reward, what's really happening is that the demons are using his hands and genitals to crack the seal on the innocent child's chakra system where they can jack into the pure energy currents. Some survivors report that their incestuous violators were somehow "stealing their light".

In my case, I was lucky to be able to see my perps as disgusting, filthy, pathetic, sick men. They were not trusted family members or community members, at least to my knowledge. So they didn't get to steal my trust and wound me with betrayal, at least most of the time. The point is, the damage to the orgasm response is more than damage, it's chronic potentially debilitating infection. The wounds are alive, filled with demons. And long after the physical acts at the hands of men cease, the demons are flourishing in the dark habitat they've built out of the shredded tissues of the victims chakras and soul. Long after the physical surface level abuse has ended, they feed subcutaneously on the sexual energy of the host, and their

greatest culinary delight is the potent elixir of the orgasm. In healthy, normal, sexually liberated societies, free of excessive evil influences, that elixir is the life blood of happiness, the lubrication for the spinning chakra wheels, the divine nectar that should be attracting angelic symbiotic astral creatures who help heal us and help us manifest our purest most loving and generous hopes and dreams.

Survivors have been “helljacked”. Life is a living hell because when they seize your soul, you’re partially submerged in the hell realms, beneath the surface of your perception. Many survivors don’t discover until later in life that they were abused, some never discover the truth. They’re lives seem cursed without explanation. Dark clouds follow them everywhere, they can’t quite seem to overcome the smallest of obstacles, they’re drained, that elixir that should be financing their ability to show up in life, has been extracted like mechanical straws pumping the fossil aquifers. Parasitic slow death.

Some accounts I read were so horrific. It seems common that survivors who had their first orgasms with their abusers at an early age, later as adults can’t achieve orgasm without, not only having disgusting flashbacks, but even worse, they have to exert psychic energy to induce the flashbacks which makes them feel even worse about themselves. These clever bastards, if their agenda is to hack the human nervous system, turn it against itself, and have it become a slave to producing neurotoxins that feed the demonic realm, they’re ingenious bio-engineers.

In my case, my orgasm had become a fountain of youth for the demonic realm. They settled around my little sex chakra like a port town on a river bank. Every time the ejaculatory orgasm would rise, they’d be out there, or in there with their razor tooth circular mouths to chew it up

and suck it down, and they didn't just passively wait, they'd be sure to scratch all my festering wounds to trigger flashbacks of revolting feelings and fragments of shadowy memories, the negatively charged electro-chemical cocktail was like a beverage for them to wash it down. They dammed me up and diverted my energy to build their quaint little Hell Town down there.

As mortifying as that sounds, at least I had the dignity of knowing that I was always fighting, always standing my ground, and under the right conditions, winning back my innocence and having glorious liberated orgasms. It broke my heart to think of the female survivors. I couldn't imagine actually having to consciously, intentionally induce sex trauma material to achieve orgasm, but I have the luck of being a man for whom orgasm is mechanically almost inevitable every time. For women, who are the majority of survivors, and who are most often victimized by their own fathers, not their uncles, neighbors, or strangers, orgasm is a much much more complex psycho-physiological event. For the delicate circuits, organs, and glands to play sonorous harmonic orgasmic symphonies, everything must be finely tuned, healthy, and appropriately loved over a lifetime. The disordering of those intricate systems by perverse abuse is disastrous.

Again, I digress into the why, to justify the how. Form follows function. I'm just going demon hunting in my genitals for my own salvation, I'm doing it for all survivors. I'd already proven to myself that the higher the true love vibration, the more liberated the orgasm, and every time I had sex or masturbated on psychedelics, my orgasm was freed. I had to start collecting real data on this to offer real hope for survivors. Wouldn't they all like to know that if they're experiencing disordered orgasms where they feel

chronically subtly raped and vampirized by invisible entities, that there are natural medicines that inhibit these things. And that there's even potential to exterminate them?

That's why it had to be done. But, my partner felt that due to her own health issues and frailties caused by her own demons, she may not have the strength to protect herself, and she certainly did not want to become a host to what I was describing. On the call, with all of us as witnesses, I fully agreed, it would not be wise in her case. It was beyond understandable that she chose not to risk exposure to my demon load.

Instead we decided a better approach would be for her to be the neck bracing spotter to just gently massage me, sing to me, cradle me, and project shakti beams from the heart into my sex chakra as I stimulated myself manually. That seemed like an appropriate step down from intercourse.

Without much more deliberation, I made sure there were no other questions or concerns, I thanked the consultant for her time, let her know that I'd be in touch afterwards with updates, she wished us the best of luck and offered prayers and blessings.

Protection from sexually transmitted parasite transmission is no joke. Biologists have studied this in rats, According to Ajai Vyas in a Journal of Experimental Biology article entitled, "Parasite-augmented mate choice and reduction in innate fear in rats infected by Toxoplasma gondii" It was stated that,

"Typically, female rats demonstrate clear mate choice. Mate preference is driven by the evolutionary need

to choose males with heritable parasite resistance and to prevent the transmission of contagious diseases during mating. Thus, females detect and avoid parasitized males. Over evolutionary time scales, parasite-free males plausibly evolve to advertise their status. This arrangement between males and females is obviously detrimental to parasites, especially for sexually transmitted parasites...female rodents detect and avoid males infected with a variety of parasites, including ectoparasites, protozoans, nematodes and bacteria ...Female rodents have evolved dedicated neural machinery that serves to detect odors emanating from infected individuals and to generate an aversive response. Thus female mate choice is influenced by the parasitic status of the male. It is difficult to hypothesize whether aversion to parasitized males evolved because of an evolutionary need of females to avoid direct associative infection or to provide for heritable resistance to the parasites..."

After that call, I decided that I strive to live by the code of quarantine ethics designed by the American Medical Association with emphasis on Part 1 sections (e) and (f) which state:

(e) help to educate patients and the public about quarantine and isolation through the development of educational materials and participation in educational programs;

(f) advocate for the availability of protective and preventive measures for physicians and others caring for patients with communicable diseases.

Owning my status as a parasite carrier was not something that looks good on a dating profile, this meant of course, that for the rest of my life as I continued to

“come out” as a survivor, I could never attempt to conceal the truth. It doesn’t mean I am ruined, or that I’m a bad person. It just means that I HAVE to be transparent with anyone who would want to mate with me. At times it makes me feel like a sap gushing boring insect infested tree that will never bear fruit, you know the kind that orchardists fear and swiftly extract and burn lest it become a vector to spread the disease to the rest of their healthy trees? That’s a sad way to walk through life. Maybe I deserve it for being so foolish as to prostitute myself. But what about all the victims of incest who had no choice? Should they have to disclose their truth every time? What about the ones who don’t even know it? We’re a long way from having a clue about the extent of this pubic health crisis. To quarantine invisible demons sounds like a sci-fi fantasy story.

Well in the absence of solid science, I had to hold myself to the best ethical practices I could come up with. Basically, shaktify the field before having outercourse or intercourse with anyone, consenting survivors or consenting non-survivors, preferring extreme survivors. In other words, if we infect each other, it won’t be like either of us weren’t already infected. We’ll have not much to lose, and we can only go up from there if we commit to a rigorous tantric sexual healing practice. I know I can reclaim the full glory and innocence of orgasm under the right conditions, with the right partner we could help each other reduce the negative symptoms and hope to succeed in ultimate decontamination so that we’d be freed once and for all.

That one conference call was quite pivotal in shaping the direction of my life. It stands to reason that if that call was not made, or if my partner didn’t speak up about her hesitation to have intercourse, we in fact would have had intercourse. Whether or not she might have

become infected, we would have infected each other with the love bug. We had fiery chemistry, she'd never been with a tantric man before. In my heart of hearts I believe that had we proceeded we'd have forged a bond so powerful and magical, we'd be on top of the world in no time.

We practiced tantric outercourse on a few occasions and I knew that I'd fall for her deeply if we were to have closed the circuit. It was not our destiny and so it didn't happen. As much as I struggled with the sad truth of my unfitness, I knew that the best ethical practice would be to find an intercourse partner who's fight it was to rebel against sexual abuse as an extreme case survivor. Justice and vengeance had to be the mission of the relationship.

I didn't drown in self-pity over this, I mean of all the reasons given for rejection, this was a pretty good one. It wasn't like, um, sorry, you're like, not rich, so like no thanks. This was a good reason, an evolutionary reason to decline a mate. We would simply remain friends and move forward with the procedure without intercourse. Everything was all good, and I was still unspeakably grateful for her willingness to participate at all.

We decided to schedule it in a few weeks. While my roommates were out of town in early January. Unfortunately as the date drew closer, our additional sexual shamanic nurse had to cancel. My symptoms were getting more frequent and more painful, I felt we had to proceed with just the two of us.

Biological Pest Control

Before getting into the lab report, there's one more key preceding event that foreshadowed significant discoveries.

As I was putting together the playlist for the procedure and was testing it during one of my weekly mushroom journeys, something happened. As I danced to the Mad Maxx full-on psychedelic trance track "Suspect Spotted". My surroundings dissolved and I was in an underworld cave where my diseased astral body had grown into a monstrous mass of demon nests. I knew that my third eye had dilated so to speak and like flood lights on the top of a pickup truck, illumination gave me clear sight into the surrounding astral ecology. All orders of anaerobic bog dwelling creatures were densely inhabiting the cavernous space. As the track progressed, it seemed to be calling in creatures like calling in an air-strike. The melodies and the psychedelic effects combined to create a sound-scape of spiritual ecological warfare. It was Kali and her allies coming to my rescue, but not the Kali in the humanoid form, the Kali in the higher dimensional insectoid form.

It all clicked for me at that point. All of my premonitions about higher dimensional beneficial predators capable of assisting the shamanic soul gardener by performing biological pest control were validated. It was a very faint and subtle glimpse, but unmistakably and undeniably real. I smiled and laughed, "You're so fucking dead, you're so fucking dead, she's gonna get you all!!!"

The next day when I met with her, out on the lawn in Santa Monica, as we had our picnic I could hardly hold back my excitement. We had a bit of small talk, then she asked why I was so giddy. I delightfully explained with flamboyant histrionics that I had called in the lady bug, that Kali appeared to me in her terrible form, and came down to raid the demon nest with her air and ground forces. It wasn't a premonition, it was a glimpse into a sector of my astral self that is already being worked on. We're going to extend this effect and bring in more Kali, more beneficial predators to reclaim my soul! I danced and jumped in a circle, then gave her a big hug.

It was now just days away. We'd be conducting an experiment to complete the aborted chakra douche, invoke the Goddess Kali, lay a trap for the sex demons, and in an orgy of demon slaying violence, liberate my parasitized sexuality and restore me to innocence and purity!

I understood now that She had been watching over me for some time, at least as far back as to the night I first met my dancing partner. Kali had appeared to me the night I danced over the pond and imagined the powerful force we could be in the world dancing in righteous rage together. I was unknowingly invoking her out of thin air, or perhaps thick astral air. My face was contorting into beastial warrior rage. I could see countless fiery eyes fill my vision. Yes, she had been with me since then. I was dancing hard to the Ovnimoon *Trancemutation of the Mind* album, and there was point where a terrifying encounter occurred. I felt as though a giant black organismic entity was coming towards me in a murky astral space. It couldn't tell if it was good or evil, it was just immense and fearsome. I figured it was just one of the many random intimidating astral creatures I brush past as if on a crowded subway train car filled with relatively benign local

strangers. When you dance to psytrance on shrooms you start to see and feel what looks like rush hour traffic flying through multidimensional highway lanes, but they're not flying saucers, they're all living creatures. I thought nothing of this encounter, just that I should open my eyes and step out of the way. This was just the first of many such encounters that I would start to recognize as Kali in her true form.

Sexperimental Peer Review

I was very hopeful that the procedure would be a smashing success. I just wanted to run the ideas by a few friends for final review so I posted to a forum about chakra healing techniques and got an array of very apt feedback excerpted below:

Me: Anyone have knowledge of/experience with invoking Kundalini to "douche" out transdimensional "chakra parasites"? See link to this this chakra parasites podcast about them…

Friend1 : I'm listening to the podcast right now. It's giving me chills and goosebumps. I know what they're talking about.

This town needs an enema.

Me: Anybody making chakra condoms?

F1: lol

F2: I am unaware of any "training or practices" Shaman's have ever employed with respect to douching out unwanted entities/negative energies from the body or being of others. I think if it ever was a active practice anywhere in the world people like Dr. Michael Harner from the Shamanic Institute located in California would have certainly mentioned it in the extensive volumes of books he and others have written (I have read many of them) to document "Shamanic Practices" throughout the world. I have also had a few Shamanic healings conducted on me by fairly famous healers and none of them ever attempted to "douche" me in any of my body cavities with hoses or other objects to cause the releasing of "negative entities" or healing of any kind.

If this Shamanic douching technique does exist somewhere in the world I know am sure there are 1000's of Shamanic Practitioners who would love to know more about it. Perhaps you misunderstand what was said or documented about said practice?

Me: Thanks for your response! The "douche" concept is a kind of tongue-in-cheek visual metaphor for a hydraulic and peristaltic purging effect within the nadis (pipes/tubing) of the chakra system (see Alex Grey's "prostration" painting). Imagine that kundalini "rising serpent" energy and/or consciously focused internal and external human and divine "love energies", are able to effectively "douche", or disinfect parasitized chakras with a fluid-like flush; this combined with autonomic contractions, as in a typical Ayahuasa purge, may be some of the potentially scientifically quantifiable mechanics of folkloric exorcism.

F2: I wrote the above from a Shamanic standpoint rather than general chakra parasites as it relates to

kundalini energy experiences. Mostly parasite removal is associated with Shamanism rather than Kundalini energy connections to the oneness of the Universe. I practice a form of India meditation daily called Sahja Meditation that was lost to the world for almost 4000 years but brought back by our mentor in the past century who was nominated on two different occasions for the World Nobel Peace Prize through the United Nations because of the calmer peaceful place the practice of Kundalini has brought millions of people around the world to. For people that do enjoy Kundalini energy on a regular basis, to feel the "coil of the snake" unfold up their backbone and through the top of their head to make that connection to the Universe is all inspiring and there truly is no greater power in the Universe....

Me: Note the hydraulic sucking action of the shamans on patients' crown chakras, painter and shaman Ayahuascaro Pablo Amaringo has depicted this in his ceremonial tableau pieces...

Here's a good reference: "KUNDALINI ENERGY is typically described as a powerful energy source lying dormant in the form of a coiled serpent at the base of the human spine. When freed it reputedly has the capacity to effect great physical and spiritual healings. Christina and Stanislav Grof, New Age authors of the book The Stormy Search for the Self, describe how the awakening of the Kundalini energy can be triggered by an advanced spiritual teacher or guru. And how the awakening can bring up memories of past psychological and physical traumas. The Grofs state that "individuals involved in this process might find it difficult to control their behavior; during powerful rushes of Kundalini energy, they often emit various involuntary sounds and their bodies move in strange and unexpected patterns. Among the most common

manifestations ... are unmotivated and unnatural laughter or crying, talking tongues ... and imitating a variety of animal sounds and movements" (pp. 78-79). The Grofs state that "careful study of the manifestations of Kundalini awakening confirm that this process, although sometimes very intense and shattering, is essentially healing."

from:

http://www.cnview.com/on_line_resources/laughter_in…

Here's an interesting article on the biology of kundalini:

http://biologyofkundalini.com/article.php?story=Tox…

F2: Sometimes enlightenment can be a much messier process than what we have been led to believe.

Me: For sure, I like the idea that the 136.1 om frequency is a like a demonic parasite bug zapper!

F3:Kali Kali Kali Kali Kali. Give it all it Kali, it's all Her anyway.

Kundalini Shakti is Kali's Grace in every case anyway. Let go, ask her to come take it, etc etc. Obviously there is nothing she cannot defeat, if she is asked to force release, she will....

F2: The best personal process I know of is the Qi Gong microcosmic orbit, pulling out threads of your issues one bit a time, fixing your own issues one issue at a time. Kundalini energy tends to drill into the chakra, and causes

major catharsis from your whole set of issues relating to that chakra. This is why guided meditation and working out your issues before you do chakra/kundalini work is highly recommended. Different approaches, same goal, and it is helpful to have a teacher or a guide to help you through these transitions.

Step 1 Develop your own abilities, be able to sense and shift frequencies, emit and receive them actively and passively. Ideally cultivate natural energy not tainted by people. This is preparatory work which takes years.

Step 1 with client.
Get permission

Step 2 ping person and parasite with different frequencies tell them apart. Must be experienced with people and normal reactions to this activity separate from said critters.

Step 3 find a set of frequencies that isolate the critter from the individual

Step 4 gently pull critter out, augment clients energy with lining energy that acts like soap or oil or something that feels like that protects the client and helps ejects said thing/critter.

Step 5 put critter in holding tank or send it to its own realm, or iron cauldron with iron stake, or create a dimensional door to stuff it into. (do have more than one method available to you) Same time do not let go of or loose attention to client and their energy.

Step 6 Think your done? No. Find or bring natural energy that fits or matches the client. Do not use the

whitest of light, this poobah spirit or that or this. You aren't converting the person or in the process of accelerating their spiritual growth. You are healing them first. Don't use your own core energy... It is not compatible. You will be setting up a vampiric link. The poor client will be bleeding the energy all over. No it is not an equitable exchange.... Yes I have heard this, no I don't agree with it..... Massage the correct energy in the correct places.

Step 7 bandage you have to put a shield (temporary) that meshes to that person at their skin level.

Step 8 are you done yet? NO. The critter having been there for quite some time probably has elicited negative emotional cycles or drama to reinforce internal bleeding to feed the creatures specific types of energy consumption. The drama, karma and personal issues will come to the fore and cause the client a lot of personal and emotional issues. This is after care, this is post-catharsis analysis, transpersonal psychology and requires other integrative approaches to have the client generate an equilibrium with their energy and for their own natural energy to replace your approximations.

Any energies outside of what that person's own energy is personal agenda, ego of self or said entities this article points to. I have seen too many of these channeled beings setting up their own beach heads into people and communities with platitudes and other stuff only to be feeding on a fabricated structure of energy a community provides. If that is your thing and the client's so be it.. Otherwise no and no thank you.

This is just one of dozens of activities trained shaman/energy workers learn or should learn.

If it was a simple douche.... There are tons of formulary and hedge witchery that takes natural energies to alleviate the local crud or critters. In this day and age, very little that fits the old standards in the day in and day out routine of traditional rural villages.

I could go on.

For the self, unattended unguided cleaning, practice Qi Gong, microcosmic orbit meditation and dragon breaths.

Practice knowing that people will come and go, and many if not all will never get fully healed. Some will come down with physical ailments and manifest it that way, and they will choose to hang to it. Blindly thinking that X or Y poobah, this that undifferentiated white light (what is this light, what is this energy, who is it from, what is its agenda.....) will help, the client in our day and age goes and bleeds in new and more profound ways, and attracts bigger and different critters. Yes that happens.

Clients need to be aware, and you need to practice on things outside of people. They are everywhere and most are innocent. They are like beetles, bugs or birds in other dimensions/planes. If you run into something bigger and more intelligent now you are talking about things that have underworld or overworld supernatural capacity. And you have to be trained to deal with those types of energies also. And simply destroying and incinerating, IF you are able to and not have them latch on to you, your loved ones, will draw attention to you from those realms...

Even if it is on your own self. Know yourself, do your body scans, and Rule #1 don't feed the critters, they will likely leave on their own accord. The drama they can

cause, you just can't feed into it. It really forces you to fix your issues.

I know this is rambling and alot, too much to try to cram in here. I hope this nutshell is helpful.

Me: Wow that was amazing So much to process and integrate!

So often the inadequate "shadow" term is used as an umbrella concept to describe what I have seen with my own third eye as organismic infections. As a trained permaculture designer, I see the spectrum of neurosis as an ecological problem. Bill Mollison, the founder of permaculture design is often quoted saying regarding garden pest infestation, "You don't have a slug problem, you have a duck deficiency".

Terrence Mckenna described the Psilocybin environment as an "ecology of souls". I agree, and feel that shamanic healers are "soul gardeners" removing pests and curing diseases that affect weakened humans who've grown in poor soil (i.e. lacking the nutrient of adequate love). In this ecological model of shamanic healing, angels may not just simply be divine light workers, but rather "beneficial predators" such as lady bugs, lizards, spiders, dragon flies, etc.

The most critical dilemma I'm dealing with currently is how to guarantee that an extracted "critter" is properly destroyed, banished, etc. and not able to creepy crawl into me or someone else. My goal is to be able to consistently attract the beneficial predators that actually feast upon the extracted parasites and digest them into non-existence. I've had mind blowing experiences of successfully calling in "swarms" of bee-like creatures and other

transdimensional insectoids to do the clean up job the way doctors put leeches and maggots on wounds.

Do you have any advice on calling in what could be called angelic beneficial predators?

Whether or not the "douche" concept is adequate, I think it's safe to say that refined and well targeted love is poison to parasitic entities, and when blasted with it, they detach and scatter. My biggest concern is to be able to confidently destroy them as they emerge before they colonize new hosts, or hide until the love dose subsides only to crawl back in...

F2: You can simply incinerate. Blast of energy, once it is out of the client...

Near earth plane parasites, are reflections or aggregates of peoples issues, a coagulation if you will. Incinerate or disintegrate them. We are the megafauna in this case, and the parasites are like active cancers. Sometimes it’s the clients issues other times is what they picked up. Just flash fry them away.

Me: Thank you again!

Do you have any experience evoking the Kali "Demon Slayer" Goddess Archetype?

As commented above, "there is nothing she cannot defeat"...

Evoke no. Kali east India versus Durga West India, being multiple goddesses all at once. Khanda Munda (Demon slayer) is just one aspect.

I am not a priest type of person. I present a situation for a working, or work with a person's/group's pantheon. If they come, and are there to help without demanding a price from me, no problem.

Me: I see. From the secular scientific modern western worldview, the goddess archetypes seem to be anthropomorphic cultural symbols projected on to real yet meta-invisible phenomenological forces/entities/beings that are extra (or trans)-terrestrial and most likely aren't anatomically humanoid.

I'm curious if you "believe in" Kali whatever she/it is? And if you have any scientifically falsifiable "evidence" of Kali's work on Earth?

I'm a believer and have seen/felt her furious presence in my body and in others' bodies and as an ambiance in the room.

I'm hoping to have her co-operate with me and appear in a laboratory setting for formal clinical studies :)

F2: If they choose to be anthropomorphic, they can. Kali is no less real than other deities I've met. Good luck on creating that clinical evidence.

Scientifically falsifiable evidence, what do you mean by that?

Me: Unfalsifiable statement: Kali is real

Falsifiable statement (hypothetical...): In over 75% of cases when a Kali invocation ritual is conducted using X,Y,Z mantra/dance procedure, the invocator exhibits and reports an involuntary tongue protrusion.

F4: That's interesting about the involuntary tongue protrusion. I didn't know that. But I find it interesting because last summer, on the day of the earthquake that damaged the Washington Monument, I had this weird experience where I was thinking about Kali and I started having involuntary tongue protrusions. I felt like I was releasing a lot of energy. So that's really freaky reading about the tongue protrusion thing.

Oh yeah, and I was listening to some kind of invocation of Kali or something, a video on You Tube, when the involuntary tongue protrusions started happening. By "involuntary" I mean that it just started happening and I felt strongly compelled to go along with it. I could have stopped if I really wanted to, but why would I stop? Then I just kind of started letting out "aaaaaa" sounds kind of like you do in yoga when you're stretching out your tongue, because it felt like the right thing to do.

Me: Shall we call it, "consensual possession"?

That's about as much foreshadowing as you could possibly need. Now for transcription of the audio recordings we made immediately following the first full-on ceremony.

Worship My Yoni or Perish

After several intense guided chakra visualization meditations together, the come-on was very hard, beautiful overlays on the goddess. Hyper clear vision and colors.

Feeling of goddess presence. She laid in the bed for awhile to meditate alone and asked to loop the Durga mantra song. Beginning to hiss and toss and turn as the possession took hold. I was intrigued and deliciously observant of the process. Sat together for a bit, until we were ready to begin dancing. As I announced that the lady bug song would be our introduction and that this would be to call in the lady bug spirits to consume what's shaken loose and we invited all of our Goddesses, angels, and beneficial insect predators and began to dance. Her tongue out, hissing, brought me to my knees to pray and worship, tranced until I was brought into swiveling, hair thrashing, then prostration. Kneeling, facing the ground, my hands on her feet, then sitting up, holding her hips as her entire upper body swiveled violently.

She said in a terse, commanding voice, "Do not be afraid, you will not be harmed." She shook her hair loose and removed her top, bared her breasts like brandishing weapons. I knelt as the lower astral plane, the environment of the soul the ecology of souls became visible through the third eye and I was able to see the soul-scape surrounded by the typical organismic field, now with a top predator insectoid Kali Goddess enraged, and beginning to do battle over my head as I knelt on the ground. "Shake the demons out! Shake them out, Do not be afraid." Her weaponry began its work and the demonic creatures began to run for their lives, dislodge, scatter and be violently eviscerated by her claws, and were devoured and consumed into the belly and her convulsions and thrashing, was like a raccoon raiding a nest of rodents and after the first couple of tracks, it was in the Ancient Spirits track where I began a kundalini awakening that took the form of an encompassing serpent, and I became able to writhe and convulse not simply by a kundalini, uh…..a kundalini rising, it wasn't…the subtle feeling of kundalini, it

was, or maybe an unmedicated kundalini experience would just feel like the sensation of being possessed by a force that erects the spine, where energy flows, this was a visually augmented third eye experience to know that this is actually more like putting on a Megaman kind of suit and having the larger true, dragon structure envelope me and for me to be awakened into it and for the trashing of exorcism to begin with Kali there to devour and destroy all that was being shaken loose, and immediately the writing led to a violent lower chakra expulsion, pulsing …out the root chakra. My eyes were closed and I struggled and fought and compressed, contracted, foamed at the mouth, as Kali stood over me and at times viciously stroked and caressed worked on my body and devoured what was coming out and a lot of mucus a lot of foaming a lot of saliva, and then um, massive powerful, into the Logic Bomb songs, massive involuntary head swivels and rocking, like what was induced by the shamanic chanting in the possessed girls in the Nat Geo taboo exorcism footage at the Indian village temple. And then my voice echoing in these ferocious roars coming from deep within very much like in the Aya ceremony but with more ferocity and this cycled through head movements, and pelvic movements, and slamming and head banging onto the ground, again with Kali straddling me at times, and was able to see the deep rooted deep tissue infection and the fear architecture revealed and seeing the reality and the truth of the other side where the shadow is really being, is really coming out, its really.. what is repressed from the conscious mind is really being excreted out into this lower astral plane reality, soul-scape that is quite inhabited, and feasted upon, and like mussels and sea creatures, very densely opportunistically inhabited and multilayered niches, and the digging into and shredding and tearing up and ripping off these barnacle, mussel, demonoid creatures, was revealing the point of origin as the days in San Franscisco

as a meth shooting prostitute, and loss of my innocence and wholeness. Raped by demons continuously for months, becoming a blind host to their spawn.

Sonic Algebra song gave way to a back arching surrender in the peak.

Her laughing and belly slapping and standing bare breasted, laughing so loudly, and speaking about the end of patriarchy and the coming of Kali's fire, and the cleansing of the souls of humanity and the world soul. And her thrashing shut off the computer, and stopped the music at a good point. I got us water and restarted the computer and looped the Durga mantra again. It felt time to be still and lay down and be nurtured into the initiation of the Goddess who acknowledged me, and assigned me as the protector of this vessel through which she would be channeled into this time in history, and gave me peace, and purity, and sanctity, as Shiva laying horizontal, where I felt compelled to stay for a sabbatical.

And, slow continued gurgling and expulsion through the mouth and nose, at one point a wave of writing from my back, arching my back, and holding the second chakra, and having a hydraulic purge from the lower chakras through the spine and or esophagus and an expulsion with more foaming saliva from the mouth and her reassurance that this was the demonic detox and many times was reassured to not fear. "Kali's doing her work, don't be afraid of her." I let her know that I was too spent to try to proceed with intense sexual stimulation, but that I would gently induce mild arousal to try to flush out the chakra with fresh sexual energy. In doing so, I felt the few remaining surviving demons stagger out like drunks after last call, though these drunken foot steps were those of millipede-like creatures.

After much writhing and purging, the state of relaxation and surrender and listening to the goddess spell, we laid together on the mattress and slowly came down from the peak and began to process and talk about the path forward. Holding this, this experience of initiation, and then a bit of light sensual ravaging and worship. She permitted me to kiss her, hold her, draw sensual nourishment from her body through my hands, my eyes, and lips. Holding her, massaging her, kissing her neck, ears, stroking her head and hair.

She said I should become a daka, that I have such pure loving touch and presence. Trying to reconcile the extremes within me, of purity and impurity, I said, yes, I shall be of service to the sexually wounded, I was abused and thus contaminated, though I never abused so I am not evil, I am good, and so for other survivors, who have also been contaminated, we'll work to decontaminate and purify our wounds together. And when an army of survivors have restored each other, we will then have to go into battle with the evil perpetrators, and decontaminate them.

So that was the transcription of my half of the audio lab report we did in the middle of the night as I drove her home. It seems I was relatively coherent after such an all-hell-breaks-loose experience.

There are a few gaps I should fill in, and then give some follow up analysis. Then I'll share the transcription of the report that she gave which describes the experience from her perspectives both the possessor and the possessed.

As you'll notice, the very methodical clinical plan of inducing sexual arousal by self stimulation and baiting the orgasm trap ended up being as futile as trying to build a volcanology lab facility complex on a volcano that started to erupt while the foundation was being poured. The dimensional continuum was so violently ruptured and the force of the raid so intense, it was all I could do to kneel, bow, and hold on to her feet as if an airlock was breached on a Martian space station and depressurization made for a forceful vacuum. In this case there was no capacity for step by step, check off the checklist, dot the i's and cross the t's laboratory procedure. It was an astral storm, just trying to hold on to the memory enough to verbalize the audio report was like holding on to a fleeting dream.

The shakti bombs seemed to blow the first few layers of the demon colony in my second chakra to smithereens. Fire in the hole! I came to understand that Tim Burton was perhaps unknowingly portraying a very real ecological dynamic in his depiction of the Neither world in the film *Beetleguise*. The image of Barbara riding the sandworm to descend upon and devour the perverted sex demon and thereby save the soul of pure innocent Lidia, came to mind after this experience. Ecological predator-pest devourment on the lower astral plane. Sand worms, demons hate them, kundalini snakes, demons hate them too.

Yes it was all revealed in flying colors, total carnage, yet mundane in the wilderness, welcome to the jungle. Wounded human chakras are swarmed by parasites, thankfully there are ecological allies who can be summoned to feast upon them and thereby disinfect the wounds and create a window of opportunity for the chakras to be purified, sealed, and healed. Beyond this now observable and measurable phenomenological fact, there

is a mystical dimension, the intelligent sentient divine voice of the beneficial predator entity. When was the last time you were initiated into a divine order of goddess worship by a lady bug in your garden? Maybe all life forms have a testament for us to open our consciousness to hear. There will be few if any Hindus who would like one of their most revered deities to be likened to an insect. However in the Gita, its stated numerous times that the true form of the divine entities is quite menacing, horrifying, otherworldly, non-humanoid. Without psychedelic tantric rituals, the third eye seems to have become a relic. Symbolic, referenced to a more ancient enlightened time, but impotent in modernity. Yogic practices to access its visionary potential are practiced daily all throughout the world, yet somehow it seems that something is missing.

Yoga has become more about simply quieting the mind and attempting to achieve inner peace, than about spiritual combat with the exponentially increasing infection of ego, the habitat of the demonic realm. It's all in the Gita, species of demons, low-lifes in the spiritual-ecological food web. Greed, lust, anger attracting them and giving them access to attach to and parasitize human beings. The truth of the extent of the infection of humanity is so repulsive and grotesque, surely no one with an activated third eye could pursue shallow, self-aggrandizing avarice.

The failure to sustain the ancient tantric technology of seeing with the third eye and thus being capable of engaging in effective combat with the demonic realm has be the downfall of humanity. Shamanic cultures all over the world were effectively destroyed so as to sever the connection to and healing nourishment of divinity, and to inhibit the ability to be vigilant against the demonic realm. If you can't see it you can't fight it. Of course spiritual practices that reduce ego, and draw in purifying pranic

energies, divine light, etc. still work in the dark. But when the lights are on, that is, when the third eye is activated, no one will ever again be able to deny the existence of divine entities, demonic entities, and the fact that our very bodies, minds, and chakras are their bloody battlefields.

Don't take my word for it. Here is the transcribed lab report from Sufiana (hers is more stream-of-consciousness so just be prepared to phase in and out of her description of what occurred and her poetic analysis and wisdom teachings)

Serve the divine feminine.

Serve Kali. You're here to serve her.

The demons are gone, they're gone.

Ayahuasca might not be the best path for you, it could take you into the collective shadow of the universe, which means the demonic realm. It's one of the big possibilities so its better for your soul and spirit to work with mushroom medicine.

Even Shiva was born from the womb of the goddess. People forget that sometimes, idiots.

I'm taking care of you, you're safe. You're here to protect the divine feminine and serve her.

America might not last too long. California might not last too long, might send out people around the world with the message of healthy lifestyles, alternative living. A lot of people will not last. People who are on the path of awakening will receive a lot of help, they will come more in their power. Goddess Kali and Durga, sent out a

transmission for awakening the third eye of many people who are ready to wake up.

The strong vibrating hand on your third eye was a transmission that was being sent to you. Kali was devouring the demons in your second chakra and all over. Devouring, slaying, grasping them with her claws and throwing them down to the center of the earth.

Truth.

Just to sit there and look straight into the eyes of the truth. Our lives are never gonna be the same again. You know this is the truth. When you wake up out of this journey sometimes the egoic mind might say, “Oh that was an illusion of my own mind...” but no. This is *the* truth. And you’ve experienced *the* truth and once you’ve experienced it, you cannot turn your back on it. Once it has become a part of you, of your being, your life is never gonna be the same again.

Right down your intentions. You’re serving the divine goddess. Because your intention is in alignment with serving her, you will be taken care of. Stay in the consciousness of healing, of ascension. It’s easy to stay focused only on the deaths and only on demons but there is also the rebirth happening there is also an awakening and the ascension happening. It’s important to focus on that as well.

Slapping the belly, slapping the ovaries, the chest.

Chanting, chanting OM, AUUUUMMMM, and then also experimenting with different sounds that want to come out of you especially when you are in these kind of deeply meditative ecstatic moments either with plant medicine or

without, just chanting. Breath. Breath work. Deep breathing. Making practices a part of the daily life will keep you in the vibrational field of healing and keep your vibrational field protected from a lot of craziness that's going on around in cities with you know, so many people with their own agendas, manipulations, crazy thoughts, and computers, phones, so keeping our aura protected and strong is very important and can be kept strong with practices. I mentioned chanting and breath work, and one more would be to do grounding meditation with running your energy, where you ground yourself to the center of the earth and you release other people's stuff out of your auric field down through the grounding cord to the center of the earth to be recycled back to the light. Running the golden light coming from the heavens down through the spinal cord, mixing with the earth energy at the base of the spine and then rising up through all the chakras from one to seven and then become a big huge fountain at the top of your head and bring it back down to the center of the earth, taking with it whatever is not serving your highest purpose out of your body and to the center of the earth.

We are ready to wake up the dormant power within us, this is the voice of deep power, deep soul power. It's not the voice of the ego. It's the voice of Kali. Deep power. Your soul has been through a lot of hardships your body has been through a lot of hardships and because of those hardships there has been a humbling, a deep humbly and that humbling has made you a suitable container for her light, and to serve her. You are her servant, never forget.

Phenomenal light, comes often after phenomenal darkness so, a lot of us who are chose to be the light workers have also been tested for years and years, going through so much darkness, such deep dark big huge shadow energy fighting the demons, everything, all of this,

has brought us to where we are today, becoming a channel of light and deep soul power in the world. To help people find their own soul power voice.

Releasing the voices of other people from our system through our meditations, chakra meditations. Visualizations, on a regular basis. When too much mind chatter interferes, the practices really come and help. To change our ways it's not an overnight thing. It takes time and that is why practices are important.

Trauma causes dissociation, causes us to not be present, causes us to leave our body. So be patient with yourself.

Roaarrrrr. Wild, loud, unbelievable roars. Slaying of demons across the world that harm children. Slaying. Feeling the pain these victims and the mothers cry their tears, wailing, so much pain in their chests.

Poisons, toxins coming out from your mouth, it's okay, it's releasing the demonic energies.

Worship her yoni, worship her feet, worship her breasts. The yoni is sacred, the breasts are sacred and they are to be protected and treated with great respect.

Get out of your own way. When you know you are ready to embody the goddess, after your ego has been crushed for years…but along with the ego, sometimes we lose our self-esteem as well, and low self-esteem is also connected to the ego. The ego says, "Who am I to embody her, I'm not good enough." There is a voice of the ego, even though it sounds like a very modest voice, it's a false modesty, it will keep you from your self empowerment. Self love, self confidence, self-esteem, self validation, self

acceptance are all very important for someone like you for someone like who's ego has been crushed so thoroughly. So don't judge yourself when you feel like validating yourself and feeling proud of yourself, you actually need it. There are certain other people I would say like, maybe some Hollywood people that really need to curb their vanity. But with someone like you I would suggest, fall madly in love with yourself. Respect yourself.

So to embody the Goddess, especially the Goddess of empowerment like Goddess Durga, this false modesty most go. A lot of what was said was a direct transmission from Goddess Durga and Kali. That were being channeled. It was a very different voice. It felt like the voice of power. She was singing with so much power and energy, doing Om chanting, screaming and wailing with such phenomenal energy that there's no way that I could have personally physically done it in this health right now. She's just meant to be here to become a suitable channel of the Goddess whenever she chooses to use her body. Whether to slay the demons or to inspire the people to awaken the Kali within themselves. My body is hers.

Lots of warm energy at the base of the spine, stirring for a very long time. Moving like a snake, dancing in the bed like a snake. And when the kundalini rises, seeing a very strong, snake in the third eye and crown area. Feeling the third eye open. Feeling the seventh chakra, the crown chakra open. Center of the chest, needed some massage. A lot of us carry a lot of pain of the world in our own hearts and chests when we are sensitive empaths. It's good to take care of our own hearts.

Kali was at some point, slaying the demons across the world. And she was at some point also sending out lots of snakes all around, all around the world, specific

intentions to go and get all the abusers and demonic possessed forces in the world.

If all of us decided to wake up and work on waking up our third eye, or at least the ones that are in the field of consciousness and that are aware, there is no way that a handful of politicians and a handful of rich capitalistic people can continue to ignorantly dominate us and control us the way they have been. It's time for them to be disempowered. It's time for authentic people with integrity, with intention to heal and empower the world, to take those positions.

At some point when Kali was standing and dancing with her hands formed into claws, her tongue sticking out and screaming and growling….the worship offered by the worshiper began to expand her size, she kept going larger and larger and larger. It is the worshiper that brings the goddess to life. So become a prayer, become prayer, become a prayer.

The male egos have to die. The male oppressive patriarchal egos. You know, you, Ben, you know how to bow down before the goddess. You've been seeking the Goddess since years. And you know how to bow down before her. There are many men who don't. And you will have to teach them how to bow down before her. Otherwise their ego is going to consume them. And so, let them be consumed, when they are ready to learn, they will come to you. Or they will go to her directly and bow down. The ones that don't will be devoured in her flames. She spits fire. At some point, on all the abusers, let them be consumed in the flame.

She is ready to transmit third eye activation meditations to masses of people.

Vibrating her right hand very strongly, while her left hand was sacredly holding the yoni. Chanting, feeling the vibrations of the chants in the body that were elevating her energy to higher realms.

Spend time meditating on your third eye. If you're just laying in bed, just go and sit in your third eye, just go there and hang out there. Spend time there.

Dance like a snake, trance dance, very powerful. Allowing your mind to just flow freely into the visions that come naturally, trusting them. A vision of a new world. Inspiring people to awaken the rage that's been sitting in their unconscious since ages. It's like the dormant Kali force that's just sitting there. Awakening that force through kundalini energy, through tantra exercises, through sound and dance, and guided exercises and visualizations, is going to be very important. Rage is power, authentic rage that comes from pure intention to come into wholeness. Heaven and hell coming together in the sacred space, extreme darkness meets extreme light. Wholeness. Humbling. Humbling becoming a container for the sacred feminine and then reclaiming the power.

Stick your tongue out sometimes, while doing some of these exercises to awaken the power and awaken the rage energy. This rage is going to be the fuel that leads the new revolution to overthrow the manipulative, selfish, cold-hearted, soulless politicians and other people in power. Rage is the key, the mad possessed rage of Kali, supported with the form energy of Shiva, the truth and consciousness of Shiva.

When none of the gods could slay certain of the darkest, of darkest demons, not even Shiva could destroy

them. Only Kali could destroy them, only Kali. She went on a such a mad rampage that after she slayed the demons, she continued slaying because she was possessed, and Shiva laid himself down under her foot so that she would stop. What stopped her was love.

So I'll leave you with this, rage, love, of Kali. Truth, consciousness, firmness of Shiva.

Big love.

She was right that the demons were gone, those that weren't devoured or destroyed fled. But that was just scratching the surface it would turn out. I knew that my affliction was multi-generational, ancestral, and that to clean up the mess of many lifetimes in a single lifetime, let a lone a single evening, would take consistent if not constant, high voltage, high dosage, and perhaps a permanently sustained ceremony in a temple that had not yet been built. I knew that by posturing as a rising angel, a rebel fugative clawing my ways through the prison walls of hell, I would be setting off alarms and the persecution, surveilance, torment, and tretchery would increase the more effective my resistance became. It's one of the many dillemas cursing revolutionaries. Step up to leadership and become a target. But as they say, if you're pissing them off, you're doing something right. All this is to say that this was won battle but not the war. It was as much a recon mission as a POW rescue. Now I would be more free, and more powerful but I'd have to grow eyes in the back of my head, or grow the third eye in the middle of my head. My pelvic pain subsided, and as long as I remained in meditation, I could keep the demonic forces at bay. But as to be expected, any engagement in the surface of reality, any alpha brainwave state activites that distracted me from inner vigilance, just gave them time to manuever and

reposition with more and better trained demonic soldiers. It was a devastating yet invigorating paradox. Build the movement and the temples and be defended and liberated more and more, or cower into seclusion, and tread water in isolated ineffectuality. The astral arms race had officially begun. Battle lines had been drawn. Their mortal enemy, my goddess of devotion, had in no uncertain terms spelled there fate, and I was to ordered to become a fine instrument of warfare. She even told me to put more meat on my bones. All I could do was trust and have faith that reinforcements were forthcoming, that I wouldn't be so alone and that so long as I remain disciplined and austere, many blessings would unfold and sustain my hope and drive. So I continued with the research, development, experimentation, documentation, and so on.

The next notable procedure following our transcendent and transformative ceremony was a mushroom medicated sacred spot self massage.

Sacred Spot Massage

This was my first attempt to induce a exorgasm through self-administered "sacred spot" a.k.a. prostate massage while medicated.

I put on a nitrile glove, liberally applied warm coconut oil and began to slowly reach into the anus with my left index finger, applying circular waves of pressure on the prostate gland through the anal wall.

Immediately I was flashing back to Bob the Sugar Demon and his evil abuses of me. I was there again,

energetically, feeling the twisted intentions of methodical abuse.

There were waves of dislodging energy, blockages started to move and I could see with the marine submersible view of the third eye, a variety of large arthropod creatures clustered in the second chakra. There were many smaller independent creatures, and a larger overarching sea creature like entity that seemed to actually be the living walls of the cavernous space. Much like when they landed in the esophagus of the creature in Star Wars and there were creatures within creatures.

As pleasure was induced, I saw waves of glowing light, shakti energy with healing power to dissolve, dislodge, disinfect the entities.

The medicine some how creates a conduit through which the shakti can flow to the diseased, infested areas. Whereas without the medicine, they have no opposition, with the medicine, they are subject to the light so they have to scurry. Like opening a dark roach infested cabinet during mid-day sunlight.

They’re capacity to dominate the sexual experience was diminished completely and I was able to successfully complete a pure release with no resistance. My fantasy woman partner took on supernatural goddess characteristics beyond my conscious imagination, she became insectoid but was a beneficial, benevolent, beautiful loving hybrid. I set the humanoid features in motion, then an otherworldliness took over. Importantly, I was able to relax and let a beautiful experience unfold without a fight for my sexual life force against the parasites. This was a breakthrough and proof that while the demons still had plenty of unsecured re-entry points, at

least now since the yoni-to-third-eye transmission, an introduction of beneficial predator species of astral insectoid dakini had been introduced. Just as I had introduced a gopher snake into one of my gopher infested garden beds, just as I had introduced lady bugs onto my aphid infested leaf greens, just as I had introduced chickens into my fly larvae filled compost. Now there would be competition over my chakras, my arousal, and my orgasm. I was heartened to see, feel, and feed my beautiful non-human sacred erotic spirit allies.

Why Do I Have to Live?

I wasn't intending for it to become another exorcism. It began with the intention that I be given the strength to continue this mission, that I get the help that I need, because it's gotten really hard, being on my feet.

Her intention was to help me continue with healing and for herself to find a home. In darkness with the candle lit, I applied the Durga Mantra and then a soft bells and chimes meditation soundtrack. She led a guided meditation through the chakras. I felt a stillness and a clarity that was very profound. I was very appreciative and in awe of the gentle beauty of her voice.

The chakras were worked through for grounding, affirmations, and anchoring to the higher self. Verbalizing the intent to clear and purify the chakras. By the time of reaching the heart, the medicine was taking full effect and was amplified many many times greater than the normal non-meditation enhanced experience. It was amplified tremendously by the circular breathing, and the centering

and grounding. By the time of getting to the heart, the visual space was fractalized and very rich and the dissolution of the boundaries of the body, space and time, was taking full effect thus showing the synergy of the meditation and practices with the coming on of the medicine.

She said, “universe” and one point, and I said “yoniverse,” and she said, “I love you for saying that,” and instantly like a bolt of lightning I began to cry, to hear those words. I just cracked, right there at the heart chakra. And then as we worked through the throat, her voice changed and the beastial om chanting began. The stern, authoritative, darker toned voice emerged. She stood up and declared that the channeling asked for the whole embodiment, more bestial hands, she said lift your arms to receive, my arms began to be controlled by a greater force, they were moving in patterns beyond my control, she was standing before me and became possessed by Kali.

A wild shaking and spinning began. She instructed very urgently to breathe in an unbroken circular motion, inhalation, exhalation to open the kundalini, begin making circles at the base of the spine and allow the kundalini to rise. She said that kundalini is what does the purification work, to bring the cobra up for it to open the third eye.

I was thinking that it would be more for her benefit in healing this time, but as she became possessed it was immediately another surgical exorcism procedure and she just snapped into the healing mode and said she was going to begin healing me. She stood behind me and held my head and started rattling it, shaking it, tapping on the third eye. I continued to breath and work up the energy after several minutes with the Durga mantra playing. I

started to lay down and move the table so there was an open floor. She was breathing, oming, the beastial om.

I started to shake, and she encouraged the movement so I let the shaking possess me further. And then, because there was more space than before, I was able to trash around and roll, it must have looked like I was on fire trying to put myself out. I was contorting, rolling and arching the back and kicking the legs and curling into a ball and stretching out, a powerful writhing, channeling the energy of fury, anger, and resistance.

And then in the visual space the purge began and the alien organismic demonic all encompassing thick and dense putrid space of a lair appeared. The layer of the colony that had encased the true environment of my soul as a colonized nest or lair, the power of the invocation, the presence of the divine mother and her care for her child, the very maternal instinctual cleansing and protecting of the young. I felt like a bear cub, a sick animal, a sick young animal being powerfully but gently batted around by a mother bear. She followed me on her knees around the room as I thrashed and rolled and began to squeeze and compress into a ball and the violent foaming, more than ever before, the coughing and the dry heaving, again no vomiting, no pumping of the stomach but a violent contracting of all of the sinuses and just streams of mucus and foam. And she said, “Release the poisons, release the poisons. Like last time, she knew this was a procedure, this was some sort of ancient procedure, and just as when I was alone and had similar purges, once the purge takes hold, with the third eye, you’re able to see the encompassing architecture, the living architecture of the hive colony that you actually reside within, within their sort of pod or cocoon, and are just being harvested from.

Mats upon mats of organismic tissue, fields, like black mold, menacing, sinister, alien insectoid landscape of compressed, very tightly, just like a wall of oysters, sea creature continuum that's very tightly bound and as the compression occurs and the purging, it's like as you're squeezing it through you can see it come closer, and become enveloping, and this time there was much more room to work into the frenzy and from the tantra research I knew that I needed to press the eject button and so I reached and put pressure on the perineum and the anus, through the clothing, it wasn't pushed inside but it was a very autonomic knowing, and with all my strength, amplified strength, I was sort of in the field of the kundalini. I began to writhe and convulse in serpentine patterns, and percussively, rhythmically hammer my pelvis on the floor, to dislodge and shake loose, and again, she said, "Shake them out!"

The pounding was thunderous and in multiple waves. I could feel, after having performed the self-induced sacred spot release previously, I had now advanced my anatomical awareness and understanding of how to combine these technologies for this purge of the second chakra to work, that this is a like a reaching in, energetically and manually, mechanically, flooding this area with the magic of the mushrooms. Both simultaneously providing visual access to this environment and this ecology, to be able to see like a probe, like a medical camera being inside, it's like you're seeing the inside and then having this amplified energy and this extra sensory awareness, and this guidance of what to be doing. So you're not grasping in the dark. You're kung fu fighting in the light. There's a mastery and a chi intelligence that's at work, doing the healing and she's holding me, holding my head, and growling and oming, allowing this to occur, and after several waves of violent pounding, hammering,

pressing, and compressing and writing and foaming there was a, I guess a series of like, what Maya said, there are many small ones and many large ones, it's both, it's not one organism and it's not just a series of tiny ones or small ones. It seems to be a whole range, while I couldn't see it all face to face, I couldn't see from my perspective at least, I could feel the release and the dislodging and the pressure change, and I could feel the severance of the tentacles of the teeth, it's like ripping something out something that has been barbed into you and has been sucking your blood, it's like removing a some skin parasite and feeling the rash and bleeding and the tissue tearing, I could feel that all throughout my pelvic region.

When the possession of the kundalini stopped and I went limp, I immediately looked up to watch what was happening with her, and this time, it I was more clearly able to see, only on the surface of this point, the outer surface, because I'm outside of her, and there is this space that these things are in, you can't see it with, you don't see it with open eyes, you only see it with closed eyes and when you see it with closed eyes you see what's surrounding your space. What I observed with open eyes on her, was this belching. Another successful instance of this ingesting and metabolizing, ingesting and digesting, very much like a snake swallowing something whole. There was this long bestial belch, and then she stood up and began to twirl in this pattern that was exquisite, and as if it was the way to flush it down the hyper-dimensional throat of the snake. And she said, "Don't be afraid if you see snakes."

After spinning for some time, several minutes of this very, very programmed pattern, spin, twirl. She gently collapsed to the floor and laid down to meditate and to be still was stroking her belly, there was something very much

more. The sense of watching something in nature, watching something that, as if like uh, it was just very normal and natural for a mother to be delousing her child, her cub. Or for her to be extracting poisons or parasites in this very instinctual, very animalistic manner. It was not talk therapy, it was not intellectual or cerebral, it was very beastial and very primal. As it was before but I felt even more of a sense of it being this very very deep organismic thing, and it was just that, losing the uh, the ability to have this power and this awareness and this, it's more than just knowledge, it's like the means, this happens and it's the mushrooms will, it is the mushroom that is the doctor, and the medical staff. It's what's like, I mean I just think of uh, animals in the wild that will, have the innate intelligence and the practice of, they'll eat some food that will have some amount of poison in it, and then they'll go to something that will induce vomiting and eat enough of that so that they'll vomit out the poison but they'll have gotten the nutrients so it's like this symbiosis and this plant resource intelligence and this accessing of these mechanisms of purification and healing, and the medical effects, and um that this would just be a standard practice. A standard thing that you do when your cub gets sickened or attacked or weakened and you loved it and you weren't just gonna let it die, you weren't just gonna let it suffer. And I kept feeling like that if this is what happens, you know to be sexually attacked and abused and made into a host organism for these transdimensional creatures to colonize then, why wouldn't you just let me die out in the wild. Why would you exert the effort to try to save me, you know, why not just protect the other healthy members of the litter. You know it just felt like, well, in the wild there's so many in the litter, and there's even some species where the mother will just eat the weak and the diseased, and the small, but she said after maybe twenty minutes of us being laid out separately on the floor, she looked over and came over to

wipe all of this ooze off of my face, and my head, and it made me feel like a baby, like one of her cubs. And she touched my face and held me and told me she loves me like a child. And she was groaning and moaning and oming, holding me, cradling me.

I asked her, with more sincerity than I'd ever expressed in words, "Why do I have to live?" Because it felt like, you know, in nature, in the wild, you know not everybody lives, and at some point, there's a point of no return, there's a point where you can't save something, you can love it, but you can also let it go. But when I asked her why I had to keep living she said, "
You have to tell your story Ben, you have to teach men tantra, you have to protect the children. But you will need love, and she is coming" She explained that I'll have the strength to continue the research, and reclaim this primal instinctual plant symbiosis for purification, and the power to exterminate the demons. "You have to do it," she said. "You feel weak now, but you have to trust and have faith in the goddess and worship the goddess and trust that if you build love from within it will attract the love that you need."

She said I must stop seeking, stop the desperation, stop asking. The lack of faith is what's killing me, and making me weaker and more susceptible. The demons will keep regrowing in a vacuum of love, in this septic environment of lovelessness, and loneliness, and lack of touch, lack of sensuality. "You must dance everyday, dancing will keep you full of love."

I have the understanding and the training to know that bad love or false love or toxic vindictive manipulative exploitative sex and fucking and dark unclean addictive love is paradoxically, perhaps obviously, building more habitat and creating more glandular exudates for these

parasites to feast upon and to dig deeper and deeper and get more dug-in to the human energy fields where they have become legion.

I know that the technology of true love, the technology of tantric purification of the chakra system; that flooding the tubular plumbing of the chakras with the divine love of the goddess is the most powerful method that I've experienced. It can be done invisibly in the sense that the tantric practices will work to dislodge the demons, dislodge the parasites that are blocking the flow of energy through the chakras and blast with the kundalini, blast through with the love energy and create the conditions for lasting ecstatic bliss, and with regular douching, regular maintenance, one's soul can be purified. And with the magic mushroom plant medicine synergy, the process becomes visible and the purging becomes, uh, vastly more effective and more directed and targeted and this, this phantasmic interpenetration of deities, and these forces that are beyond a normal flu, or flu type vomiting, this type of purging is something very different. Now, the ideal, from this, as she called it, another surgical session, an ideal from this point would be that having ripped out another more deeply lodged chunk of the colony, now obviously feeling the sense of liberation and lightness and ease, that ideally there would be the reparation, now that the disinfection has occurred, and now, purification and reparation of the issue that comes from self love, and most importantly the healthy, pure, and true love of lovers, who are trained in selflessness and tantrical giving, and who are, psychedelically aware and spiritually and sexually ordained and deified, who can combine the divine mother nurturing energy of protection, and the sacred divine lover energy, the shakti, to nurse a wounded warrior.

She said that my strength is coming, my love is coming and this year I will find my power and I must chant an hour a day in greenery, under a tree, om, the mother sound, and that will keep re-infection from occurring, it will keep them at bay while I become impenetrable, and that I need love from the inside out.

Later I played the acoustic demo recording of the My Goddess track and could see it as a war song for demon extermination. It's like a force, it's like weaponized love from the future. It is a heart beating with lacerating Kali swords coming out. It is a force, a living organ of the goddess, surging through the true environment, the higher dimensional ecology that is now on this planet, densely clogged with demonic parasites that are grabbing, sucking, and tearing, consuming the innocence of humanity. In this continuum of sexual abuse and misuse, it will be by the divinization of the yoni that this traumatic insemination plague of raw masculine rape will be disinfected and reversed. The song is a vessel of Kali, for sonic war, a sacred warrior battleship. And I saw it as a biomechanical weaponized heart, pounding righteous love, fierce, furious, avenging, love. The love of Kali. And like military planes dropping instructions, like the special forces coming to train the locals, the words, the lyrics are the instructions for tantrical intercourse, like the supply kits that are airdropped to the locals. Here's how you fight, here's how you resist, here's the survival manual, how you defend yourself, how you safeguard from the enemy, how you build your perimeters, how to build your perimeter of tantric love. This is weaponized love from the future.

Just days before we'd had a beautiful outercourse session, and after the first invocation ceremony, she was open to my light sensual loving. But this time, there was a rift. When I began to gently nibble on her ear lobe, she

immediately told me to stop. She said that she loved me like a child and that our energy would not go in a sexual direction anymore. I was sad but not shocked. I'd be leaving southern California soon, this would be one of our last experiences together. I couldn't argue or beg, I just had to accept that the intelligence she was channeling from Kali was divine truth. I fought off the pain of rejection and just tried to accept the maternal love she offered.

As I normally do before a move or a road trip, eat, smoke, or drink my stash. I had occasion to experiment with my last scraping of DMT while looping the OMG demo track.

DMT Reveals Her Bejeweled Darkness

I'm protected, going up into her space, no machine elves or menacing creatures, just beautiful jeweled darkness and her presences, when fully immersed into the yoniverse space, her form came in sensual erotic waves washing through me and pushing energy in oval patterns.

Leaving Los Angeles

“Now would be a good time for a break. There’s a change of scenery, we should make some tea and eat something if you’re hungry. We can enjoy the sunset then continue on if you’re feeling good so far.”

“Yeah I need to digest all of this, I don’t even know what to say right now.”

“It’s okay, there’s no need to fully process it all in this moment. Let it dance around in your minds eye and sink in gently.”

During the break we barely spoke except to navigate the logistics of standing, walking, and kitchening, all tasks which, though not clumsily executed, did take on that mushy gellyfish haze, and required a bit more effort to get solid footing, grips, and judge distances in the much less flexible 4 dimensions of space time. We had been adrift in the higher, less dense realms for some time. Upon our return to the bamboo hut for another long astral trek, we cuddled up facing a near-full moon which from our height above the ocean horizon seemed to be gazing right into and through us. It was a very auspicious night, it felt the that the stars gathered round to be excited and terrified by this little campfire ghost story. I continued with what seemed almost to be a sequel, the next beginning began with my abrupt evacuation from the concrete jungle towards the healing asylum of the temperate rainforest.

Though I was assigned to protect her by Kali, we both knew that I had to get out of L.A. it was eating me alive. I set her up with a place to stay and she assured me that she'd be fine. She had many other people to help support her and take care of her. She said we'd collaborate in the future and not to worry. I would be moving to an eco-dominatrix fortress in the pacific northwest. We'd be able to continue to work together remotely and share the teachings of Kali ongoing.

I didn't want to alarm her, but I did gently tell her that I felt that L.A. was unsafe for many reasons, and as a trained survivalist, I couldn't encourage anyone to remain in densely populated areas without adequate security and preparedness measures in place. In my broken state, I couldn't guarantee my own safety and survival let alone that of anyone else. I had to retreat to the temperate climate with abundant water and my extended neo-tribal punk family that would be conducive to my disengaging from reality to heal and process. I promised that she'd always have a place to stay with me, always be safe with me, and never be alone.

I would be continuing the mission and the work, just from a safer and more sustainable headquarters. I told her that I'd be building a crowd for her teachings and that we'd get her up to teach as often as possible.

Not only would I be going to retreat, heal, and rest from 10 years in the L.A. matrix, I'd be studying under a world class eco-dominatrix who trains submissive men to be of service to nature, dominant women and to the divine feminine. For years we'd talked about the need for a synthesis of the sacred "divine light" aspects of tantric goddess worship, and the more shadowy yet equally powerful aspects of the fem domme underground.

Since tragically it's become a "man's world" some of the front lines of the feminist revolution are where men are voluntarily surrendering their power and wealth to empowered and liberated women. They're asking to be punished for their transgressions, they're repenting, and turning themselves in for judgment and justice. While many reformists beg for a surrendering of power, and many revolutionaries demand it, most are poor, ineffectual, and unable to sustain their exhaustive efforts. While they shout at a brick wall, or more accurately at sky rise offices high above the riot police barricade, the very men they are petitioning are in fact giving their wealth and power away to online financial dominatrixes who are spending all of that money on fancy fetish gear. If only there could be a few Robin Hoods among the erotic bourgeoisie, the proletariat might just get the leverage it needs to reach critical mass. I've joked that in the patriarchy, women are still in control, they're just hidden in the Vegas hotel penthouses. A play on words once came to me, since as Jello Biafra put it, "kinky sex makes the world go 'round", and most of these CEOs, politicians, cops, etc. bow down to and salute dominant women, since most of them are textbook ass-worshipers who pay top dollar to be face-sat, does that mean that we actually live in a "buttocracy"?

Deity Possession Trance

Shortly after my arrival at the fortress, I resumed my weekly medicine rituals. During the first of which I had my first personal experience of complete Kali possession. I was as beastial and fiery as Sufiana in our two sessions as well as on the dance floor. The primal, wrathful, hissing, clawed, fanged, flailing, snarling, roaring, frothing, ferocity poured forth.

I was not out of control, it was a voluntary possession where the throttle of the intensity was in my conscious control. Feeling confident in the ability to modulate the intensity, I reeled it in enough to ask the Head Mistress if she cared to observe the possession. Of course pounding psytrance to make Kali force come alive within, I flailed in wild combative forms. In my third eye I could see nests of demons get devoured in gnashing path of my snarling mouth. I was experiencing the fact of devourment through my own auric field. Like putting a camera on a snake that was raiding a rodent nest. I could see all the action. The parasitic prey scattering and scurrying, but getting trapped and consumed into and through my now dimensionally augmented digestive tract.

It looked like a cat fight, with countless opponents, though I was the only being visible to the somewhat mortified onlooking Mistress. She was now a believer though not convinced of the importance. She thought most people would just think I was crazy, but she took my word for it that it was a channeling of the wrathful, demon devouring divine feminine goddess Kali.

She would later be fully possessed through a weekend invocation retreat with Sufiana. This experience was the catalyst to her interest in learning more. The primal power of rage is something she'd always felt as an intrinsic irrepressible instinctual dominant aspect of her being. Giving it sacred permission to come out in a ritual context was a gift and a dream come true when she was able to be guided by Sufiana.

Hell Sprawl

Dancing to OMG, American flag lingerie, playboy, beer ad, super bowl, cowboy, some how infiltrating the archetype of American masculinity and sexuality, alchemizing it to become tantricly purified, embodying the subversion of the American entertainment industry. More surrender and full presence than ever, becoming the song, singing, writhing, massaging, grasping, singing with full soul, becoming the words and the intentions, then more feminine, gyno, alien organismic unfoldings into the peoples of the Amazon, calling out to the shamans, connecting to the other shamans in hyperspace, singing to them, pounding the war drum, asking for the power to energize the song to defeat the hell infection.

Staring down the darkness, standing in power, rising above all, then going through an elaborate organismic yoni tunnel.

Dancing then arriving at the shadow realm. Laid down and was at the gates of my private hell estate, dense menacing evil, fractal demons, density unfolding into a landscape of hell, like when Sarah sees the full distance of the labyrinth, and like the bottomless pit in the Golden

Child. seeing and owning the demonic habitat, the dense, urbanized, Sao Paula population density of the evil living off the river of my fear and anxiety. It was as if they had struck black gold in my wounds. I was their prize oil well. They had built an economy off my pain, this was a demonic boom town, welcome to Mount Ben, population 5 billion demons. They'd made a quaint mining town, mining my soul. They found a gusher, my sexual energy. Robert the Sugar Demon was famous, like Biff in Back to the Future 2.

The prospector dug in when i was only 13 years old. Now he's the mayor and has spent a lot of money on security forces to keep the extraction operation running at full production capacity. This "citahell", would be difficult for angels to raid.

I understood for the first time just how truly enslaved I'd become. My crystal wand, my sacred singing and chanting felt weak, I felt alone, only a trickle of Kali, the vastness of the evil, and it's incorporation with what felt like evil that was now taking up half the space of the universe. It was demoralizing. A sharp reef-like chunk scraped into my third eye, like the scene where a wave pushed the surfer into the reef in the movie North Shore. I could see the horrific, grotesque, repulsive, menacing, twisted, sexual predator, gremlin entities face-to-face. They all gave me the "what are you gonna do about" look.

Densely inhabited structures. I just sang and sat up, owning, owning, powerless, defeated. my soul was deeply submerged in this diseased living Iron Maiden. What hope could there be to destroy and transcend this?

All I could think was that this was all the creation of aloneness, and that tantric group sex magic, would bring

floods and volcanoes of shakti to destroy this place and liberate me. All I can hope for is that the angels I need will magically come to my rescue. Though I have to earn them and fight my way to an optimal position where a rescue mission occur. At this point, I'm locked under the prison of my own hell.

I remembered reading about the universal shamanic experience of dismemberment in the underworld, then spiritual rebirth. This was the firm evidence that you create your own reality, you build your own hell, you imprison yourself, mostly unconsciously. When you carelessly release emotional poisons, it's as if the demons who are "selling you addictions" are the bartenders of your emotions, you ask for the cocktail, and you get it, and they take your money, which is in the currency of the soul, more and more of your soul, inch by inch its surrendered to their banking institutions, submerged in hell, you're already there by the time you die. Every thing you've ever thought, said or done, is a dwelling unit in sprawling condo complexes of your personal astral Citahell. When you succumb to the pressure to buy into a negative thought pattern as a reaction to an external stimuli, you may as well do it with a smile because the demon lords running the hell department in your life, are smiling to the new tenants as they sign a lease agreement to live in the crack you just made in your field. Metallica's Sad But True comes to mind. You're a property developer foolishly investing in the your own Helltropolis...The Ayahuascero shaman who saved my heart would give these classic pre-ceremony orientation speeches: "You may get sucked into the hell realms, try not to freak out, we'll be there for you, we've seen it all..." Be good for goodness sake, kindness and compassion are like protected wetlands, I wish I was a protected wetland.

A Treat for Your Sex Chakra

So I started doing phone sex, but only as a dom. No way was I gonna submit to some sick fuck's perverted demonic sexual imagination. No, they'd be getting a powerful spiritual lesson from me. Even as a dom, I wasn't just going to act out whatever sick shit they wanted. Like a true tantrika, I would transmute the energy into the light, into wholeness, into divinity.

They'd wanted humiliation, I'd guide them on an NLP life history timeline to anchor into their peaks and valleys, then blast them with emotional release techniques. I'd liberate them from their pathological stuckness and free their energy systems and sexual imaginations from self-destructive perversity. One of my tantra mentors once said, "In union, your mind should be pure, look at the Khajuraho temples, they're decorated with infinitely complex orgiastic heavens on the outside, but on the inside, they're very empty."

The point as I understood it was essentially that carnal lust is to be embraced and celebrated, but once in tantric union, the focus of intent and spiritual agenda should supersede the lower circuits of fetish and fantasy.

After some pretty nasty phone sex customers, I decided I must create an audio program for tantric purification for my clients. So I researched purgative Kali mantras and made an audio puja with yogic practices, guided meditation and erotic exercises to a sound track of drumming and my chanting of this mantra: "Om Sri Maha Kalikayai Namaha".

I hired a Sanskrit scholar to help me with translation and pronunciation. She said that, “Om is the Primal Sound, it precedes most mantras and is the basis of most sacred sounds. It signifies the beginning of the universe, the abode of peace, God in the form of sound, and is the vibration that created the whole world. Sri refers to the Divine Feminine, the power that energizes the universe and makes it bountiful and full of joy. Maha means great or "The Great One". Kalikayai means Kali, grammatically meaning that this name is the focus of the mantra - Kali is the Great One, the Primal One, the Divine Feminine who holds all the power. Namaha means to bow down. Many mantras end with this word as they are reverencing the divine by saying they bow before that form of God. So in total, the mantra means ‘I bow before the Great and Primal Divine Goddess Kali.’ I did some research and also saw that it is supposed to cleanse the devotee, and bestow shakti.”

So I recorded the audio program and got some potent and powerful reviews, my intention seemed to be working. I wanted to get these guys’ second chakras dialated with the Vam bija mantra, then have them invoke Kali, and have kundalini shakti snakes come in and clean them out.

This wasn’t exactly what I expected to be doing when Sufiana said I had to live so I could teach men Tantra. But it was starting to bring in significant income to finance my laboratory research.

Fate would have it that I felt possessed to take the simple track I made for the meditation sound track and develop into an actual track which was to become the Kali Purification Prayer. The night I released it to the world, while in bed trying to fall asleep, I could see a dense crowd

of demons in my third eye. They were in an uproar, it looked like a prison riot, what first began to look like a swarm of insects took more distinct shapes as a demon riot, both with eyes opens and eyes closed, as I laughed that Kali's mantra was released to the world, baked into a psychedelic trance track, they were in turmoil, freaking out, more densely packed than ever and not just the typical menacing grimaced spooky slow moving and often still sludge, this was absolute mayhem, it was like refugees at a closing gate, fearing their imminent demise. I couldn't sleep for a while and felt aches and pains here and there, but just rolled around to reposition as need and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until finally I went to sleep and dreamt of being with a beautiful Indian lover flying on dragons together.

The world responded well to the track once it started to percolate throughout the internet, one fan commented: "A treat for your Swadisthana (sex chakra)!"

My consultant was very instrumental and influential in this haphazard foray into the mysterium tremendum of Hindu mythology. She had great patience with my nagging naïve questions and supplied many important resources to me. Perhaps understandably the most important of which was the urging that I read the Bhagavad Gita. It’s chapter on Demons says it all.

We talked at length about the Kali Yuga, and how we’re deep into the darkened world age where the demonic forces are at their most powerful and numerous. She was able to validate scripturally most of what I was experiencing and gave me guidance on how to interpret many things. She didn’t agree with all of my hypotheses and extrapolations, and discouraged experimenting on the divine. The last thing I want is to be hated the way Wasson

is for desecrating the Maria Sabina's Mazatec mushroom ceremony and making a traditional local healing modality into a psychedelic tourist attraction.

I suppose I justified my scientific standards of proof only to dispel the myth that the divine feminine is not real, and thus should not be feared. If wrath may come to me from Hindus for modernizing ancient secrets in a non-proprietary, non-profiteering way, I shall have nothing to be sued for. And they can beat me mercilessly, yet if I am able to earn the blessing of the goddess Herself, I shall be shaktified and the beatings will not hurt me nor leave any marks.

I'll take the words of my endearing consultant to be an adequate blessing: "Kali is the root cause of everything and she is your Ishta Devi (the Goddess of your heart).
I met these two young boys once, when I was traveling in India with my father. They were pilgrims, young barefoot boys, barely in their teens, traveling in the black clothes of their prescribed pilgrimage. I was amazed by them because of their innocence, and their happiness, and they're refusal to take any gifts or help. They were just following their path, sharing their love, and they didn't need anything in return for it. I saw Krishna in them, and I worshiped Him in my heart. That is what I see when I see you, Ben. You have the divine within you. You give unconditionally. Channel it towards where it belongs...and your talents will not go to waste."

With her endorsement, I continued to boldly go where few men have gone before, into the infinite frontier of deep psychedelic goddess worship...

Baby Demons Aren't Cute

Went outside to sing the vocal tracks for the Kali Purification Prayer song, and deep soul voice, soul power coming through singing. Getting visions of the war torn areas where the worst sexual pathology is, Africa, various monstrous amalgamated mouth and eye organismic chunks of psychic coral reef, of the world soul of humanity and within myself. A lot of navigating through that reef and Kali appears after some time of various levels of being within that space. She covers the landscape, descending, opening the third eye I see a sort of infinite array of black eyes, or black tissue surrounding this geometric pattern of diamonds, diamonds with eyes, definitely a protecting, maternal vibration, sentiment, intelligence, and some anatomical features, arms, legs, many, many different ones at different places, coming down, having been summoned to induce a purge. And then, which I had seen before many times, her true form appearing to the third eye, not a projected humanoid form, but an insectoid form with many eyes and very black and very bestial. So she's there and acknowledging her presence I feel assured to just be held in a space of witnessing, what I had previously experienced, observing these floating random encounters with the different chunks of monstrosity, living, grotesque, parasitic mouthed, menacing eyes, eyes like crab eyes, out of body, they're coming out of the body on tubes, grotesque, malformed, deformed….having seen many of those floating sequences, not necessarily understanding or seeing how they're interconnected or how they begin or end, its like deep sea videography when you have limited light and there's just things that come in range of the light of the submersible and then they disappear.

I assumed that the mantra's effectiveness was being exemplified by a new unprecedented experience of rendering of the sight of this phenomenon, so it was as if a core sample had been pulled, perhaps by the force of Kali's presence somehow, she was able to hold me in position. It's almost like you're parked at a train crossing and sometimes you don't know if you're moving, or your driving and the train's going in the opposite direction and you sort of lose sense of whether you're moving or the landscape is moving.

So it was like that, I could have been still and I could have been moving, or I could have been moving across it, but it definitely felt like that sort of scene in poltergeist when something was being pulled out, something was being extracted and shown, like it's been dragged across the vision-scape of the third eye, very, very, well what should be thought of as a classic perspective which is like a fish eye lens kind of a perspective where as with the binocular vision you have this widescreen, it's a horizontal widescreen, but this third eye vision is more like a fish eye lens where things, it's a more tight circular peripheral edge and the main focal point is in the middle of the circle.

So this core sampling of this monstrosity is being pulled out and dragged across my third eye essentially, or very close to it, I'm seeing higher detail than ever before, very much, very hypervisual, just nothing compares in normal waking consciousness, the light perception, I mean some aspects are still dark and shadowy, but when certain points get within certain proximity to the third eye, it becomes almost overbearing, obviously it's grotesque imagery to begin with but it's like, sticking your face into a gangrenous wound with microscopic vision so as it moves,

standing face-to-face with it as its moving and just holding still, singing at it, singing into it, singing it down, signing it away, it's as if the singing is what is powering the, it's like turning the crank of the engine lift, its pulling the engine block with the force of the mantra, jacking it up and out, so staying with it, being strong and brave and fearless and not flinching and not wincing and not resisting, letting it be pulled out and removed and pushing it out with the sound.

When it was getting to be extremely intense, it's not your face, the face of your mind, feeling that you're being attacked on the face of the third eye, but singing while that was happening brought a black force, a blackness occured which could have in some way been the presence of Kali, of that force or entity enveloping it, but obviously the next day some sort of massive excision had occurred, because of a sense of liberation, a measurable ego reduction in size, like cutting out part of a tumor, that would go to show that the singing and bringing in Kali has this effect, and so exactly the mechanics of it is still hazy, but it's an important note that if I'm seeing the demon hatchery going unhindered, and just going nuts and then not singing, letting that be seen, and then beginning to sing as it appears and then seeing an effect. So what I'm being zoomed into is how the sound waves and vibration allow in or invite in to the space the Kali force, or the Kali effect somehow it's like altering that space and having an effect, another important note to align with the pranic psychotherapy clairvoyant, and Kok Sui's description of what he trains people to see, the grayish bioplasmic matter, there was quite a long sequence when that core was taken and moved past the third eye where there was clearly a gray colored amalgamated form, with the diagram on page 8 of *Pranic Psychotherapy*, you can see an illustration that looks exactly like, what would you call it, like a mass of bubbling, its like a bubbling gray mass.

This is where the most significant bit of new revelation begins, it is that uh, I sing Kali in, I call her in, she's there, I'm protected, I'm emboldened, I'm not giving into any fear, I'm standing completely strong and so I'm able to get this perspective, and then after twenty minutes of repetitive singing in a loop I sit back and say I'm gonna experience this journey now, and just go into like, tantric relaxation mode and just be guided so at that point I was able to kind of buckle up into this ride and the ride became the song, the music became a living vessel to travel through the cavernous internal psychic space and it was obvious to me immediately that, whoa, this is a submersible, this musical architecture, which started to strike me, realizing that the architecture of these sounds, even the pitch shifting that was done, I can't believe that this was just what seemed like this process that's unfolding when you create a piece of art, one impulse and intuitive nudge follows another but you don't really have the full picture in mind and you're surprised by the product.

Well those series' of sublties, they created a vessel, an absolute living sonic vibrational vessel that is like the Kali mobile, the Kali ship and my consciousness my attention could be strapped within it, and then surrendering for the ride there was this release of more beautiful architecture and colors and sort of a sense of divinity pouring in, divinity comforting me for the ride so that I could feel extra safe and protected and accompanied by the mother because it's gonna, well Infected Mushroom and Shpongle have mastered this sort of reverberating kind of kaledescopic twisting nature of the mushroom consciousness, intelligence, its this sort of surreal, this sort of Gieger-esque, Escher, and Dali together...make that into a theme park ride, a visual theme park ride that incorporates all of those 3 artists elements, which is typical

of the mushroom and typical of a lot of what psytrance is going for, is to create that mind bending multi-layered journey, well, this song has unique properties that obviously, you don't know until you experience it in the fully submerged space of the mushroom intelligence and it wraps itself around the sonic vehicle or vessel, and then you go for the journey.

So long story short, this was a Lamborgini of a psychedelic mushroom trip sonic vehicle and I was astounded as it began to roll because this is the open house of your shadow, this is a tour of your shadow, a theme park roller coaster ride tour of your shadow where you are buckled in and you can feel the presence of Kali, and you can know that everything you feel is wrong within in you, is not to be feared, but to be treated with the attitude of a mother, and seen as something to just sing lullabies to, and scrub, you know and do whatever you can to heal, but a mother isn't afraid, a mother, if there's a rash on her child she's not gonna be afraid, she's not gonna walk away from it, she's gonna hold her nose and do whatever it takes to perform her duty to restore health and homeostasis of her child. So you become the mother of all the thoughts you've birthed all of the emotions of you've birthed, all of the malformed cultural programming and how that lives within you. All that disgusting, vile stuff, that we inherit through the generations, that we see, or that we produce ourselves and all the things, the doors you don't want to open.

Without this guidance tool, or the mantra, you're gonna go and fall through trap doors and get stuck in booby traps and the menacing dangerous terrifying, mortifying landscape, you don't feel like you're on tracks normally, you don't feel like you're on tracks and you're buckled in and you know you have divinity with you and the

mother with you. So with this confidence and this structure in the form of the song, and going into and moving with it and realizing that this is gonna be the ride of a lifetime and it's gonna be disturbing and shocking but I won't be in danger, I won't get lost.

So moving forward, the most profound revelation was to be able to go and to be taken into a hatchery of baby demons. Seeing the embryonic stage, seeing the hatching of millions of these thought eating, thought producing, energy feasting negative, in the subjective sense of their parasitic relationship to me as a host, and by extension all potential hosts, and just this, seeing the creature that lays these things, seeing that birthing process, seeing this ovarian, uterine, though kind of hybrid mammal insectoid architecture of biology, that being extremely up close, yeah, but not turning away, not opening my two eyes, but remaining with it and letting my vision be guided to where this is happening. And it wasn't a specific location, I couldn't say that I had been brought into any given chakra, but I can say it was just being completely within the space of where these things were being birthed constantly. I was completely immersed in the place where they could grow and gestiate, and grow into larger free standing entities, you know, lobster, crab, arachnid type entities with menacing eyes and mouths and just a sense of heartlessness, just a sense of their being completely opportunistic and totally vile creatures...merciless, relentless, agitating of our nervous system to produce what they feed upon, and that's the negative elemental thought forming entities of the pranic healing discourse.

What was curious was that they seemed almost the way cells are divided and they become, they go through a process of developing into the certain task their gonna

form, it seemed like a very generalized base level form of organismic demons, like baby demons, like baby spiders, and millions of them just extremely, yeah, sticky, looked like, the closest analogy in form I could use, and I had been thinking about this and pondering it recently, it's like the Beetleguice statues that Delia made, one of them has 6 legs and when it comes alive it has a square head on a neck and an insectoid body. That is what I would say seemed to be the base level. When the egg sack breaks open and there's millions of these things all vying for energy, just naked, grayish pink, almost translucent. And they had that basic form, and just extremely menacing, extremely voracious and just, were not cute. They were not furry fuzzy little things that you'd want to pet. They were things that were extremely menacing.

So obviously they were being laid by a larger creature and I was able to catch glimpses of those creatures and like the Stephen King, *It* portrayal of the large arachnid, many times larger than a human being. What the Michael Harner work revealed to me about the "sucking doctor" and the different native American accounts of shamanic healing, of entering a tunnel, then when encountering these giant arachnid monstrosities, which would be I guess, considered the adult form, the fully matured form that had been harvesting, living within the tunnel and extracting your nutrients your energy, your psychic energy and that, I was not able to yet perceive, the act of the consumption, just the ambient space so its kind of like the invisible plankton or invisible microbes that the sea urchins eat, you see them chewing but you don't see the microbes that they're actually consuming because they're microscopic, so it seems at that scale I'm seeing them subsist. They're definitely amalgamating in these combs, or these chunks of reef which obviously are your belief systems, obviously are your unique, everyone's

unique fear substrate, you know they're living in the structure of your mind, your belief system is the substrate that they inhabit, and if you're unfortunate enough to be a survivor then you've have a load of parasitic nasties injected into wounded tissues, you're then infested by these creatures that you would have never confronted had you never been abusively acted upon.

Put simply it is an infection and Kali is sad, the mother is sad that her human children have been increasingly infected by these creatures that deform consciousness and ruin our experiences of life and in the worse cases make the human being, become a doer of evil so as to be surrendered to ultimate systemic infestation. I mean just like candida, it's not that you can't be a human being, you're gonna have a balance of bacteria in the gut, you can't exist without some percentage of some types of these creatures living within you, it's part of life. Health comes from population management and protecting oneself from certain orders of these things, you know psychic parasites, energetic parasites. At some point in a laboratory we'll have to be able to compare the drug addiction variety to a sexual pathology variety to an eating disorder variety and see if, are they all the same, just functioning in different chakras that govern different aspects of the human personality character, and experience of life and where the impulses come from, or are they structurally anatomically diverse, this is just for me, you know, on my own journey this is just the beginning of starting to, at least for one thing know, okay, they're not immortal because they're being birthed or hatched, if I had more biology background I would be able to notice the features and categorize them better but, somewhere between aquatic arachnid creatures laying eggs and spiders laying egg sacks, and you know it's some sort of mammal, mammalian form, I can't really completely sort it

out, but it does yield one definitive conclusion which is that, they are nesting, they are propagating, and so it's not just one. I mean, they obviously have different ages, and if their destiny is to be free standing and moving around, mobile, and then at some points to just nestle in to these chunks, these combs, these reefs, and then just harvest from the their host. Perhaps they settle into these reefs when there's abundant flow of output of human negative emotional energy and perhaps if you starve them they start to break apart, break loose, they have to hunt when they can't just gather, they have to, perhaps that's what's happening when there's scarcity, which is effective Kalification, purification, effective meditation, vibration and thought management, energy management, impulse management. Then they're forced to earn a living, forced to earn a living by going out and doing more scratching, and agitating.

So yeah that was the trip into the demon hatchery and uh, being quite shaken, but held in place, going through it, realizing if this is where she commands, then so be it, make it so, it is to be replicated, the combination of this particular sonic vessel, the significant dose of psilocybin and the singing along with the mantras, powerfully the vibration coming from a deeper place than you've ever known within yourself, an ancient soul voice power that perhaps loosens up and vibrates and creates the space within which to navigate. So after seeing that, perhaps as a test, can you stomach this, I saw that, perceived it, studied it and then was taken on, moved on, on the journey in the vessel.

Eventually I got past the demon hatchery and went into what felt like this beautiful feminine realm that was, sort of erotic and safe and comforting feeling, like a feminine erotic Gieger-esque landscape, let's presume that

there is health safety and beauty in this higher level insectoid architecture realm, it did not feel menacing, I was smiling, I was able to feel this beauty, these shimmering colors of beauty, sort of like a crystal, opening it up, and seeing all the different points of light shimmering off of it, but having it being insectoid living architecture. Not a maternal but a romantic or erotic feminine place which felt good, I felt like this is the place that you want to keep clean, this is the place that you don't want to be harangued by those menacing forms, that if otherwise, this is what would be producing the nectar of pure eros, you know, this um, dragon fly, honey bee, sweet, endearing, lovable, erotic, merciful, beautiful, sexual realm, um apart of all of us, it's like a layer that we all have, that should be producing healthy eros for our experience of moving through life and um, from there I was placed within the center of my erotic desires, my fantasies, what I considered to be the most delicious sensual and erotic forms. It felt safe, it felt clean, hygienic, endearing, beautiful, lovable, loving, divine, human, natural, to be embraced, to be enjoyed, to be fully um, absorbed within and surrendered to, and that felt good obviously knowing that uh, there is a place where, where my desires live and that place is not infected, that place is pristine, it is sort of um, its very um, I mean, I believe that certain unique characteristics of that space, who knows if that's what I'm programmed to, from multiple lifetimes or if it's become what has formed around my traumas to give me what I need, or maybe it's something that will only be there until certain peak erotic experiences are experienced, and then something else will be there, but to know there is a beautiful and serene and playful and joyous and appropriate and hygienic place, that's very separate, very safe and protected was very comforting and I'm grateful for that, very grateful, and from there, um there was more divine traveling upwards ascension into this classic Hindu

mythological artistry and feeling like uh wow, yeah some very amazing higher level Kali goddess, still extremely insectoid, extremely organismic, and it's like the benevolent, the benevolent bio-mechanical alien architecture of the *Contra* Nintendo games. Obviously the sinister and benevolent are built, made out of the same fundamental materials and the architecture is the same, its subjective to us. Good bugs, bad bugs, good bacteria, bad bacteria, anaerobic, aerobic, the light, as though the light is oxygen and darkness is anaerobic lack of oxygen, life is going ot happen either way, composting is gonna happen either way, and um, yeah you're either the anaerobic sludge filled with noxious creatures, or you're circulating the light and the oxygen and the angels are singing and the beneficials are eating the parasitic, non-beneficial organisms, so moving right along into that space of uh, Kali and her skin, the allies, the beneficial higher dimensional larger entities, we need to understand how to be in alignment with and serve, and thus be protected by and have them accessible and available, willing to um, just help us, we need it now more than ever. It's our choice.

So I can only imagine I've been manhandled by parasitic demon infested sick vile disgusting perverted men, with no grace, no heart, just pure menacing, hollowed out vile sickness and yet, that's not my essence and that's not my direction or my nature and so I have remained of the light and am not overrun by compulsive, not overrun by harmful fetishes, and so I wanna, without moralistically indicting this whole, the whole realm of fetishes, I'm gonna say the line should be drawn at age appropriateness and consent and harm or non-harm and then be free, however, I feel like there is a, for those who dare there is a self-audit technology that you can, you know, however twisted you have become, is there some part of you that could sit down with your mother and talk

about what is the truth for you, and it's not your biological mother, it can be your divine mother, and I feel like this rite of passage of self knowledge that I stumbled upon, stumbling upon the existence, the resource of Kali, you know that I was guided to by synchronicity, and now her influence on my creative life, my musical path, everything, is now in her name, in service of her force, because obviously the promise of her blessing those who fall before her is being fulfilled.

And I dare all of us to audit our psyche with this modernized ancient sacred ritualistic technology and it will be interesting to see how it gives people leverage on things about themselves that they don't want to continue to feed with their unconscious behavior, thoughts, words, things that you want to starve out and give death to, the ego structure its hungry, alive, voracious appetites...we don't in the modern world have much awareness of how bullied, pushed around, and puppeteered, we are and um, as a tantric master said, "The repression of human sexuality is going to result in extreme sexual expressions."

I mean the way I see it is that cultural, religious, sexual repression forces that natural energy to be pressured downwards into hell, so that it can become, it's like if you, should have been growing just straight upwards into the light and not even coming into contact with the vile putrid anaerobic bog creatures and organisms, that are in this odious space, you would prefer to not have been pushed down to grow partially in this bog environment, you would have preferred to be like the chinampa that I built, where you're growing in healthy soil, and you're rising into the light, strong and pure, and healthy, living among your allies, and your naturally designed and programmed beneficial companions in the environment, with moderate pest pressure and predator pressure, but if, it's just like

something comes and steps on your stem and knocks half of you down, so a significant portion of your being is forced into this ugly space, and you, yeah when you're able to look at that and see that, it's as if all of these, being careful with words of judgment or moralism, this is a slipper slope because of all the persecution of so called deviant sexuality which is arbitrarily defined by Christian, hyper-puritanical dogma, I mean, forget all the freakin jargon, the reality is, the stuff that's being allowed to be expressed is the product of repression and submersion into hell, and what's coming up to the surface and being expressed is contaminated by hell and demonic forces and uh, and when you turn the lights on, when you see with the third eye, you can make your own honest assessment of what you want to be nursing inside of you, do you want to be hatching angels or demons, do you want to garden your demons or garden your angels, but be aware, be in control, at least be in more control and um, for the safety of the future generations...let the mushroom be the religion, if you want to sing to Kali, I think we can prove that uh, these technologies are replicable, and the sonic summoning of Kali, the kundalini serpents, all these beneficial living elements of a more wholesome, more self-aware and consciously managed ecosystem within the sexual, psychic realm, there doesn't have to be a law passed per se, or a manual written with definitive language, I think I would be thrilled for there to be a daring self auditing, maybe somehow rewarded, like please, before you unconsciously become a vessel of these parasitic things, whether you think they're harmful or not, try this experience, and know thyself. You are not what you think you are.

The attitude that we take on the surface of planet earth with disposable consumable products and their packaging and presumption that well, it all just can go into

a landfill, well, mirroring that fallacy, our psychic landfills, our sexual landfills, our energetic landfills, these landscapes are really freakishly freaking grotesque and we need to design our own policies for ourselves, and with this knowledge, which is not a matter of faith, it's not a matter of signing up for a religious package and taking someone else's word for it, this is the real deal, this is your ecosystemic energy audit, and its one pathway to the truth. There are so very many. What this may be is, I hope, a guerrilla initiation, into the ecology of the soul, where relative to the careless tripping and the dangers involved with that, this is something that I feel, I hope could be that "poor man's purge", part of the poor man's purge tool kit for those who are ready to wake up and live an integration of the sensory input of the third eye. And adjust belief systems, religions, thought and behavior patterns, manners of speech, sexual impulses, compulsivity, based on knowing what runs, what varied forms of higher dimensional life actually make up our minds.

It's as if all these different creatures, the benevolent erotic, the malevolent erotic, the aggressive, the compassionate, all these different archetypal states of being, it's as if they're different colored ink cartridges in the printer of your being, and you, the moment to moment aging three dimensional print out self that you perceive, is only the ephemeral output. You look at the print out that has a combination of these different source colors, you don't tease them all out of every frame, it is all like Alex Grey said, this swirl with gradients of shadow or darkness into light, and that the swirl, spiral is the texture, the reality, positivity, negative, dark, good, evil, all that duality stuff, there's no sharp edges, it's always feathered into the gradients, and so, when we take a step back into these realms, and see, that's where the benevolent sexual beauty is being manufactured from, this department, this

realm that serves as the department of my benevolent sexuality, and then there's these demonic creatures that hatch within my field that are being propagated and implanted into me by images within the media, by negative experiences with other people sexually, by improper education, and all of the gnarly freaking experiences and, just deformed cultural sexual dysfunctionality of all kinds...there are Gremlins in the ink cartridges, and you want to be in control of that.

Sleeping and dreaming after that intense journey, I had a powerful eruption of the Sepultura *Arise* album in the dream space seeing with the third eye, I had done it before, I'd known it since the streets of SF when I was completely out there in the meth realm, days, binges without sleeping and immediately when I heard that album I knew it was a sonic vessel for internal psychonaut traveling, this album can take you to those places and you'll be fully weaponized and you'll have this force, this strength, deep power to observe these, creepy crawly landscapes beyond our normal perception, and I felt very affirmed that that would come to me now, that that would reminded me, I mean that album cover art is the truth, it is one of the best artistic depictions of what is seen from the perspective of the third eye, and um, in the Kali Yuga, in this extremely diseased, infested time...hacking through that, fighting our way out of it, and now for me, with the force of Kali.

Spin Cycle in the Cosmic Yoni

Here's another audio lab report, this time testing the claims of the pranic healers about the intrinsic ability of salt water to cleanse the aura.

Brazilian sea salt, medicine. Pure mind state, listening to the *108 Sacred Names of Divine Mother* track. No grotesque demonic features, just brilliant sparkling pristine goddess architecture and I felt elevation with the music. I thought I should go further and see if the pranic healing salt water bath has any effect. So I consumed another handful, and played the mother divine for about another half hour then switched over to the Kali Purification Prayer, played it, sang along. There was a moment with the bulimic, when she was handling me, I felt for the first time… she dug into a nest in my lingam, I felt like hook effect, like she had unknowingly, intuitively made her finger into a fish hook and I could feel an unprecedented sensation of dislodging and extraction, and since then I'd experimented with trying to find those spots and intuitively feeling and realizing, "Hey if I can pull things out of other people, I should be able to pull them out of myself, it's like being afraid to masturbate or something, if you don't have someone doing it for you, you gotta do it for yourself, don't wait..."

When I did the first sacred spot massage with medicine and saw profound effects and then had a clean release…this was the first time since then where a profound and dedicated focus was put on working with surrendering to the guidance to be possessed manually by Kali, calling her in, feeling the presence, seeing the field of black, kaleidoscopic black feminine eyes and the field of nurturing disinfecting consuming energy and with the focused intent of invoking her through the vocal singing, the song giving me the strength the courage to go through whatever has to be gone through, to not be afraid, and to

relax as much as possible. I was grappling, it felt like feeling into and pinching out and squeezing out and yanking out from the nadis, feeling into where there were threads into the nadis, seeing of course the urchin, barnacle, parasitic insectoid dense, matted material…so experimenting with seeing if I could get this third eye perspective to operate like a camera on a tube that goes into to the gut, see if different movements with the hand would effect what's on the screen, to see if I'm actually there and if my intention to place this third eye perspective camera into that area was working and ostensibly it was working very much like that in the sense that as more gripping, more tugging and all these different pressure points occurred there were very unique sensations of these interesting peak dislodgings and then explosions of visuals. It was vague yet, correlative lets say, it wasn't…it's difficult to say what angles it was being shot from so to speak. The anatomy and the….its hard to explain, phenomenologicaly it was like, comparing it to the first Kali purge, singing medicated experiment which had the extremely vicious demonic hatchery visions, definitely got into the dark cloud, which matches up with the clairvoyants in the pranic healing, this bubbling, frothing, dark cloud, but Kali was so present so enveloping, in the sense that, her beauty and her effect in the space was the show, was the main event. It seemed like the salt water effect was possibly drastically changing the character of the creatures, or killing them, it's hard to say obviously it wasn't clear, but I was certainly way more comforted, way more supported, just floating in this space of almost near sensory deprivation, and the fluidity of the warm water. That effect being felt meant that the Kali force was very much imbued within the fluid and so the surgical activity was a mutual operation with my hands being guided into hooking in, vibrating, tapping, shaking, very much like what

happened in the heart chakra exorcism of the Ayahuasca ceremony.

I was extremely focused, grimacing face, and the digging in, intensification of pressure into specific points, like this extreme intensity of acupressure and then a matched, completely in tandem synchronized matching intensity of contortion of the face so it's like, "That's it!, okay now dig in." Grimace, and bite down on a stick, cuz we're going deep... It wasn't extremely painful but the intensity of the sensation was very dramatic, and then these constellations of various points, this sort of intuitive acupressure phenomenon. Each finger is pressing into an area, and then ultimately an emergent property comes about where this unique configuration results in like a lock down, like a heat seeking missile, or like the fighter jets they get their lock on and then they fire the missile. That's what it felt like, I would feel into, get every finger in place, get a lock down, feel the spike in intensity in pressure, grimace, and then hold, and then wait for the Kali mantra to come up in the song, sing it and that sort of let her loose into the area, and then I would feel, repeated waves of this soothing comforting imbuing energy that would feel like….I didn't see carnage or feel carnage, it was a warm dulled washed over sense of being disinfected, like a leech cleaning a wound. More like a leach cleaning a wound than a snake eating something whole, or a raccoon shredding something to pieces which was more the invocation through the channeling person effect, which was far more violent and dramatic kind of raid.

This was more of a subtle leach kind of effect of removing the very small things. And at certain points of total focused intention, the peaks of focused intention and the lock down, the "lock-on" phenomenon and the singing, at the peak moments, the foaming of the mouth occurred,

and the peristaltic full body purge occurred and that sense of the consciousness being fully within this Gieger-esque, dense enveloping Gieger-esque space, like you're dislodging something way bigger than your whole body, and you're sort of trapped within it, like you've been encased in this menacing dark evil thick cocoon, and you're breaking through it and releasing.

It's….it's like being turned inside out, it's like turning yourself inside out and breaking apart a cocoon from the inside out and there was this, this was the second very, maybe second or third very distinct experience of going through a threshold kind of almost a sphincter like, in orientation directly above, going through this wall, this living wall, going through this organismic dome wall and being into this space where you're seeing the higher dimensional reef of barnacle and urchin like creatures that are consuming the energy coming off of the chakras or, you know in this higher dimensional soul ecology and calling in Kali to that space, and being there with her and then feeding her, pinching off stuff, like chimps grooming each other. This may be something that humans are gonna be doing for a long time, getting into this dimensional space where we're gonna have to manually…I mean obviously what's happening is that there was the first massive raid with the Kali invocation, there was the second less dramatic raid which indicated that, in my personal vacuum of affection and love I lacked the external loving healing energy that would have made the demonic regrowth limited, yeah the massive raid happened and then I was left unloved, untouched, no oxytocin to flood out and disinfect and protect, so you're just still in the darkness, you're still in the anaerobic space, you can love yourself but you're at a deficit, in the arm wrestling match you're almost on the table. So it's like we came in and grabbed my hand and gave me an angelic lift of my arm

wrestling hand back to the center point, and then left and then it just got pushed back down again and that's just going to keep repeating in the absence of, of um, that help.

I feel I'm reduced to a state of if I want to not be feeding anything I just have to be knocked out. And um, so the hope is that it won't be a tedious totally all-consuming process of just sitting there and picking things off of myself and feeding them to Kali one-by-one, but there will be a kundalini partner for the massive all-in-one excavator versus shovel effect of this regular routine cleaning and maintenance process, and then a maintenance that prevents the regrowth period, that's the goal of this, the prayer and the objective is to hopefully prove that that is the way of, and this goes for all neuroses and pathologies that affect people from the eating disorders, to well everything…you do the extraction, you purify, you maintain a regimen of dancing, and medicine, and love and oxytocin, and stress reduction, and disengagement from modernity, and repositioning in nature and then you have the conditions for the prevention of regrowth. And the sealing off of purified wounds, all the perforations and all the places where the creatures were inhabiting are now scabbed, scarred over, cleaned up.

A very interesting sensation of their being these warm, almost like vaginal walls, like the feeling to the fingers of the vaginal walls, as if my whole being was being surrounded by the black enveloping vaginal walls of Kali, but these walls have these beneficial mouths, this beneficial feeding phenomenon, it's like pray to be enveloped within this yoni. Feeling the soft warm wet space of Kali, you can see with the third eye open and then you're being gently, in this configuration, being gently kind of leeched off of in a beneficial way.

At the very end I had been laying and kind of dozing a bit, it was almost in a hypnagogic state that I got a very clear like microscopic view, I had a very clear flash of what the clairvoyants see, which was like this tissue is crawling with these populations of cockroach spider insectoid creatures which are individually relatively weak but as a mass can really cause harm and discomfort and disease and so there was a flash of that, and the tissue that had been infected and then a flash of seeing the mouth parts of Kali, part of it soft black, kaledscopic architecture of tissue and flesh and seeing where there are parts of that that are the mandible mouth part areas and seeing this very slow, very meticulous eating of the offending creatures, looking very small from that perspective. So that was a big piece that had been long awaited because during the first two raids I had only seen the after effects of the consumption, the belly slapping the belching and the reporting back that yes there was a devourment, and that seemed on a much larger scale, but this was much more subtle um, I guess you could say the difference between a bear eating honey out of a honeycomb out of a bee hive it just took down, versus a bear tearing a fish out of a river or something like that, just much different, still the same animal feasting, eating, but different polar extremes of ferocity and intensity of the devourment.

Where the Sun Don’t Shine

After now seeing Kali’s true non-human form several times in the darkness at night. I knew I needed to experiment with invocation during the day and facing the summer sun with eyes closed while medicated.

Of course there were the standard illuminated Mosque architecture designs, but when she was sung into the field, with the Kali Purification prayer, I could see into and through the putrid demon nests the way you can see through your finger with a bright flashlight. Subtle complexities of shape and form were revealed. And when she came I could not see through her, but I could see all of her outer surfaces with much higher definition. She’s so dark and shadowy at night, but with the sunlight coming through, her infinite biological complexity was in high relief.

Divine Intercourse

A respected psychonaut colleague once wrote about psychedelic sex:

“…perhaps most importantly, get to know your medicine. Sending prayers or positive intentions to these teacher plants can make all the difference. It’s sort of like having a ménage a trois with the spiritual world and you want to respect all partners involved.”

His advice was apt for this experiment, here is the audio transcript:

Divine union, aaaaahhh, this was the first experiment using the Kali Purification Prayer track with both male and female vocals. Sufiana had recorded her parts from somewhere in the vastness of India and emailed me the files. I updated the track and had been singing along, dancing, crying, singing, going through a cycle several times and just crying, crying in my parts unable to really speak and just feeling the power of it all, the truth of it all from the previous discussions with my Sanskrit consultant about the Kali Yuga, and feeling validated and empowered and blessed with all the beautiful heart powered activist energy that feels so nourishing to me after so long of feeling a lack.

So in that emotional state, after plenty of dancing already done, I was okay just to go ahead and grind the mushrooms to a powder, mix with orange juice and draw a bath. It was time to go deep inside, turn off the light, lay back and begin looping the song and singing along, and yes the female vocals were so exquisite, did so much immediately and was beginning this loop, this sort of cycle of, total envelopment of the infinite organismic Kali field and then I would phase through the loop according to the various parts of the song, where there was singing and where there wasn't singing, the singing pulsed in the Kali organism into the field like it was, it was like a fader almost. The visual appearance and the functional effect of the Kali predator enveloping and devouring the vile demon habitat, demon lair, psychic reef material, which was all more menacing than ever, more animated, more enveloping than ever before, I mean compared to the first real face down, face-to-face where it felt like being in the Skinny Puppy *Lasts Rights* cover. So I had faced them down that time, saw their adult forms and how they lived in their kind of hive, nest, structures. Some of them embedded, most of

them seeming embedded like barnacles, kind of fixed but with mouths and eyes, hideous, reef looking walls, just teeming with grotesque a kind of lobster, or the brine shrimp appearance, and then more of the kind free standing, more typical kind of a bipedal form, Gremlin type demonic entities. Building on that first bigger picture exposure and then building on the perspective of what I had seen with the hatchery, up to this point I was only taking in snapshots, you know small chunks of frames of that stuff, this time, for some reason, was far more immersive, far more enveloping, they were snapping at me, like a dog turns on you and snaps its jaw at you, like right in your face, coming up in waves, totally enveloping and then the singing, the Kali singing, her form would shift in various ways but the shimmering black, soft, blackberry-like skin, infinite blackberry-like skin array would swoop in and this was looping several times, either laying back or sitting forward, singing, and watching the devourment and envelopment. This was the most powerful visual appearance, and compared to any other previous time this was many many many times more intricately detailed and comprehensible, again everything else just seemed like chunks of frames, snapshots, but long lasting, continuous.

Kali's form had legs and sometimes teeth and different body parts, she was tarantula meets dragon fly meets ant, meets queen bee, meets centipede, meets beetle, meets lady bug, beautiful feminine, very erotic beautiful feminine eye pairs that were wrapping onto the insectoid architecture of the body structure.

She kind of hovers down and I see her form, the black berry surface and some of that tarantula cervix kind of motif but, this was the real all encompassing complete picture where it was not just a momentary enveloping of the head but this was like two hours of being on a mother

ship, being taken, having to be brave and trust that you're fully witnessing this and staying present with it, all the way, really going all the way and so with that total envelopment, really feeling the beauty and obviously the beauty of the singing and the beauty of the female voice, it made a world of difference, me singing it by myself, she was kind of hovering around, but with the female voice now in it, this would be the second time with the citrus mushroom method that the normal visual field was almost lost, I mean so fuzzy that opening your eyes and closing your eyes, so much of the closed eye experience is retained in the overlay its almost irrelevant what's going on to the two eyes, these last two attempts have been the most dissolving of vision and complete visual immersion to the other frequencies or spectra.

So yes it seems to be that the female vocals really brought it down, got it on, this was amazing, the sequences of shimming beauty and the real feminine erotic, just beautiful totally beautiful as feminine, as an infinite insectiod, a thousand eyed creature, it would phase from terrifying, never grotesque, never deformed, just, fierce and potentially, something to respect, to fear, because of its power. But knowing that she is the beneficial higher level organism, its like the reinforcements have come, it's like your on the ground, and here comes the helicopters, here comes the team, the strike force or whatever that's gonna come and fight back against the enemy that you're outnumbered against on the ground, it's the air support, she's touching down and just clearing, and clearing and clearing, and the enemy is driven back and taken out and consumed and enveloped and removed and then it approaches from another way, it's being pulled up and purged, just wave after wave, this cycle of the song looping or the parts of the song and then the dip into the breakdown of the second chakra bija mantra, that break in

the singing of the mantra would be like the time that it would take for the next chunk of diseased ego, shadow, demon nest to come up, to be brought up and kind of get in my face and then be shredding and swept away and consumed, devoured, enveloped, by this consistent but in some ways ever changing form of Kali.

Yeah, very much what was being described in the Gita, the terrible form with so many arms, so many eyes, so many teeth, and in the architecture of these different insect forms, so that was maybe two hours total but most of it was just singing and having an arm draped over the side and allowing this visual effect to happen and I felt the inkling to do some energy work, focused on the second chakra, and I began to vibrate the public bone with my right hand and then do some lingam massage and sort of very rapid circles with the lingam over the second chakra and vibrating the whole pelvic area and monitoring how that affected the visuals and was brought more and more into the spongey tissue of the lingam and seeing that that's where a lot of the traumatic abuse wounding infections, a lot of demonic biology actually seems to be really densely inhabiting that space and its very tangible to feel and as I put energy there and did the rapid shaking, my visuals went deeper and deeper into that space and the Kali waves continually coming and starting to get into and take chunks out of there and more, bigger chunks and really getting into the visual evidence and prove more of what I had expected but had not seen as much of, and this time it was quite clear that breaking off, shaking loose, chunk after chunk of this infected tissue and having the Kali spider parts, the devouring parts take those chunks and begin to break them down…

After 20 minutes or so of this, doing different patterns and movements, there was this sense of just how

really how vast and how much energy has been stolen by these parasites, that they just grew so much out of this, it just felt so, unfathomably, beyond the point of no return, it was like, I don't know how long this could take to even make a dent, because realizing it was years and years and years of diseased growth, and this is just the beginning, the beginning of this effect of calling her in. It was very clear, the whole analogy is exactly correct, like shaking the aphids off the leaf, or shaking the grape vine so the bugs have the instinct to curl up and drop and the chickens eat them. So that's what I was doing, I was shaking my vine, trying to shake things off, the pests that were invaders introduced through the abuse.

When you look at all of the aphids on a kale plant, you're like ah, I can't even get any of it, I can't take any of it, it so dense it's unbelievable, so that's what it feels like, feeling hopeless, but also remembering it's just the beginning, I'm also alone, sitting here in a freakin bathtub by myself, singing a song with headphones, yet I'm absolutely fully enveloped by her and she's diligently helping me and doing this and of course I realize well if this is working, then this is just the most crude scaled down model, but scaling this out would mean that this song is being sang by thousands of people in a ritual where we're all alternating on the vocals, and dancing, and bowing and laying down, and depending on how this really scales, potentially, part of the question is, if Kali is going to appear in different people's third eye vision is it like thousands of Kalis and some Kali babies and Kali elders, is Kali one entity that lives for a long time and is giant, like the size of the sky, or are there many of her and they're just like nature, just as intuitively naturally organismic.

Does Kali has a live cycle too, I'm not sure of that yet, because it seems pretty old, pretty big, you know who

knows, the Kali life cycle, nothing is giving the indication, but theoretically this feeling of being in the middle of a million miles of hell, and having her come down and see me, hear the call, there I am buried in this absolutely abominable landscape of diseased shadow material and being blessed to be rescued, very much like a search and rescue team and she'll eat away the stuff that your trapped in, then expose you to her and to the light, and the stuff will start to get beaten back and you'll see how it's getting slashed back.

Let's say I was um, well just an overgrown tree that was overgrown by thorny vines or shrubs and something sees me and they can eat back some of the thorny stuff and also eat the bugs off my leaves, and just come and help me, rescue me...I think scaling this up with real sound system, real multiple people involved scaling that up, I mean this could potentially be a way to do massive demonectomies with this demonicidal music solution, and really liberate some space that can be healed and reclaimed and recovered and restored, revitalized.

I'm seeing very much how it's like, okay, this stuff is so rampageous that it just crowds over and wants to consume every bit of attention, every bit of energy, every bit of emotion its so invasive and once it gets to that critical mass of more power than you, don't get depressed, don't get alone, if you drop below a certain power level and you diminish and you dwindle, then this stuff is going to make hell out of you very fast and it's going to be very hard to get back up through it.

So it's gonna be massive work, massive, massive work, I can only imagine for people who are real abusers of all kinds, what they're gonna see when they do this. It will be a big job, but hopefully it scales efficiently and that

much bigger chunks can come out at a time with either more energy input or more sound volume or more people intending for it to be so, or more individual Kalis or a bigger Kali, or just more time, more focused attention, these are the questions to be answered.

It's that feeling I guess you get when you're like okay I gotta clear this whole area to do something with the garden, at first you feel like, man this is gonna take forever but then you get into it and it starts moving, so I guess there's a reason to be extremely hopefully, I mean really this is no joke, when I say the Hindu third eye, all the mythologies of what people were seeing with the third eye when they were using soma to see with it, this is apparently what was happening, they were attempting to describe this insectoid massive, massive insectoid entity that was able to devour and slay the demons, not with swords, but with teeth and fangs, and legs and all that stuff, though also somehow able to possess warriors and their use of swords.

This is not imagination this is not a stretch, this is the real thing, its undeniable to me, the most real thing I've ever seen the most reliable thing I've ever seen, now more than ever because it's not just the fragmented sequences this was the whole cycling being looped repeatedly, keep singing, keep singing, you miss round then the bad stuff grows and you see it take over your vision and catch the verse again and then you see it get mowed back, so after this was going for a while you know I said okay what do I have to lose I've gotta be brave and I'm going to work through the sexual wounding traumas, demonic living infected tissue all around my erogenous tissue, its like going back to this diseased disordered multidimensional multilayered circuitry and biochemistry and electrical circuitry and tissue and all this stuff it's been made into

diseased habitat, it's become this demonic lair and it's what freakin happens when you let sick men pay you to have their way with you, this is what you didn't know that you would regret, and so it's been a long time overdue and you can't be surprised, can't be shocked, this is it, this is happening this is where I have to be brave and no lapsing into the tension and the aversion and the avoidance of this negative dark energy.

Now I'm seeing it all as it is, no kind of surface level projections this is really the meat of it, really the raw, up close microscopic view of the diseased tissue so, knowing that she's there, knowing that I'm not alone and that we're together in this purification procedure, I feel like okay I'm gonna see what stimulation does, what masturbatory stimulation does to this process and at first I tried to awhile earlier and it felt it wasn't right, like maybe it was the wrong energy, and also afraid, I don't want to be inflaming anything in that way, so I just did the kind of vibrating, general pelvic vibrating, intentional focus and what not, again it was breaking off and kind of I don't know almost wadding up hair in the shower on the wall, like kind of getting hand fulls of it to give to Kali and watch it be devoured and removed. After this had been going for a while I was like, since this is not gonna be done tonight, this is just the beginning of the process, since she's here, and this the peak of the medicine, now that we're all here, let's work with the arousal energy, let's work with the stimulation and see what happens, maybe you'll see, maybe now since you're seeing so clearing now more than ever, and you're seeing the functional relationships to things, that maybe we'll get that trapping effect the way I planned for the first invocation with Sufiana where stimulation was planned but aborted. Perhaps this time setting an arousal trap with the bold intention to continue to explore with it.

I chose to proceed with stimulation and an exquisite thing began to happen and it was building off of previous, what I would called purified, reclaimed orgasms. Previous sessions with a lower dose had given me the ability to have relaxed orgasms where I wasn't having to mentally strain to hold a fantasy visualization against the demonic acute pressure at the time of ejaculation, squirming and shifting and trying not to be completely torn to pieces, and then its over and you got to have this totally tortured experience that maybe you got to barely enjoy a little bit but it was mostly torture …the more research I've done on the different orgasmic disorders and knots around survivors, when orgasm was induced in states of abuse, fear, and discomfort, I mean what I was doing was projecting myself and fantasizing and projecting myself so obviously that's the freakin pattern I set up and it's sad, but it's to be expected and like I said I can't be surprised or be shocked, that's what you did you went out of body you projected because this disgusting thing was happening to you and you were averse to it so you closed your eyes and tried to fantasize somewhere else, you weren't being made love to you, weren't enjoying it, but you had to be responsive with it, you had to act, you had to get yourself into it, and get off at least with the friction aspect of it, every single time to produce the orgasm that they wanted so you had to build it up and you had to get off and yeah, but you weren't like ah I'm fully present with this beautiful being that I'm making eye contact with and sharing this space with, no you were splitting off, splitting off every single time, your soul was splitting off, which was a disaster, uhhhh. So you're not present your'e checked out, you don't even know what the hell is really happening, you got glimpses of it when you were in certain situations where you were super methed out already and you saw the entities and what they were doing. But for the most part

most of the hustling “dates” were happening when I was not high at all. Maybe residually but pretty much not, so the point is, yeah you are struggling with this thing.

Survivors that had orgasms induced and they were obviously not enjoying them, they could have been painful, obviously they were twisted and bizarre and sick, and sick infectious interdimensional demon attack was happening that they couldn’t see. And maybe it took years for it to start to feel like anything. It was miraculous for me to make that discovery ok, with this medicine, we can reclaim the beauty of full presence and the ability to relax fully and to have a beautiful engine of erotic imagery and sense of beautiful sacred peaceful love, pure love energy essence around the orgasmic energy event.

So in this case, it was even more miraculous than the recent previous reclaimed orgasms. For the first time, I could feel like I wasn’t having to tense up at all, I wasn’t having to create an escape during the event, and creating an escape during the event, what does that do, it means that something else can be there to take it, and it was the men, but beyond that it was demons. I didn’t see clearly most of the time, and didn’t take it as seriously as I should have, obviously and would never knowing what I know now ever think it’s a frivolous thing to have any kind of undesired stimulation, for any reason, for approval, for self-esteem, for need of money, whatever reason that there could be to have a dissociated sexual experience is pathological, and regrettable, and a fracturing that opportunistic creatures are going to work their way through, because you’re not there with love and presence, so obviously it has implications for not just survivors. Various situations of non-presence creates opportunity, demonic opportunity.

Anyway, in the first cases, I wasn't specifically singing or praying to Kali, though she has been with me this whole time obviously, but I didn't attribute it directly to her, I attributed it to the beauty of the feminine aspect of the mushroom, where you can be surrounded by your beautiful alien insectoid, erotic, feminine, creature beings that are your friends, and your lovers and your mistresses that will give you human features to excite you visually with, but they're actually some other orders of angelic beings. So that was what I was seeing the first time, the first where I realized that this medicine can give people the ability to be really relaxed and really present, but I was still creating a fantasy, I was holding it and there miraculously there was no interference with that, no "hell hounds" attacking me while I was trying to enjoy it.

I could fully enjoy it and it was very beautiful, full uninterrupted release while enjoying that love. So that was a critical discovery, but I didn't at the time associate it directly with Kali as the force that's holding the typical opportunistic frothing hell-hound mouths back, allowing me to relax and enhancing the beautiful fantasy that I'm having, and also putting in a twist of some of that shimming soft warm skin, erotic insect stuff.

So kind of, a hybrid of my human fantasy, mixed with these quintessential feminine insectoid alien beautiful dragonfly beings, but again I wasn't attributing it directly to Kali. And after several times of reproducing just that, seeing wow I should only be ejaculating when I'm on the medicine, because otherwise, I'm fighting these hounds, and they're torturing me so mercilessly.

So this time I'm like okay, Kali is here and as the stimulation grew, yes, she completely fortified the lingam from the inside out, and it was like Bruce Lee in the

Chinese connection when he's spinning around the center of the room, holding back all of the different people in the trying to come at him and he's just doing these whirlwind movements with weapons and feet to keep them all in this cadence with them trying to come in and getting pushed back and he's maintaining this field of protection, so that was what it was and I could see it and it was beautiful. My lingam was in my third eye with my two eyes closed, and the sensations of it were filling my consciousness. Obviously because the sensations of pleasure were building and so what I'm holding in my hand, the feeling of what's in my hand is that what she is now concentrating in from the inside out doing that Bruce Lee effect, and so I built up stimulation to a level 7 or 8 for a while and saw that wow this is it.

So now I had backed off and considered what was now really happening for real, I'm not projecting a fantasy, I'm purposefully surrendering completely and have no human fantasy, tits and ass, whatever nothing, no human fantasy projection for the first time…ever…the first time ever! Thank Goddess, I was not checking out, I could relax, be fully present and enjoy my body again.

I'm not putting up any fantasy, I'm saying Kali, show me, I surrender to your erotic intelligence and you're protecting me and cutting back and keeping those forces at bay so I can have a beautiful experience and it's going to be whatever you provide, we're making love, we are having intercourse, on the lower astral plane, and I'm doing the manual stimulation, I'm not feeling per se that there is like a physical envelopment of my lingam on the physical level, the physical level of the body is not where the love making is taking place, its taking place in the lower astral, but it is ery dynamic and feels a lot different in fact, there's a thickness sort of coming from the inside, very

exquisite different experience, a different feeling, and a love feeling, maybe there is an envelopment of the lingam in a physical way, the physical sensations were in many subtle ways more than just my normal human hand and obviously the awareness of it is increased, it's like contact with this Kali sex organ tissue is coming from the inside as opposed to the outside, so yeah that's the best way to explain it.

We built up stimulation and I was riding this powerful level 10 or 12 unobstructed very intense vigorous movement, then I'm able to see her clamp down and she's cumming with me, just the way a cervix descends and the walls tighten as a woman is cumming. She's contracting around me as I was building, what I'm seeing is not self generated, not a projected fantasy, this is completely whole body, mind soul chakras, everything is being beamed up into this envelopment experience of sexual ecstasy and building orgasm power. I didn't want to do a lot of fancy breath work, or ejaculation control, I didn't have to really, I didn't have to slow down or cycle or anything, I was able to be above a 10, consistently for several minutes and wanted to catch a peak of the singing, the feminine beautiful singing which really added to it and made it all light up in a crescendo, literally light up, I'm mean the feminine voice in the music is what puts the beautiful eyes on the blackness, on the insectoid elements, it shape shifts to the music with humanoid feminine features phases in and out.

What I'm seeing is like what I had seen many times before, the living gliding landscape of thousands of eyes, beautiful feminine eyes and also this flesh, I guess what I'm seeing in the mind's eye as I'm experiencing this exquisite union sensation is akin to the picture of her holding the mushroom and riding Shiva's lingam, it was the

reality of what that picture is trying to depict, proportionally, the lighting, the glowing, glistening highlights of the light spectrum on the soft smooth, silky black warm skin, and flashes of lights and colored lights all that too.

So she clamped down and more eyes, and more light, and more dimensions of beauty and an elaboration of the form, so many more dimensions of beauty and majesty than, you know a fantasy of a just a human being, a human body, this is so infinitely more interesting, visually and energetically and I felt so loved and so safe and so secure and so held and so embraced and so protected, so secure, really, I mean this is so amazing and so beautiful, here I am in this field of my own diseased hell, and despite that, by calling her in and singing with and dancing with her, she comes down and loves me, and it's surreal because it's the most beautiful, safe, free liberated sexual pleasure I've ever had, I mean, there are times where I'm high above this disease realm in union with a partner, but alone is usually a battle, a losing battle, and this is an absolute victory. But this is a really divine, safe and sacred, solid, strong, powerful impenetrable invincible container around her love, her sexual love with me, this union, so pure, so blessed.

So during the release a sweet voice of moaning was coming from me, an innocent voice, the way it should be, being able to just be totally taken by the good forces, the beauty forces. No disorderd energy no resistance, just 100 percent pure being, and then at the peak of climax it was like a hundred more of her spider legs came out at that time to gently but firmly hold me and protect me and let me be there with the beauty of the release and the beauty of the afterglow and nothing biting me, nothing could get in, she was suspending me and holding me up above the hell realms.

In honor of this experience I wrote the song Psilosecks:

I cry and sing you near

Begging you to devour my fear

With one of your tongues you open my third eye

I see your arachnid body span the sky

You're dark as the chocolate medicine

That I must eat to see your skin

You gently fold back my chakra walls

And feast on the demons nested in my soul

Dark goddess, my savior

Your nectar I savor

Our divine intercourse

Like nothing on earth

To earn your love again

I'll try never to sin

Please take me away

Hold me in your grace

You get your fill and lick my wounds clean

Then climb atop and envelope me

Clamping down with many arms and legs

Countless eyes beautifully gaze

I worship your shining black flesh

Inside and out, you're soft and wet

You're the Queen of the Yoniverse

Have your way with me and break my curse

Dark goddess, my savior

Your nectar I savor

Our divine intercourse

Like nothing on earth

To earn your love again

I'll try never to sin

Please take me away

Hold me in your grace

Go Heal Yourself

“I’m speechless, Jade gasped. “It was Her who possessed me in the bath.”

“Yes, when she spoke prophetically through Sufiana of the love I would need who was coming, she spoke of you.”

“Why me, I’m not Indian, I’m not a Kali worshiper, I’m not a priestess.”

“No, she’s beyond race and ethnicity. Believe me I projected this mission on a number of Hindu Indian women, several entered my life. Some danced in my arms, some even sat on my lap, though most ran for the hills when the deep shadow work began, and I don’t blame them. They all contributed to the evolution in priceless ways, I bless them, and know that despite my often desperate yearnings, we weren’t right.

“There was one, her name was Nagini for whom my hopes were highest. We seemed to make the perfect team, the perfect match to be the Fox Mulder and Dana Scully to serve my dream crime fighting collective and investigate paranormal Sex Files. She was a science fiction film actress, trained tantrika, shamanic practitioner, sacred temple dancer, and lover of Kali and Shiva. I couldn’t have asked for more. We built a sapiosexual romance over many months which culminated in an ill-fated first meeting.

“Should I embarrass myself my sharing an abridged version of the story with you?

“Haha, if you can make it as interesting as an X-Files episode, I’ll take a few hits and listen.”

“Okay, I’ll probably laugh at my own foolishness now, but at the time you’ll get the sense of how devastated. I actually wrote a letter of lamentation to the Goddess in my journal. Here it goes:

O Kali, I kneel and cry before you once again, this time because I was struck down by Nagini.

I gave her my highest devotion and for three days our connection was growing beautifully in what felt like the purest truest love I’d ever known.

When I picked her up, I fed her homestead grown baked ginger cinnamon apple slices and a dark organic chocolate. I showered her with gifts.

And yet she showed no interest in designing time for us to explore even very reserved intimacy. I already knew she was apathetic towards designing such time as of weeks before when she expressed no great hope to spend much time together.

I responded accordingly by draining the ponds of hope and leaving only one hoof print of water left to hold the hope that she’d at least come to my private Kali temple to dance with us.

For a brief visit she did come, and I was given a chance to at very least show her what she’d be passing on if she decided whole-heartedly to reject me. It would have been painfully tragic if she didn’t meet us together and if

we didn’t not get to dance.

She was very warm and affectionate, complimented me in many ways, and seemed to feel very at home with me. She was delighted to see and touch my tattoos, to see my long hair made loose. So far so good.

I asked to hold her hand so we could look into each others eyes and I could express my deepest heart truths, that I value her so much because we share the same struggle as abuse survivors, not only that is she so beautiful and such a wonderful person, additionally that I feel so empowered to have her friendship, her affection, and the hope of her love. She seemed deeply honored. This was the best and highest moment of my life. All obstacles and pains dissolved in this place of pure love. There was no structure being agreed to, no commitments being made, just an acknowledgment of this truth. She appreciated it, though was hesitant and perhaps only mildly reciprocative.

I didn’t feel an equal enthusiasm in soul-mating, which was fair, understandable, to be expected. After all, we’d not yet danced.

I was clear that my intention was not to get into her pants, but to have safe consensual chakral intercourse through dance. She said she trusted me and we began the first dance, the Kali Purification Prayer. It was to be an initial mutual grounding and cleansing with emphasis on refreshing her auric energy with your love. I saged her, swept her inner aura, and knelt before her and brushed her sweet, sensual strokes of your shakti, from head to toe. I sang to you with all my heart and soul asking you to bless us and purify us.

You came down to and through us as I gently touched her skin and sipped on the divine nectar of her beauty.

She said she could not dance to the next song, she felt nauseous. I reacted swiftly and with great concern, I asked her if she'd like to sit down, we sat together holding hands. She said she saw you and that her spirit guides were stirred up, I don't know if it was in a good or bad way.

She asked if this was normal and I said no, not for me but this was the first time I applied this song in a cleansing of someone else. I knew it was powerful from personal experience but never felt nausea. I dropped my head in shame, and said I'm just a white guy, I don't know what I'm doing. I held my forehead in my palm and shook it sadly.

She moved closer put her arms around me and said, yes you do, you've been doing it for thousands of years.

We held each other with powerful healing grace and love for several minutes. I asked if she was feeling better, she says this feels really good.

I thought okay well that's a good sign, perhaps the purgative power of the song was moving bad energy out and that grounding with me here is soothing to you in the process.

I just want you to believe in me I said softly, I do she said.

She declined to try another song, the song that

would have had us dancing together in a frenzy of bliss. I felt great sadness that I made a horrible mistake as a dj. Playing this dark, shamanic track, but it was only supposed to invoke you and clear space for the bliss. She assured me it wasn't the wrong choice, she loves the song, in fact is her favorite, and she assured me that she listens to my songs a lot.

We left shortly after to try to get to a gift shop before closing. Our rapport was deep, sweet, playful and fun. No harm done. When we went for dinner, we had a warm sexually charged and at times explicit banter, many blessings and adorations for each other, much pleasure and natural chemistry. Not an awkward moment, flowing love and light, pure grace.

I dropped her off and went home, to come back in the morning for day one of the tantric Buddhist sacred dance retreat for which she had traveled to town and which she invited me to join her in study as friends.

I was the only man besides the instructor. This buffering experience was exhilarating as it was a sacred filter on both of our energies. We had to be in temple mode, not lovey dovey mode. I considered it to be the best initiation to love that I could ever imagine. We'd be transformed by it, and held in a state of grace for the purest heart truths to be a revealed at the right time.

I loved that during every break we were checking in with each other, spending time together, sharing tasks, being a unit. It felt so so so good to be a dynamic duo, totally in the zone together in every moment. It was more than just the feeling of falling in love, it was more timeless, more perfect, not just the love drug, it was a partnership chemistry that typifies law enforcement investigators.

Sharing hunches, clues, tips, meeting in the middle of the night, analyzing data, scouring libraries. There we were in our tantric quest to understand your power and learn your ways.

It seemed like every book we opened, you were depicted in many art forms immediately or within a few flippings of pages.

We nestled together to read, our eyes widened in unison, we finished each others' sentences.

We ventured out on the town for a bit: With her permission I had my arm around her with one hand as I held an umbrella with the other. Angels were singing louder than traffic. We went to the local bookstore, and were drawn to the right sections at the right times, to the right books, and the right pages, to reveal your truths. And one book the The Yellow Book, practically leaped off the shelf and she equivocated for some time about getting it. She asked me and I said it's cute, if it calls to you then by all means. She went with the impulse and she got it. I'd never had so much fun in a bookstore. She attributed it to my being like magical magnet, she said the best part of the book store was me.

Later at the health food store, we had more fun. She felt mistreated by someone in a conversation earlier in the day that was unconsciously incessantly trying to shut her down with criticism and contrarianism. I helped her process the feelings, armed her with psychic self defense techniques, and in the frozen food isle I gave her an ear chakra cleansing. I rubbed my palms together, opened my crown to the light and swept her inner aura, then brushed her outer auric field with my fingers, she smiled and said it felt really good.

It warmed my heart that she said we gotta take pictures together. No one had said that to me in years. When I dropped her off I made a diamond shield around her to protect her from incoming bad energy, she felt blessed and empowered.

On the last day I knew that it would be up to her to initiate spending the night with me. I already offered platonically for her to stay. She was indecisive in the trip planning stages so we agreed to go with the flow. I didn't want to be hurt by a rejection of making the offer again so I chose to simply ask what her plans were for the night and for getting to the bus station the next day. She said she'd be getting picked up by a friend, then in more detail by a man. Of course it was none of my business, but since that meant without a doubt that she had no intention of spending any more private time with me, I thought it would be a good to ask for a few minutes of her time to talk in the library. I didn't want to bring potential dramatic energy into the temple that could distort the learning atmosphere, but I risked it because it felt like a much more blessed place to set our intentions and boundaries than online.

She sat with me and allowed me to painstakingly express my humble self. I prefaced by saying that a karmic pattern I was working on breaking was of over-delivering, and creating an imbalance of romantic intentions that were unreciprocated, so I just wanted her to let me know how she was feeling about us and our potential to move in a direction of incremental intimate exploration.

I braced for pain, but what I heard would be beyond my capacity to hold tears back.

She said very directly and clearly that she didn't

feel like there was a chance for us, that she didn't feel the energy of connection, and that it something that can't be forced.

That was fair enough, but when she said with cold, piercing almost menacing eyes, that I needed to "heal myself", I burst into tears. I had no reason to expect a guarantee of her love, this was our first meeting, this was the test. It felt so good, so right, so connected at such a deep heart and soul level. What could I have done wrong. I asked her if she had intentions or hoped that it would feel like a match, and she said coldly that she was curious, but she's decided that she doesn't feel it for me.

I described with dripping tears that I believed that we could be healing partners, for each other and the world, the most powerful, singing, dancing, loving tantric partnership the earth has ever seen. She said she didn't share that dream anymore.

She insisted over and over again, you need to heal yourself, you need to heal yourself. I cried more, and through my sobs begged her to answer questions like, "but what about loving touch, what about affection?

"You need to love yourself, provide your own affection. That's what I do. Go on a vipassana meditation retreat, that's what I did." She said.

"But I chose the tantric path not to be an ascetic monk, it's the diagonal path uniting the body and the divine. And all this time we've been discussing and exploring our potential to medicalize tantric psychedelic shamanic sexual exorcism. I need help with this, I hear that you are not interested in moving forward in mutual sexual healing with me, but I don't understand how you could say

that I must heal myself. I've struggled alone for so long, lacking loving touch and affection. It's taken the last of my energy to present myself to you. You've provided so much hope and support to me, as I've been hanging by a string, as you cut the string and cast me into the abyss of loneliness, I'm devastated. I'm sorry to be pathetic, I can't and won't try to burden you with this, but I thought we were on a mission together. We don't have to be exclusive romantic partners but I'd hope to hear you say something like: Ben, I love you dearly as a friend, I don't feel our sexual chemistry is a match, and I don't feel like I can help you with your sexual problems. I do wish you the best of luck in a finding someone appropriate for you to work with, I'm not the only one who's potentially qualified to help you. Until you can pay for it, you may have to settle for less than what I have to offer . If you're dependent because of financial strife, on charitable sexual healing, I don't feel willing to provide that, but you're a wonderful person and I'm sure you'll not be alone forever. You'll get the healing love and affection that you need. Your research and your book is important and I want you to have all the love you need and more to feel empowered, energized, and unstoppable. You work is vital, and you should not be alone for one minute that you do not choose to be. You are to be upheld in a temple loving grace and kindness with ample sexual healing body work available as needed." That would have been a thoughtful response, designed to make me feel good and soothe my pain without leading me on or being to harsh.

I'd hope to hear something soft, loving, characteristic of high vibrational rapport we'd always had. But instead this was like a professional hit. Being told with such cold harshness to be alone was one of the most painful wounds my heart had ever felt. I asked if I had done anything wrong, please provide feedback in case I

need to change my behavior in the future, please explain why you've changed your feelings so abruptly. What about taking pictures together?

She grew more cold and distant, telling me I must stop asking questions, and that she had to go. I flashed back to a date with an extremely jaded, cynical, wounded soul who'd had nothing but pain associated with male love. After much equivocation, plan changing, etc. we finally met at a café. She projected total hatred at me, total disgust, yet I just beamed love and light, my heart was open and my hands were warm. She tried so hard to get me to respond negatively to her projected energy, but I would not. She actually said at one point, I can't believe your still here, after I've been so hostile to you. I said I'm here to help, I'm just an angel. She started to cry, I asked if I could hold her hands and lead her in some soothing breathwork. She agreed and her heart began to melt.

Whether or not I was confronting a demon that was defending its territory and trying to barricade itself to prevent eviction by my love, I was able to melt her heart. If she was putting up a healthy self-protection psychic defense mechanism, that was coming from her highest truth, than either way the answer was to just become love.

The analogy of an abused alley cat comes to mind. You feed it, and it gets comfortable enough to come near, but try to pick it up and you'll be scratched. So leave it alone, don't try to enjoy it for yourself, just give it love, and perhaps one day it will climb into your arms, put don't count on it. And don't give only with the expectation to earn affection.

I begged to ask one more question. It has nothing to do with us. With an impatient semi-scowl she allowed

me to ask.

“Okay, I understand the spiritual merit of self loving and self healing. I have an intensive practice, I sing to the Goddess, I dance, I pray, I massage myself, I medibate, I take salt baths, and do energy healing on myself. My mission is to work with others and create fellowship. I believed you’d be my true love soul mate partner to develop this fellowship that would benefit all survivors and we could distribute the load of the burden across a growing movement, so that no one would ever have to be and heal alone again. If this is not to be, or if we are not to be, perhaps you’ve been catalyst, you’ve raised the standard to a high level, and I thank you for everything.

Now what I must please ask is, if you no longer share interest in developing this dream with me, and you’ve decided that abruptly, did I do anything wrong, is my energy bad, should I be isolated?

No you just need to heal yourself. I did the Vipassana alone, I’ve been on my own in the city where I live, my ex-es have betrayed or left me, I’ve had to do it all on my own.

This really confused me, why would she be saying this now, why not from the beginning it made no sense, not after all the effort we both put into developing a framework for a medically standardized group sexual healing modality.

I thought perhaps she was self-sabotaging in the face of the opportunity to be loved, perhaps her demon infected shadow self was possessing her to attack with hostility in the guise of tough love. Perhaps she was using my tenderness and vulnerability to hurt me the way she’d

be hurt when the tables were turned.

Rather than assume the worst I thought I'd be respectful to grant that her unexpected wrathfulness was perhaps a form of dakini spirit possession where the highest truths of temple's wisdom were being expressed.

I said, please bare with me, it's not a simple question. In my mushroom medicine vision of you coming down from the sky to sexually heal me with wrathful love, like the dakinis in this temple, you came to own my lingam, to liberate it, to say to me I love you Ben more than any demon ever could. I claim you, I want you, I stamp down on and squash the weak negative forces that have defiled you. Because your hands are innocent, and your lingam is innocent, because they were victimized but never perpetrators, I love you, I will heal you. Perhaps someday you'll say those words to me and make the vision come true, but if not, perhaps you were just the messenger and when my research is published, more dakinis will come to help me. But you know that my mission is to be healed by the hands of others. The founder of the Phoenix Goddess Temple said survivors need healing touch, the body was victimized by touch, it is loving touch that will heal it.

I'm sorry it took longer to preface this question, but the reason I need to know if you're rejecting me for something that you feel is wrong with me is that I need to know if I should feel forbidden to touch or be touched by others. You know more than anyone else in the world right now that my self-esteem has been crushed by my owning the fact that I was repeatedly raped by demons and I feel contaminated and fear contaminating others. I can't be alone, for me to heal I need to give and receive love. If you may be channeling the wisdom of the temple now, I must

ask you: may I continue as I have before we met, offering free hands-on sexual healing with a selfless flow of shakti so that I may earn the hands-on healing that I need karmically.

Yes, that sounds beautiful.

So you acknowledge that I need a combination of self healing and the healing of others and that since you don't want to volunteer to help me, you wish me luck in earning it from others by offering healings?

Yes

Thank you, that's all I needed to know.

Let's agree that self healing is always good, that the dances we just learned in the sacred dance retreat will help both of us, but that unmitigated aloneness for sexual abuse survivors is contraindicated.

I will continue to self heal and self love as you've commanded, and I will resume my healing of others, and hope to receive the healing that I yearn for at the hands of whomsoever Kali assigns.

She said she supports my work, that it's important.

Blessings to you, thank you again for everything. You were my last hope of romantic partnership and in a way I feel thankful that you've rejected me because I feel I lack the means to adequately protect a romantic lover. It would drive me crazy to be far apart and unable to be at your side as a bodyguard. Here, take this book, Defend Yourself. Be well, I said. I bowed out of the temple and retreated into the night, into intimate aloneness.

So Kali, was that the love you promised, astral, cyber, but not earthly?

I would never curse the goddess or be impolite, butt-hurted, and pitiful. I had to suck it up. Take it like a man. And honestly sincerely hope that if I'm upstaged by another suitor, that he is more and better than me in every way.

I was crushed and at loss. I had however been introduced through her to this ancient sacred dance, which as the instructor affirmed after my questioning is a form of spiritual combat to fight the demons of the Kali Yuga. It is a tactical, weaponized form of love. So she brought me into this knowledge and the astral dakinis have been brought into my life. Reconciling the differences between Buddhist and Hindu tantra is not my concern. In this war for the liberation of earth's sexual innocence, I'll work with whatever cosmic mercenaries I can. It made me remember the acid trip I had at an outdoor Halloween psytrance party where I downloaded the vision that I'd be taken on a world tour of the sacred feminine, and be initiated by various lost and destroyed shamanic priestess traditions. Perhaps this is something I should be getting used to by now.

It was all my fault that there was any kind of a falling out between us. I could and should have just kept my cool and taken the painfully obvious hint that our desires in person were only partially matched and then completely unmatched. Oh well. She was a blessing for helping building my empowered tantric hero archetype dream self character, it was to impress her that I began training in the tactical combative form of the Filipino blade fighting system. I will do my best to study all the silver linings, and soldier on through the pain of knowing that the

dream us of becoming back-to-back fighters and front to front lovers was now dead. She was a blessing for ravaging me on the astral plane when she appeared beyond the flesh in my most erotic of solo mushroom trips, and she will be blessed for initiating me with the dakini deities. And she will be blessed for bringing to this temple where I not only got to learn some sacred dance, absorb ancient authentic tantric teachings, and meet wonderful like minded people, perhaps most important of all, she was the force that led me into one of the most precious tantric book collections in the west.

Even before meeting, I told myself, whatever happens with you and her, you have to scour the indices of the books in the library for the keywords, “Kali” and “Demon”.

I did just that and I can feel and hear you cackling loudly as I reveal that this whole misadventure into one-sided love was actually a conspiracy of divine forces to get me into this library to discover the absolute most important single unit of research data I had to this point ever found:

From *Shamanism and Tantra in the Himalayas* by Claudia M]ller-Ebeling, Christian Rätsch, Surendra Bahadur Shahi, Mohan Rai, Indra Doj Gurung

Page 92 "The shamanic interpretation of the Kali picture is rather pragmatic: The goddess reflects the practical workings of a jhankri who must not be squeamish when he wants to tear the destructive forces away from their prey in order to heal a sick person. 'When I have to travel through the underworld because parts of a soul have been abducted and brought there and the demons don't want to let go of me or their prey, then I recite the Kali mantra. If I myself become Kali, then these creatures who

have their minds set on death and destruction are afraid of me. Only then do I return to the middle world of the humans, back to the time and place where we find ourselves,'
explained Maile Lama."

From *Tantric Visions of the Divine Feminine* by David Kinsley

Page 76 "Many of the tantras emphasize the fact that it is sakti (personified as Parvati, Kali, and other Goddesses) who is immediately present to the adept and whose presence and being underlie the adepts own being. For the tantric adept it is her vitality that is sought through various techniques aimed at spiritual transformation. Thus it is she who is affirmed as the dominant and primary reality."

Page 80 "In later texts, especially the tantras, she is sexually aggressive and is often shown or described as having sex with Shiva. In her Sahasranama Stotra (thousand name hymn) many names emphasize her vigorous sexual appetite or her sexual attractiveness. She is called She Whose Essential Form is Sexual Desire, Whose Form is the Yoni, Who is Situated in the Yoni, Who is Adorned with a Garland of Yonis, Who Loves the Lingam, Who is Worshiped with Semen, Who Dwells in an Ocean of Semen, Who is Always Filled with Semen, and many other such names. In this respect, Kali also violates the idea of the controlled woman who is sexually satisfied by marriage. Kali is sexually voracious and dangerous because of this.

Kali denotes freedom, particularly freedom from societal norms. She dwells outside the confines of normal society. She prefers the cremation ground, which is a place

avoided by those who live within society. She lives in the forests or the jungle, among the uncivilized people.Her loose hair and nudity suggest that she is totally unrestrained, totally free from social and ethical roles and expectations. In the same vein, she is an outsider, beyond convention..."

So while I was denied a romantic relationship, and voluntary shamanic sexual healing from Nagini, she effectively led me to the most important passages on Earth that explain and validate my experiences and my hypotheses.

Kali is the shamanic sexual healer par excellence, she loves me, she wants to make love with me alone and with me through others.

Nagini and I had talked for months about group tantric exorcism ritual design with Kali possessing, presiding, protecting. Being told to heal myself, after all of that, was like saying go fuck myself, but she did urge me to consider that my divine intercourse with Kali should be all the love I need and more. Yes, the love is exquisite, and doesn't compare to say, typical human sex and all of its potentially negative consequences. But not only did I want to share my body and love with a human woman, I knew that group effort is many times faster and more effective, not to mention the immeasurable synergy effect.

I had to experiment with synthesizing the asexual group hands-on healing effects of the Aya ceremony, with the sexual conduciveness of the mushroom medicine, and most importantly with the effect of invoking the supreme sexual healing deity.

While I was confused about the nature and future of Nagini and I's healing journey together, it was more clear than ever before after discovering these passages that I was on the right path.

Perhaps I should take her meaning to be that I had more self healing, or better said, solo tantra healing work to do *before* I'd be ready for the main events of a group ritual...that I could live with. But the last time I went deep into the underworld I got scared, so scared I had to turn back. I was alone, dancing to my most sexorcismic of tracks and I started to purge while stomping, I was leaning forward, bearing down on my pelvis, I was possessed by Kali after invocation with the Kali Purification Prayer. I felt shaktified and powerful, but I started to see too much. The entire visual field had become the demon layer or the closest level of it, and I started to force a major shift, like a quake, and a very large fully grown adult size demonic creature started to get dislodged. I was told by the Head Mistress of the Fortress, NO EXORCISMS IN THE HOUSE! Remembering that and feeling that I'd certainly be breaking something lose without knowing where it might go, I aborted mission. I was also scared that I wouldn't be able to deal with it alone. It seemed bigger than anything I'd seen before and and seemed to dwarf me. In Michael Harner's work, shamans reported being in the underworld tunnel and battling with insectoid creatures several times human size.

I decided I'd better not disturb it further and instead laid down and administered a prostate massage. This generally introduced great floods of shakti and resulted in several a massive prostate orgasms that gushed more clear fluid than a normal urination. Kali was enveloping me completely and overtaking my third eye visual field.

That had been my last journey. That was as far as I felt able to go on my own. The next level of intervention would have to be continuing where I left off, but not in the house, and not alone. I was afraid to fight it alone, and when I say alone, of course I mean with Kali. I mean not alone as in with staff, and with more love, and light. When Nagini said “heal yourself”, I flashed back to where I left off, and the implication ultimately would mean that I would have to resume there, unless I could find volunteer or paid tantrikas and/or sexological body workers. I kept trying to say, but, but, but, I can’t heal myself, she wouldn’t have it and she shut me down so quickly, I wanted to explain where I had left off, but couldn’t. So effectively being told to heal myself, meant not only go fuck myself, but go raid the demon layer and battle it with no other humans present.

Perhaps, being initiated into this demon slaying dakini dance form was like being equipped with new weapons.

After I came to terms with the loss of my fantasy dream love, and stopped beating myself up for doing or being something wrong. I just had to, as she advised: sit with it. Heal yourself. I had asked her how, and she said “You’ll figure it out”.

So following my new tradition of experimenting on myself with sacred psytrance songs. I decided to see if healing myself, actually meant, keep communing with your divine consort, and dancing with the Wrathful Dakini. My inner work, need not be alone in the Yoniverse, just separate from an human intercourse partner for now. Again, I’m want to heal my astral self so I can redeem my poor innocent pubescent prostitute inner child. After all, technically my soul is a still a virgin. My soul was shattered by demonic rape before I had ever made love to a woman.

So my whole consensual sex life has been literally soulless. And looking back on the exactly moment after my soul had returned, I was ravaged by the Korean dakini who had been my erotic counselor and friend at the time. Her astral dakini self ravaged me in a way that felt like the deflowering of my soul.

Life is still young, while I'm blessed to be loved on by goddesses, my incarnated self wants to finally for the first time sharing beautiful tantric lovemaking with an embodied goddess. But I was more alone now than ever on the human plane. All my hope to share love with Nagini was crushed.

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Dear Goddess, please show me how I can heal myself, with you as Kali, as an astral dakini, with myself, with the love of my close friends who know that I'm fighting the good fight, with the love of my fans, with the love of fellow survivors, my ancestors, the surviving first peoples. Please help me find the strength within to fight fearlessly and bravely even in the absence of loving touch. Please show me how to earn the physical love and touch that my soul cries for every moment. Please show me what I need to learn to perfect this art and science for the benefit of all life on earth. I try to hold high ethics of conduct, please guide me to the highest and truest dharma path. I try to be a friend to all life, and to be as harmless as I can. I'm not just gonna ask for a million dollars, but I pray that you help me sustain an emotional vibration of abundance so that whatever resources I need for this battle will flow to me quickly and easily. I may not always be in a state of joy, ease, and lightness, as you know a different set of virtues are enacted by the righteous warrior on the spiritual battlefield. I pray that you will arm me with the courage and bravery to fight to eradicate the demons inside and out.

Over time I of course had to process the Nagini story with close friends. The words “heal yourself” just kept echoing driving me crazier than I already was. It was very vague and cryptic but she told me off by saying basically “Go Heal Yourself,” which in tantric translation could be interpreted to mean, “Go Fuck Yourself.” It was hard at first because it seemed like a round-about-way of saying she just didn’t like me, or that if she did start to like me, that she was afraid to fall in love with me because of her own baggage.

But what if she was channeling a higher truth, something I was meant to ponder and act on, and that can only mean one thing. To proceed alone. But seriously, I think after all she wasn’t just unconsciously pushing me away, or trying to be relatively nice about rejecting me. I have to hope that she was right and to trust her guidance, as painful and confusing as it was at that point.

Matriarchal Sex Cults

At the deepest pit of despair after the pre-emptive break up with with Nagini, I lost all energy and drive, I just layed in bed, staring out the window at the trees. Finally I was hit with a possessing force to push through the pain by producing a new track, I track based on the poem I wrote after my experience of being ravaged by her astrally.

Getting buried in the creative process is so healing and empowering. Plus, if all of this disappointment could be transmuted into a gift to humanity, and honoring of all that she brought to me, and tribute to her to echo through time, it would be so redeeming for all the invested energy.

It worked beautifully, over the course of two days it was done, I was satisfied, and it helped rebuild my damaged self esteem to feel loved and lovable by my fans.

I was not alone, and it wasn't the end of the world, the transmutation of one rejection, into infinite acceptance is amazing. My frown was turned upside down as I sang and danced. Now I could thank her, and know that the end result could be positive.

This also gave me the obvious scientific duty to explore the song with the medicine and see if calling to the Wrathful Dakini by name: Krodha Kali, would have an effect visible to the third eye. My intuition was that the Buddhist Tantric archetype of the Wrathful Dakini was essentially Kali dressed in Nepalese attire and adorned with local fashion.

Only one way to find out.

I started with a moderate dose, just enough to see clearly into the other side.

I sent out in the forest, lit candles, and carried my machete which I now preferred to dance with now that I was enrolled in combative training.

After singing and dancing with the song looped, my intuition was validated. The song gave me immense shakti currents that ran through my whole physical and subtle energy system, and through the machete. My the divine love of the Wrathful Dakini, Kali in a designer form, was flowing powerfully. The spiritual battle field was as usual with the Kali Purification Prayer, dark black abyss, clusters of snarling snapping arthropoid demon nests careening closer and closer. This song brought a red tint to the

environment and the geometry and aesthetic of the dancing temple came to life. They're spin on the Goddess came through quite clearly, and I was even smelling the scents of the herbs and incense. Clearly the experience at the temple imparted a deep transmission into my warrior journey. It fortified me for this battle. Just like you could collect the different versions of toy solider action figures. The Vajrayoni Warrior Goddess play set was a powerful addition to my spiritual combatives. New dance moves, new deities, new shakti. And just the vibrations of singing the song. The sweetness of the words, they make you believe you are loved, you are worthy, that any evil forces don't belong in you and with wrathful courage, can be stamped down, destroyed, released, fearlessly.

Where I left off, I didn't feel I had the love, the strength, the power to go all the way. I was barely piercing the surface, Kali was there for me on the other side of the demon layer, which seemed to go on forever. But really it's all a matter of scale. As I was embued with more and more Shakti, the encasing demon layer began to actually rupture and break apart, it's seeming vastness was only because I diminished in size relative to it. It's like not being able to swim, falling in water in the dark and thinking you might die, then you think to put your feet down and the water is only two feet deep.

Demons are fed by whatever amount of energy you feed them consciously or unconsciously. When you give them power, you lose power. When you let them trample you, you'll be flat on the ground. As with human bullies, it's always a simple matter of gathering the self-love, strength, and courage to stand up to them. The mechanical advantage is always yours if you can manage to get back up and stare them down.

So with this weaponized love, I stood my ground, sang and dance, wielded my machete with lethal grace, sang down the goddess and fed her massive chunks of the demon nest. The last time I had done this, I was just singing in the bathtub, and in that state of stillness and confinement, though while sensually exquisite, it was not a combative scenario. I was laying there and Kali was doing all the work.

This time it was a tactical coalition. As the demon clusters advanced, I'd sing, stare, stomp, dance, and slash them down, then the all encompassing mouth of Kali would drop down like black alien insectoid fanged cervix and feast.

I was able to get a clear picture of the scale of these things. Standing and dancing tall, breaking loose these attached clusters, comparatively they only came up to my knees. They seemed so powerful and all consuming only in a state of weakness, in a weak, defenseless, depressive state, they'll dog pile on you and vie for a angle of attack, or like pigs at a trough piling up to feed. But when you stand up and fight, they scatter and you can slay them easily, and feed them to the goddess.

I can honestly say, I never felt more powerful, never felt more love, never felt more invincible. Now I know why it's said that Kali was first worshipped as a War Goddess, to give strength and blessings in battle. Whatever she demands to earn her favor, I will do it. This was the self healing I had to do.

But still this was just the beginning. This had still been a moderate dose. I slayed the front line, the first layer of the layer but there was more deeper down, the hatchery had to be excised.

I felt that this was the time, I had to proceed alone, no turning back, I had to fight on. So I took a heroic dose and ate the difference to make up 5 dried grams. I turned the music off, sat still in silence, holding my machete across my heart, and just softly smiled and held a space of total love, compassion and appreciation.

After a half an hour or so of marinating in this state of serene meditation, feeling such beauty and peace around me in the frosted woodland moonlight darkness, I felt the sensory gates open wide.

Time to return to the fight. With most of the free moving demons slayed and fed, it was time to go deeper into the nest, to find the hatchery and cut it out.

I danced for an hour now, being guided deeper and deeper, gathering more strength, more love, more lethal grace, until finally the convulsing began. The peristaltic purge was induced. I had made it back to the point where I'd turned back before. But this time have slayed the guards, I was able to raid the hatchery fully shaktified. The machete held to my forehead, I felt ancient divine masculine power mix with the divine feminine, my central channel surged with kundalini shakti, and hydraulic pressure increase exponentially.

In a collaborative voluntary and autonomic sequence, the purging took hold violently. Leaning forward, foaming, spitting, from the mouth, waves of contraction seized me. The uncoiling of the snake began to dislodge a mass that in my enhanced state of perception felt to be several times the width of my physical pelvis. This tumorous demonic mass, encasing my second chakra began to lift upwards, slowly at first, and then rapidly up

and out of my central channel until it burst through my crown to be consumed by Kali. It was her force and power that did the work. My muscles and will were involved only partially, only in concert, under her guidance. But the effect was quite literally as if you were eating edamame, the soybeans in a pod, where you can squeeze the pod and make the beans pop up and out through the top. That's her way, to squeeze laterally with her many arms and legs, plunge vertically with the uncoiling serpent energy, and open wide at the top of the crown.

This mimicked the aya ceremony effect, though whereas I didn't know where the tumor went after it left my crown in that ceremony, with Kali invoked, present, and in operation, there was no doubt of effective disposal by devourment. And if any one of them somehow got loose or managed to escape her gullet, they would be guaranteed to freeze to death in the cold winter forest with no human host for miles. This was shamanic best practices by the book. There were no warm closets to hide in, no beds to crawl under, transfer was fully inhibited. It felt like John Carpenter's The Thing where the scientists were meticulous in their efforts to contain and ensure the death of the alien contagion.

After my liberation, an erotic sequence began. I continued to loop the song and dance, but now after so much spiritual warfare, it was time for spiritual love. I could see and feel the surges of bluish white shakti pour throughout my chakras and nadis healing tissue, repairing wires, my physical and energetic organs were swelling with beautiful, glistening dark Kali love energy bringing me ecstasy and a sense of rejuvenation after so many years of depletion.

I was in good hands, many hands, warm sweet, black, arachnid hands, massaging, loving, and repairing me with the speed and intricate skill that you see a black widow spider move her legs spinning a web.

I was rattled and shaken from head to toe to allow the shakti surges to percolate throughout my entire being. She had brought me to my knees and pushed my head to the ground before but this time I could actually see her doing it. She unfolded many arms and took on the insectified form of the African woman who first unknowingly initiated the mushroom purge. She held my hands behind my back, machete pointed directly up my spine, forced me to my knees, and gently pushed my face in the dirt. I was being cradled and enveloped by her now semi-human form. I was then softly slowly paralyzed, my all my muscles completely relaxed, my machete wielding hand opened one finger at a time and the blade fell behind me.

This was to the highest or deepest level of communion with her to date. This was my knighting as a tantric hero, a tantric warrior. She held space for me to go all the way, full heroic dosage, machete in hand drawing in the divine masculine and feminine, dancing with the power of the kundalini serpent. She forced me into prostration and took on a beautiful erotic human-insectoid form to bless me. And to show me more of the truth.

In this state, in this space, in this moment, I was exhalted, safe, in a sacred protective womb of purity. I had never felt such love, such grace, such safety in my cognitive life. This was the dark heaven of her realm. I ascended into her dark palace, cloaked in her divinity. My hands would have been near frozen solid after stopping dancing for this long, but I noticed how they were

somehow warm as if in a summer night. How could I not be starting to freeze? This was supernatural.

I had fully transcended into hyperspace. I felt no disturbances in my field, no nests of demons, nothing in my nadis, chakras or channels, I was for the first time in my entire life, fully and truly free. Purified completely, and in a state of complete and full love of the Goddess.

I was held her for a time, then pushed telekinetically. At first was hesitant, doubting and resisting the alien impulse, but I had to succumb to her will and trust that her possession was for the best. So I let go of fear, shame and judgement and began to undress. She guided me to self stimulate. Of course it was beyond words how exquisite the pleasure was, in this highly exalted state, with her love filling me, underlying my entire being. She was then reveal to me the truth of the essential thesis of the film Sex The Secret Gate to Eden. While I didn't agree with every assertion of the film, the most important unit of Arcanum expressed in the film in my opinion is the truth that human sexual arousal, orgasm and ejaculation, is cross-culturally esoterically known to be the truth battlefield of the forces of good and evil. Translated in ecological terms, the cocktail of glandular exudates, is an interdimensional delicacy that if not ritually fed as a gourmet platter to the divine beneficial deities, will default to being the dog food of the noxious parasitic demons. Every sex act lone or with partners is a meal to the astral beings. We humans have to decide who we invite to the dinner party.

While possessing me to build stimulation, she showed me what happens when a sexually wounded human being gets aroused. It is a scene exactly like walking into a yard full of snarling hungry aggressive dogs

with a bucket full of meat. It is a violent feeding frenzy down there. So as I stroked with her guidance, with my eyes closed, I saw more clearly that ever the actual fact. Being sexually wounded tears wholes in your chakra protective webs and forever after without intensive reparation and healing, there's a portal, a pathway, a tunnel through which demonic parasites can continually access you as a feeding whole. They smell your arousal and scurry down the tunnel towards you, vying for the best positioning to bite down at climax. I could see their reddish protruding eyes, mouths, and heads extending and stretching out around my astral pelvis.

This obviously showed me that while at any given time I can dance with my divine consorts, and feed Kali the demons that have climbed through recently and colonized my chakras, the sad truth is that because I'd been demonically raped and torn open, every exorcized demon colony, will just be opportunistically replaced by another. And of course, any sexual activity with a person in an irreligious manner, will thereby create likely conditions for transfer both ways. Baggage, now takes on a whole new meaning. And the book Sexually Transmitted Demons can now be fully validated by what I've been shown by Kali, and described in ecological terms.

She didn't just have me witness this truth though, she had a higher purpose than to just validate my hypothesis. She wanted me to proceed to ejaculation. She controlled my breathing, and pace, and brought me through several non-ejaculatory orgasmic plateaus. I was shown that she had the power to dissolve the demonic creatures, as if by stomach acid. She kept at a distance from me in the beginning to allow me to see the crawling up of the creatures as I began to stimulate, but then she worked me harder, and came closer and closer and began

to fully envelope me. In the process, I could see the demons dissolve in her juices. Perhaps it was an acid bath for them, frying them and dissolving their proteins into a form that would be absorbable through her membranes. They way her field writhes and fluxes between soft tissue and rolling fluid is a mystery. I would liken the experience to going through an automatic car wash where instead of mechanical arms with brushes, hoses and jets shooting water and soap, it was rather totally organismic, and of course exquisitely erotic, beautiful, sweet, and loving.

The Godddess Yoni Car Wash for the Soul. It wasn't just my lingam that she enveloped, not just my second chakra, nor my physical body, it was my whole being, my whole soul. Like being enveloped by a giant black orgasming jelly fish. And she was cumming to, she was contracting and writing and convulsing with increasing intensity and compression. We were cumming together.

I felt a sense of guilt and shame, a sense that perhaps I was personally oversexualizing the experience as semi-dirty talk came to mind. I thought I may be desecrating her by thinking in these terms but I was assured telepathically that it was her will, her wisdom, her guidance. And the words came to me as my eyes rolled back in ecstasy:

"Feed me your cum Ben, I love you, you need not hate yourself, most all humans now are under demonic sexual attack, I have chosen you among others to initiate into my healing powers. The demons want you to feel weak, unlovable, alone, untouchable. But know as I make love to you now in a such a pure and pristine place of divinity, you are only as demonically infested as you allow yourself to be. I'm always here for you, I will never deny you my healing sexual love. Your hands are sexually

innocent, your lingam is sexually innocent, all of your sexual deeds have been clean and pure, you've always just wanted to love. You're not an abuser, you're a healer. The demons that continue to rehabit your field thorugh your gaping wounds, will not pose a threat to anyone so long as you sustain our sacred relationship. I will preside over all of your personal and transpersonal sexual healing work. You have seen now several times, and this time with more glory than ever before, my ability to cleanse the field. I'm always with you, always watching you, dance with me, sing to me, draw me close, eat the medicine to see me and be with me with your higher senses, but know that I'm always with you, and you are fighting with and for me. We are fighting to eradicate the demons together. The longer you go without communing with me, the more demons will cluster within you and keep you from your devotion to me. Don't listen to them, don't be afraid of them. They are afraid of me, I am their doom. You empower them when you stray from me. I'm showing you this truth so that you will know to invoke me everytime. Don't self stimulate or sexually interact with others alone, or you'll both be unprotected. I'm always watching but you must pray, sing and dance in invoke me into the present space time coordinates of your field.

I can't promise you total protection, that's not what human life on earth is about. It's about free will to serve the forces of evil or serve the forces of light. You were attacked by evil, but have lived in service to the light, therefore you have earned my blessings and my healing grace, but you have not died and gone to heaven. You're still subject to the same natural and supernatural laws. So our relationship must be sustained and ritually invoked everytime there is arousal, lest you be continually infested. That's your duty as a devotee. Do not stray or be damned.

As I've shown you, you've been horribly ripped open to the hell realms.

You will need to proceed with group tantric exorcism ritual to have regular sacred spot massage and auric shield repair work done by trained shamans and dakinis. You can hope to eventually repair your chakra walls and seal off the portal hell in your second chakra, but this would be nearly impossible to do alone in a single lifetime. You must take the new power I have given you to man up in your life, you will earn the abundance to build your team and pay them well. You will earn the ability to be spoiled with divine sexual love pouring through flesh of many dakinis in the future.

You had to get to this point on your own. But now you are armed with my love. Now you have been rebuilt from the ground up.

Don't fear my sexual power, don't be shy, don't forget that you were made in this form to create sexual delicacies to serve the divine deities. When I say feed me your cum, its not dirty it is divine righteous order. I give you exquisite bliss, surround you with unspeakable beauty, cleanse, purify and please you, that is your reward for feeding me your orgasms, feeding me your cum.

So proceed, my love, surrender to my sexual possession, and rise from this orgasmic plateau into a sacred release, cum inside me, feed me your cum, your demons, curses, and diseases are just appetizers, the main course is your cum, feed me your cum, I love you Ben, you are loved, you are adored, you are my soldier of divine love, together we will defeat the evil forces, and I will pick your human lovers for you, I guide them to you in the right places at the right times, may this be your most

beautiful orgasm, your highest erotic peak, loved more than you could have ever imagined, affirmed, embraced, enlightened…"

And the release began, from a whimper to a roar, I pulsed out my fluid into the winter night, but all was warm within a field of several feet around me. Her soft, yet firm grip clamped down and around while she stirred my sacrum inducing a kundalini surge that I saw as a golden spiraling lightning bolt bringing an unobstructed current of bliss up my spine, through the chakras and 72,000 nadis, then up and out the crown, as if to complete a circuit with whereby the positive and negative leads were pressed against my root and crown.

After, I collapsed in a bow, and vowed to live by the truths of this transmission. No more weakness, self doubt, self hate, needy desire, she was right, about everything. I must be infinitely more grateful for my blessings than I am shameful for my curses. In true spiritual ecological landscape, what makes me suffer is dwarfed in size by what brings me joy. Distortion of this fact is a delusional tactic the demons have mastered. Rise above them and climb into the arms of the Goddess to be held above the profane, be loved, be touched, be disinfected, be healed, then go back down to the profane with more power to fight for tantric liberation.

I slept and woke the next day in a state of power and grace I had never before experienced. The sense of feeling like a weak and scared lost boy, was supplanted by a feeling like a strong and courageous found man. My years of pitiful groveling were over. I am a shaktified kali worshiper, a devotee blessed and armed with her divine love, I will worship and be worship, I'll not beg for what is

not freely offered, I will only take offerings in the context of ritual.

I will destroy the global demonic male dominated sex cult and restore the sex cult of the goddess whereby men respectful to women are the rule not the exception, because they are so humble and appreciative of the gift of the divine feminine nectars. I will train men to be sacred warrior goddess temple defenders, and their them to manage, discipline, and appropriately direct their sexual energy in service of their beloved of any gender, in an honorable manner. Male sexual violence as a factor of rampant demonic infestation will be abolished.

“Damn, that’s deep! It seems like it was worth it being told to go heal yourself. I’m sorry you had to suffer but as you like to say, one door shutting is another opening, in this case, one door slamming in your face is one that won’t be hitting you in the ass on the way out.

“I can see now more clearly how difficult a mission you truly have. The sick irony is that occult group sex rituals were the bread and butter of my former life in the strip clubs. Why do the bad boys get to have all the fun.”

“Because they have no scruples about behaving like Jabba the Hut to make their bloody brothel money.”

“True that, well all of this group sexual ritual healing sounds hot, and I get the reasoning for it’s therapeutic value, but I don’t think I can actually handle being in a matriarchal sex cult. I like to fantasize about threesomes sometimes but my magic fuckin pussy, is actually kind of a chicken pussy, hahaha. “ Jade giggled.

Bok Bok Meeeeeeeeeeeoooowwwwww!

“ Haha, well, I know it’s a lot to ask of anyone to try to live up to this vision. You’ve done more than enough up to this point. Until I have the financial means to build and adequately compensate a team of professionals, relying and friends and lovers will be about as effective as trying to herd cats.” I said.

I’m honestly feeling like it’s time for me to settle down, find a new true lover who is more stable, maybe wants to build a family.

Yes, perhaps it’s time we redesign our configuration. If you’ll still allow me to keep my headquarters at the queendom, I’ll pay rent and offer my services as your dating coach and stay at your side as your now official “roommate” when we go to clubs and parties so as not to cock-block potential suiters.

That would be perfect!

I vow to ensure that your next lover check all of your boxes and will be much less burdened and burdensome than I.

Ah, don’t say that, you’ve helped me shed so much, I’m finally ready for the divine masculine to enter my life and make a life-long commitment again.

You’ve earned the best, and I will guarantee it for you, no douche bags allowed in your magic fuckin pussy, not on my watch.

Can I ask you one last favor?

Anything!

Are you still down to proceed with the p-spot massage you so possessedly initiated in our first psychedelic bathing ritual oh so many months ago?

That would would bring us full circle wouldn't it.

Indeed, no pressure of course. But I feel after all we've been through it's meant to be. If you're okay with it, that is. In my heart of hearts I trust that your gracious healing loving efforts and hospitality have given me the strength as a warrior to continue on with many battles. For that I trust you will be karmically rewarded and most likely will never be asked to descend to these depths of darkness ever again. If it is a safe, secure, stable family that you desire, let this prayer be spoken and heard, for your bravery and charity on my behalf, may all your dreams come true, whether or not you decide to accept this final mission.

Thanks for your kind words, after all of this training, even if it all ever only gets puts to use this one time, it will inform how I live and love for the rest of my life. And certainly how I raise my future family. You've helped remember the sacredness of living close to nature and need for humanity to return to our humble earthen roots.

So be it.

Let's begin preparations for the final proceedure...

Sexorcism the Tantric Opera

O dear beloveds, needless to say it broke my heart and soul quite a bit to let go of the fantasy I had been building. Our co-branded box of brand new business cards had to be returned to the earth, our destiny was to be split. I knew it was best, and that it was always a danger to over-commit or attach. In our early days, on one of our first mushroom trips, we had a heart to heart meeting wherein we formalized our contract. She offered to sell her wedding ring and put a sizable chunk in my pocket as a form of sponsorship for my valient works in the world. She felt I'd done enough by that point to earn a severance package if I wanted it. It was a test she explained, to know whether or not I was truly staying to share our love and passion, or if I was just some kind of gigolo or scam artist. If her superior wealth and financial power was all I'd been after, then the amount of money she offered would have been sufficient to cash out of our love casino. But if I'd rather have her than the money, she could begin to trust my intentions more deeply ongoing. I understood, appreciated, and respectfully declined her offer. I assured her that the power and potency of our potential to serve the divine feminine and divine masculine was invaluable. I assured her that yes, that amount of money would empower me to bootstrap by new career, set up shop almost anywhere, and be free to do almost anything for a while, but I believed with more conviction than all the money in the world could buy, that our magic, and our golden opportunity to make love with it, was the truest and highest purpose of our coming together. Our contract was sacred, it was written in terms that established and protected our individual rights as autonomous beings to change our

hearts and minds at any time, but to agree simply to do and be our best, and to be sincere and true, through and through. Some love contracts are meant to secure building projects, we our love was a temple that we lived in as we built it. Now it serves her future and her family. In an ancient sense, I'm a nomad, a ranger, and my cut of the equity in the project need only be a horse, and some food and water to make it down the mountain, to the next village, and off to the next adventure. Our sacred love contract began and ended well. We never fought, we never argued, we never raised our voices. I can count the moments of contention on two fingers, and both instances were in effect mild and fleeting disagreements about how to optimize and harmonize our pure hearted intents to do better for each other. There had never been a more graceful love that I'd experienced or witness. It will remain in the guiness book of akashic records as perhaps one of the most peaceful and delightful loves that ever was. A wise man once said, it's a myth that for love to be true it must last forever. I agree with his sentiment, but would state it thus: true love lasts forever, whether it's contained within a relationship or not. So I don't want you to feel bad about our parting of ways, it was more than amicable, and now looking back, it was absolutely necessary for vital next chapters to occur independently in both of our lives.

Now I will leave you with the conversational lab report from our last session debrief. I invite you to join in this most urgent discourse. However, you are warned, turn back now and be spared the horror, proceed and risk becoming a shamanic initiate yourself. You will not be able to return to your former self if you read past this point. Whatever false comfort you feel entrusting societal institutions to contain the scurge of pedaphilia will be permanently discomforted. You will be revolutionized...

B: “...Like let's say you are visiting a remote rural village and you eat some pork and it wasn't cooked all the way and six months later you're really sick you go to the doctor they cut open your intestines and a bunch of worms explode out of it like that's literally on a parasitic you know parasitology level of looking at things, if you get attacked by astral entities for whatever reason they're there they're alive they're eating your soul eating your life energy their subsisting and metabolizing creating pain living off of your pain and they don't like to be discovered they don't like you know they will fight back

It's like sticking your hand any kind of nest you know they're going to try to defend it and scurry but that's why the practice of the psychedelic goddess worship is so vital because I know that we're safe and we're protected and we've got thousands of years of Kali based shamanic work some of it arguably psychedelic.

When people were living with activated third eye because they were doing spiritual practices whether or not they were using tryptamine psychedelics to accelerate that process they were seeing this force of nature this healing force of nature, I mean they were devoting themselves to Kali because of the effects she had, eating the demons out of their souls, protecting them and and rescuing them from this really abysmal state that we're in on earth which is that demons have come here to really cause a lot of pain and suffering, but there is hope and there's help.

The first few sort of angel goddess in human form women who brought this to me were Hindu Indian women and this was the first time you could call it a controlled experiment because you weren't a devotee of the goddess Kali and like you said you didn't have the mental architecture do it but BAM just by the work I had done to

you know that to have her you know sort of always with me or because I had been singing to her I sung my tracks and you came in it was like oh okay that you know she's here and we can do this and we don't have to worry about you know that we can feel that she's she has higher powers that are able to keep us safe and that we can go and be brave and not be afraid basically it's like that's a huge factor too. This stuff would be extremely mortifying. If I didn't if I didn't have that sense of being protected by a higher dimensional beneficial predator in the astral plane then I would feel very very scared and very helpless but to know that that that she's there she can be brought in and she can work through whoever is open and you were like the controlled experiment to know that you know you didn't have to be believer, the energy just float float and this procedure happened.

Anybody who's been through what I've been through is going to have to expect that it may take lifetimes to really get all the way down to the deepest places of your soul where these things burrow into I mean it's just like not it's not an easy task it's not an overnight thing or a one-shot thing you can do a Skype session with somebody who's a shamanic healer somewhere and then your soul is saved and you live happily ever after. so then I think we covered the significance of that you know now the next thing which is the real heavy trip if that wasn't heavy enough this is where it gets really heavy and this is where we have to do the trigger warning and say that if you don't want to have nightmares you might want to stop this right now if you are a survivor of sexual abuse then and you don't feel like you have a real solid grip on your healing journey with this then this could be very triggering but if you were ready to have some truths revealed then continue on but we're gonna get really raw

J: It's gonna get really graphic people...the truth usually is...

B: So you have anything else to say about that experience before we move on to the next event

J: Well that was probably the least significant from my perspective but I could see that it was more you and what you were dealing with and I was ok with that really so...

B: Thank you so much I mean what do you say how can you ever repay somebody for going to do that and yeah I think hopefully we were healing each other in various ways and I brought you my best and you brought me your best and we both worked through a lot of material together we were struggling with different things and so it wasn't just a one-sided thing

J: Oh not at all,

B: It was a good it was a good exchange of healing of healing energy

J: Mhm

B: With a lot of ritual ceremony work in lots of different context and and yeah I mean we're not even going into the beauty of our tantric lovemaking practice which is the fun juicy stuff not the dark crazy

J: That's a whole nother chapter, haha

B: just to say we weren't only doing really gnarly exorcism stuff we were that was like you know something we planned and scheduled for and got into very

intentionally but other than that we were having a beautiful happy healthy healing you know multi-orgasmic sacred hygienic and loving practice

So you know gives you the deep love that you need to go and do the darker work and you know soul retrieval work so alright so now here we go with the real real dark side stuff which is um you know in my progression through my journey of sexual healing from childhood trauma I have a check list of things I got it I gotta do, I got to experience to know I've gone through what i know is advised for people struggling with what I have the PTSD that I have to struggle with as a survivor and so the male sacred spot massage was next on my list I had administered sacred spot massages on I don't know how many women with the intention I mean not tons i mean i've obviously given lovers you know devotional loving g-spot stimulation as a part of just normal kind of tantric lovemaking but i had also done i guess a few very therapeutic sacred spot massages with strangers or people who were just not necessarily lovers but people who are seekers of healing and needed that work done so I had been I had been the giver at that point I had induced these sorts of extreme exorcisms, sexual shamanic exorcisms with people that I could consider clients in but I had not received that myself so I needed to... it's been a it's been a journey to find the right person and sometimes I've even been on a date it's like the first date the first thing I'm like yeah you know so where I'm at right now in my life is it I need someone to stick their fingers up my ass and try to extract demons out of me because I was a survivor

J: And they're like like okay see ya

B: You know I mean it's like a lot to ask

J: And on paper I probably would not be the ideal candidate because my journey has been so different but in fact it has been because at one point I thought I wanted to be a nurse I thought it'd be noble to you know save people not knowing the background of the reality of it it's really a depressing environment for my personality I don't think I could handle so I'd taken all the prerequisites and prior to getting into the program I moved and I never followed through, kind of felt like that was wasted years wasted time wasted money so you were the first person to tell me about the sacred spot massage and you know anybody else I can see their react like are you what kidding me perv I don't think so.

But it makes all the sense in the world to me I know the anatomy I know that usually it's opposites that are the antidote and usually having to do with the same type, you know mold you can make penicillin so even though ideally you would think well how could that he'll trauma, it's pleasure receptors it's a cluster of nerve endings down there and it you know if you've been damaged sexually what better way to heal then with the sexual organs so it made perfect clear sense to me.

B: Well thank you yeah I think you were called you were called forth by divine forces to help me through that procedure or this procedure because you know you had the, for one, the Mana running for you that makes you so repellent to these pests you know that are out there and I could feel that just in your grip and in the way that you know in your hand just the grip of your hands I knew from day one that you have some magical healing powers and it comes to move your lineage ready.

J: Thank you, my father has been told he is healing measuring hands yeah does massage therapy his father did acupuncture so yeah, thank them.

B: Thank you all, okay so moving right along we'll start getting into the gory details you could call it the ritual design or the study design you know was that my intention was that well for one I showed you bliss so that you would kind of know what this is all about and anybody who hasn't seen the movie bliss it's all the best I would say the best and most accurate Hollywood cinematic portrayal of multiple aspects of Tantra as a spiritual practice for healing relationship issues and it kind of culminates in showing how its most apt as a sexual healing tool that addresses the issue that you were talking about earlier and it's like one simple way of saying is like well this is what Tracy Elise said an interview that I heard a couple years ago I believe I'm quoting her or at least paraphrasing you know that we need to be able to provide hands-on sexual healing work because the trauma happens to the body and it's in the body that the work needs to be done for it to be healed you can't just have talk theory, so that's my paraphrase and then I'll follow that up with saying what that movie bliss shows is the ineffectuality of talk therapy to deal with somatic issues especially ones dealing with extreme child sexual abuse trauma so I take it into step further where you have you know a lot of tantrikas and energy workers and energy healers and even sexual healers talking about removing blocked energy or blockages to the flow of energy and I think well I know that if you take the sex illogical viewpoint and the tantric viewpoint and then you merge that with the shamanic psychedelic shamanic viewpoint were all talking about the same thing there is an energy anatomy it is it is invisible to the naked two eyes but the third i can give you glimpses into what's going on and really those blockages that are

preventing the natural healthy balanced flow of prana through your nadis and your chakras those blockages are actually nests of demons that have been festering in wounds and tears and rips in the chakras and energy field that happened during traumatic events when you were being traumatized is when a wound is opened and in that gash that gaping wound in your energy body that's caused by extreme states of fear and physical violation, it's as above so below kind of a thing if you have a cut or a gash from some sort of physical trauma if it does not get disinfected immediately yeah you could say time will cause it to you know will cause it to scab over or you could put a bandage on it but if it's not disinfected it's going to be a festering wound and so if we look at the chakras as being similar then these energy blockages are more than just some inert,... it's not like there's a rock that is blocking the drain it's like there's a clump of matted hair filled with bacteria that stinks and when you pull it out it's filled with noxious anaerobic biology that was causing your house to stink and is actually infectious and it could be contagious so that's what I know to be the truth about what happens when you're doing sacred spot massage because I've done on other people and I've seen and felt the really hellish moaning in the hellish I mean we're talking about what I call exorgasm it's exorcism and orgasm as a continuum and the more powerful the orgasm the closer it gets to exorcism and more bliss you feel after it the more demons you dislodged and hopefully incinerated with the bliss of true prana flowing through again so you know I suited up you know for this event I knew I was going to go deep I put on my Kali invocation track that I had made you know had been using to go into the deepest states we put that on I was singing the mantra you got the coconut oil out and lubed up the nitrile gloves and you began to you insert, I think you know well now I guess I'll tell you what I saw also I of course was consuming the mushrooms

because I wanted to see, I wanted to have a psychedelic scopic perspective into what it looks like when this tantric sacred spot sexual healing energy blockage removal exorcism happens and so I did get to see that and I'll explain that the first to let you kind of yeah balance out my monologue there with with your perspective of you know from that point.

J: Okay so i did not consume mushrooms or anything so that i could be a more sturdy foundation and so I i believe i began with one finger and gently and just until you were in a comfortable relaxed date and I think as the mushroom started working its magic then I noticed that your energy had changed and there were there were noises that were coming from you like as a baby cries like infant noises and it kind of alarmed me at first because I just didn't know if I was traumatizing you and I felt like, I felt like a perpetrator actually I felt that and I knew I was helping you and healing you so I just I went on with it and it might have been because you were in that state and you were feeling the perpetrator with you that I was feeling your energy about me you know as the other person in the room and

B: Projection youd call that

J: Yeah yes I was I was feeling that way and it was making me feel really gross and icky but at the same time I knew it was important that I not you know say okay this isn't what i was expecting me they're gonna stop is

B: Can't back out now,

J: Right so you know I just continued a steady you know loving motion as loving as I could do it and yeah it started to, the energy started to escalate slowly and then it

was the crying and I started to feel waves coming out and I started to like just like start doing sucking motions um as your body's moving and my body is moving i could feel these waves like crashing over me and I was just like sucking it and almost like chewing and eating something and I remember just feeling like such extreme dead weight like in the pit of my stomach and I was scared for a little while there that I was damaging you more actually um because of your reaction and how it was like growing you know and I almost wasn't even sure you were gonna come out or snap out of it I started thinking like what if he stays in the states like because it's so new to me you know I've not ran in the same circles of you, you know I'm an island girl and but it's just you know island people, Rastafarian very chill no talk of demons or any of that really so it was, it's a foreign concept for me but knowing now after hearing you talk about it and you mentioned a woman that would do the sucking the sucking doctor

B: The Native American shaman who was known and medically you know known to medical science as a miracle worker miracle healing worker who would just simply suck diseases out of the aura and spit them out and fearlessly confront... in Michael Horner's shamanic research....i had spent a lot of time I knew you know were that there is universal medical physiological evidence i mean this is this is stuff that needs to be treated like the discovery of radio waves or the discovery of microbiology it's like the new, the next revolutionary paradigm is that if we had laboratory technicians in that room who were using instruments to measure things then i believe we could have yielded and anybody who's doing this work we need to get the research teams together in the funding to be able to produce demons in the laboratory

J: Mhm

B: That's what we're that's what we're talking about and i have to say that like i consider to be extremely unethical on my own behalf to expose someone like you who could have gotten your whole life and never had to witness anything like that or be exposed to that you know, the right way to have done it if I could afford to would be to hire trained dakinis whose Dharma it is to be doing this work and who chose the path either because they were victims themselves and you know got activated as healers through their own healing process or it was just their calling and they may be never had any trauma but they just had the calling to do it but the thing that's so sad or the paradox or the irony is that demons attack you, they oppress you and then you're left at such a depleted state of you know trauma PTSD just being crushed as a human being that...how are you going to necessarily be financially successful enough to be able to pay the exorbitant rates that most people are charging to do this work and there's not a public health clinic where they're administering psilocybin and providing sacred spot massage as a as a part of your Obamacare package you know and that's where it needs where it needs to be because the epidemic of sexual abuse of all kinds is so severe that there is no higher good or priority than to properly fund the research to get what we're talking about in some serious university laboratories and some serious you know I would like the pornographers I would like the you know all the people who are commercializing sex to be the lead investors or lead angel, the donors even better but you know that let's build some foundation so that we can do this right because really we need help and to have to ask you to do this for me was was really you know like it like I consider it back alley exorcism or rogue shamanism I mean this um I'm kind of go off at a tangent here but it's really significant, I know that it was a lot to ask and it's really scary because, it

is scary because after watching bliss I mean she goes straight to the hospital you know after that and she is like could have been in a coma like you know there and we watched that and we knew you know like hey we don't know what really is going to happen but I trust myself to be like no matter how deep I go I feel like I've done enough psychedelic journeying that I can keep control of myself like I'm not going to start I'm not gonna jump out the window or start you know or kill myself or cut myself or be possessed like that I feel very confident that it wouldn't go to that extreme but I certainly was put into states where I had never been taken that far you know that was the furthest that ever gone as far as you know a meltdown into a state where I was you know completely out of the present, going into the reversion

J: Was that the first regression therapy you've ever had?

B: Yeah I never accessed those memories in that way before and i discovered stuff that happened to me that I didn't assume that had happened before I never thought so maybe I shouldn't okay so that was the public service announcement about how we need help to do this right

J: Yeah

B: And you know you took a huge risk with your with your ear just in general we're doing this at your place you know this should be at some healing center out in the middle of the deep wilderness you know with no one else around where the screams, thats the thing like I'm screaming my head off I'm crying my my head off and who knows if someone's going to call the cops, what would it look like if cops showed up right then to wonder what was

going on i mean it's just not right so you know, i'll just leave it at that

J: I would have told them there's miracle taking place right now it's a healing here you know and yeah you know stay out of it this is bigger than you bigger than man's law I'm helping assist the universe and the divine

B: Right

J: I wasn't worried at all

B: luckily and thankfully that didn't happen but but it's also a hindrance because to you know if someone's if someone is willing to do this work someone's willing to administer this healing you know work and someone's willing to go through the work of receiving the healing then the last thing they need to be is worrying about what the neighbors think is going on in there you I mean like that's ruling out things like that are going to make a much smoother ride to be able to go through this and everyone really need to do it i mean if you know that you were sexually abused or that you have been having really you know bad sex or even a prostitute or even having sex with someone you know is a real dark character then the sooner the better man these things grow they are alive they have life cycles they gestate they leave egg sacs and you do not want to be a host for astral larves you want to eradicate that shit because it will continue to grow and if you don't have control of your you know your character and if you don't have healthy proper disinfecting love in your life and people like magic fucking pussy willing to go and do the dirty work then you know you're going to kill yourself are you going to hurt other people you're going to become an addict or you know you're going to just be just degenerated and that's what the demons are here to do

that is their nature and it's been written about in a few scriptures if you haven't paid attention and now the psychedelic shamanic sexual shamanic sort of revolution is actually lending a lot of what is validating a lot of the scriptures and anyway so I guess now I will go back and say report on what I would I experienced you you kind of gave a debriefing on what you experienced and what you saw me go through so i'll say that what i experienced as it was happening was way way way more intense than I expected you know I thought I was going to be able to see some memories and you know I knew that there could be some like reassociation with the sensations that had happened but um i guess i should say this yeah i almost forgot to say this so you know I gotta back up a little bit so when I was a young child riding the school bus to school I would have this chronic sensation of being anally impaled with what felt like a sharp spike or something and at that time in my childhood I didn't even know what rape was I barely I mean I knew what sex was and I had been masturbating already by then I had known what it meant to have an erect penis and to put it inside of a woman's vagina, and I knew that homosexuality existed but it wasn't in my frame of reference that like people were raping children and so I just had this phantom pain this phantom sensation every single time I would be on a school bus to school I'd be you know oh good i get to daydream and you know watch the trees go by and enjoy the bus ride it's kind of really nice meditative thing and then all of a sudden BAM I'm you know it just will come over me and I'm in this t contorted contracted I'm like I'm like crossing my legs over the edge over them each other and cringing and holding my pelvis and sitting there under siege having the sensation of really like what it would feel like to sit on a railroad spike and I'd never talked to anybody about it I just thought it was like some I had no idea what it was but I guess when you're a kid you just adapt to weird inter states

and don't you know if it's embarrassing or weird you definitely are going to talk about it with anybody so I just accepted that, like i said i didn't i didn't know i was like oh man must have been raped as a younger child before i was forming memories because i don't remember any of this but I to my mind it was I couldn't get out of my head the idea that like maybe it felt like it felt like the bus was in had been an accident and like part of the metal seat had just like jabbed through the cushion and I was being impaled by it and that was the only thing I could imagine and I was like why is my body making me feel like I'm you know part of the seat of his bus is like is like impaling me and I can't do anything about it and like I'm putting out all this energy of contraction and contortion to try to like push it away and make it stop but I can and I didn't know what to do about that but I just adapted to it i remember it was like every day on the bus and i just forgot about that and then you know as I've stated before my life got a little messy when I was a teenage street punk and I started turning tricks for meth money and shooting up meth and then I was attacked and you know raped in various ways in very obvious ways being able to see the demonic realm as I was in these altered states of speed binges I could feel and see the demonic entities possessing human beings that were you know using their penises and their hands and other implements to violate my body but I could also perceive the astral demonic dimension of it and what was behind their human form was these entities and so but prior to this sacred spot massage I had only thought that I was confronting and dealing with the after-effects of the abuse I experience on the street but what I had been curious about was that I had been guided you know gently by the mushroom saying no ben there's more to the story than that you know you ended up on the street as a prostitute because your life was skewed in the direction of being a victim way earlier and I had just did this big

question mark, I'm like what what could have happened to me earlier that skewed my life path right into the jaws of the demonic realm and the sexual predator demonic realm and this is how was revealed that intuition that maybe you know something like I told myself oh maybe I was impaled in a past life and I'm just like stuck on the memory of that but really as time went on and more journeying happened the mushroom just kept telling me like no that story is incorrect you know something happen to you somebody was raping you as a child and you should probably get the sacred spot massage to find out who it was and so that's what we did and so bringing it back to this moment where you know you're beginning to insert the fingers and and basically what you're doing as far as the body memory circuitry works is that you were you're accessing or you're simulating the act, the sensation of the act of a rape and when you do this one with women if their vagina is frigid and closed off and numb and sex is painful you know you, they may wonder why until they get a sacred spot massage and then all the original wounding and trauma that happened that caused that revulsion and an aversion to sexual contact of those nerve endings it all blows up and then when pleasure and love are brought through stroking contact with those tissues then that sense of being like a broken record you know stuck in that mode of contraction and protection and revulsion and pain it can be released and the cells which are not the same cells, all of the cells have been replaced many times over since those moments of abuse, or those years of abuse depending on what you dealt with so but that you know that.

J: So you're saying to him you can associate a new memory with that with that sensation yeah its placement it

B: Yeah, I don't know how many times I was raped his child I don't know when it started but, when you were violated in that way you go into such an extreme state of contraction that you are stuck there and part of you, the rest of your your life the rest of your mind your physiology your anatomy, it's all built on this foundation where there's this giant gaping festering wound it's almost like you build a foundation on a broken sewer line it's like you you're building a house and there's a sewer line and in the construction process it gets punctured and it's gushing sewage raw sewage out and you just say ah I'll fuck it and you just build the house on top of it and then one day you like or trying to you know whatever fix a crack in the foundation in the basement and then it explodes and goes everywhere and just completely floods the whole house but then now you know what the problem is that you can actually address it and then once it's cleaned out at the problems you know stop but then you but then you're left knowing like oh god this happened to me like what do I do now so it's a double-edged sword because you know it's a it's a paradox because in this in one sense, sometimes you wish that she didn't have to find out and you didn't know I mean in my case I'm glad to know because it gives me more compassion for myself moving forward in life I can say you know what don't expect a whole lot for me world because I was raped as a child and possibly an infant and if that's the truth and like don't complain if I want to be in a psychedelic coma for most of the rest of my life and just write a few haikus and like build some fish ponds and just stare into a fish pond until I fucking die be happy just to do that.

J: Society needs that too.

B: It needs people to live more simply and closer to Earth so if that's what it takes and so be it but, its so much

more complex the relevance of all this stuff and trying to put it into the context, but hey this is real and you know if hopefully you know this could lead to getting the help is needed to do this right and and to to make it easier but you know I think there's there's a few more i'll try to make it short you know and wrap it up but the there are very significant things to to document here about what i experienced is this happened so i'm going to try to limit the commentary and just stick to the moment by moment you know description would happen so the lab report version is that the music began i began singing the Kali mantras so I could feel safe you began the insertion and and gentle massaging process you know you felt into where the sacred spot was and you kind of you know locked in on that and you gently i would say for total about 30 to 45 minutes about right.

J: Yeah

B: You continued to just gently stroke penetrating with plenty of coconut oil lube inwards and outwards and the and the journey began and what I experienced internally as that was happening was a chronological regression where I got to relive and be taken like as if in a time machine into those extremely dark extremely hideous and heinous moments of being restrained having my mouth covered screaming my head off but with my mouth covered so there was a muffled scream and there was no hand on my mouth you know you weren't holding Hannah my mouth I wasn't holding have enough nobody was following her mouth but the sound was coming out was the sound of a child with the hand on its mouth.

J: Mhm

B: Trying to scream and trying to resist but being held and restrained and muffled and so if you can imagine how much energy the you know it's like trying to hold a cat, no human being is going to be able to hold a cat that doesn't want to be held, you know but imagine if you made a device to hold that cat how much energy that cat will be producing to get out of that experience, so you know being brought back just the introduction of a tiny little motion you weren't going in there with a giant object you know it was just very it was it's the intention for healing is what is what you know is what matters.

J: Mhm

B: So you put that intention in you do the mechanical procedure and then all of a sudden BAM I'm brought into this regression time machine to where I could see who it was it was the man who and get this another thing of denial that I've been in so the guy who it was the guy who was the friend of the family who was my caretaker and was I was often over at his house overnight with him and his son and his daughter who were my age and were some of my best friends growing up this is the man who taught me how to swim, the man who taught me how to ride a bike and when I was maybe fifteen sixteen or something you know I got the news that he killed himself because he was accused of molesting his children and my thought to myself at the time was wow damn those were my friends, and I loved this man you know he was one of my he was i've considered him one of the best you know males and my life as a child and I you know who my best friends were his kids and so many important moments my life happened you know in his care I can't believe he would have done that to them and then kill himself but then he was bipolar so obviously I guess I didn't know her but he was just mentally ill so and deranged so I mean it's just I

just felt sorry for them I felt sorry for him and I was glad that it didn't happen to me and I was lucky to get out of there scot-free that was the didn't you know that was my mind talking and then fast forward years later you know and I'm there with you and then it all came together yes he was the one who was taking advantage of my innocence and my mother not being present and no one there to protect me and he was having his way with me and his children and I had to of course I wonder now how could I not have been so shaken up and disturbed that I wasn't running in the street yelling and screaming naked and for the police or for anybody but that's how twisted these fuckers are man they figure out ways to manipulate a child's mind and so somehow you know I don't remember what story I was told about it or what if I was supposed to keep it a secret or but I mean that was so much pain and agony that was coming up I don't know I don't know how you convince a child not to tell on you for that but obviously these fuckers figure out ways and so you know that was the first ring of the tree that we got into and that was for a while maybe 15- 20 minutes of just extreme agony and even though you were only using a tiny motion I felt like I was again sitting on that railroad spike I mean it was the most excruciating pain I've ever consciously felt in my entire life and for me to hold on I knew you know I wanted to stop I wanted to tell you to stop I wanted it to end but I knew that this is just the beginning and I had to fucking hold on for dear life and I did and so we went through that and I sort of you know ID'd him it was like okay now I know you know I didn't ever know before but now I know it was raped as a child it was this guy I don't know how many times I don't know how he got away with it I don't know how my mind concealed it but that's why I went on the school bus holding my genitals in gnarling and twisting my legs crossing them and contorting myself because of that cycle of contraction and repulsion to that experience just

never ending and me building year after year my body in my mind on top of these festering wounds of rape and then so that was like you know it wasn't a huge surprise when I put the pieces together oh it all makes sense now and I thought it was going to stop there but it kept going further and further until this really disturbing infant regression and you know I don't know if it was maybe a rectal thermometer or maybe just you know if you do sacred spot massage you're going to encounter lots of different traumatic memories lodged there so you know if you say someone wasn't truly really wasn't ever sexually traumatized in their life but a sacred spot massage is going to bring up all kinds of traumatic memories and it could have been not getting a pony for your birthday was traumatic and you know it could be anything, physical trauma birth trauma so you know it's hard to, I don't want to extrapolate that because I reverted into the infant state that it was necessarily some form of anal you know trauma that happened that brought me there but either way it was it was just really disturbing and I for sure have had a rough life because of whatever had been done to me and it just makes me more invigorated to create resources to protect children and to pretend to give single mothers a lot more resources to be able to be with their child that all the time and I just don't trust men I don't I know that most sexual abuse happens it goes like this fathers, other adult family members, you know neighbors siblings the stranger danger factor is minimal, it's a small percentage the majority of sexual abuse happens fathers to daughters father's to sons and so what that tells me is that we need to, well we have a lot of exorcism that we need to do in this reality in this Western culture where this is the most clustered you know this kind of abuse is rampant in the Western within the westernized world let's say um but I'm yeah I'm sharing this now because I know this is a way to document my own sexual shamanic healing journey and

hope that it gives people strength to confront and abusers and to do you know the healing work that to get the healing services they deserve and to help build a movement to actually expose this shadowy truth in this reality that you know privacy and male dominance and male entitlement to use everything in this reality as their gratification toy that needs to stop and it's going to stop by giving martial power to women because they have the instinct to protect their children from abuse and they have the ethics you know not to use their, they don't have penises that get erect and want to you know just violate things soulessly without mercy and there are female sexual abusers in the world but their percentage relative to men is minuscule so I say give all the money give all the guns give all the property give all the land give everything to the mothers and all the men need to be put through extreme you know all the men especially ones that are watching the porn you know the extreme porn these days they all need to be put through a procedure of screening and testing and decontamination because I don't trust any last one of them you know a especially when there's mental illness there's alcoholism drug abuse there's specific factors that lead to the corruption of the male sexual apparatus and that is where the demons like to wreak the most havoc if you were a demon and you came to this planet and you were given the assignment to cause as much harm as you possibly could you would be on a mission to corrupt male sexuality to create child sexual abuse so this spiritual battlefield that we're talking about, we need to prioritize that front of the battlefield like stop fighting over oil and what name to use for God there's a more important spiritual battle happening and this is a call out to the survivors and those who love us, we need to prove to medical science everything that we're saying is real and we need to create major coalition's amongst different types of researchers to be able to publish the scientific white papers with rigorous

accountability to the scientific method and to clinical study design standards and we're not going to solve this with a pill and we're not going to solve it by putting people in prison necessarily because they're going to come out 10 times more demonic we've got to solve this with shamanic sexual healing and create the public clinics where people can go and get themselves cleaned out. It's not pretty but it's absolutely necessary and believe me there's many other things I would have loved to do with my life than have this conversation be happening right now but it is what it is and it's the truth so...

J: And by design it was meant to happen that way because it did so that you can help others that's brave of you.

B: There's no going back that's for sure the only thing worth doing in this life is building this movement to confront this in a real way and I know I'm going to come back I'm probably going to reincarnate and I want to come back into a world where this does not happen, I don't want to come back into another incarnation and have to experience this so I'm willing to do whatever it takes to have some assurance that humanity is waking up about it and it's so mortifying, so devastating and grotesque that, I just I can't buy into any of the superficial American Dream fucking bullshit I know it's all a mask covering up the perversion of nature and the perversion of love and the provision of property so that men can run their little fiefdoms and beat their wives and rape their children behind closed doors and not have the elders and the tribe and the village intervene in male abuse patterns, there will be mitigating factors for how extreme of a psychopath a male could become in his family when everyone in the village is within earshot they will intervene they will not let

things get to this extreme of unchecked abuse and alcohol and drug abuse you know all kinds of vice and addiction all these things that were plagued with that are evil they're all facilitated by civilization and living in empires and everyone's too distracted and too busy working and making money to protect their own children and I don't think there's a more important priority than to protect children their innocence their safety the beauty of virginity, the beauty of sacred sexual initiation and protection around that and guidance around that and how casual people are about porn and sexual initiation through horrible horrific violent porn it's like I don't know how closer to hell on earth you can get but I'll tell you the truth like this last Halloween I was like thinking about it, I'm like you people are so fucking ignorant man you make this cartoon holiday out of our relationship to the spirit world and to the demonic realm and you make it into some fucking trick or treat, no,... man, it's one thing to study the true history of Halloween where there is some humility and some grace about understanding that there are forces beyond human perception that are very dangerous and very evil and you want to have intelligent shamanic protective measures going on in your society, you don't want to have make a mockery of it make a mockery of shamanism and of right relationship with the spirit world and call it Halloween. To me Halloween is every day you know I seeing what I see in knowing what I know I mean it's not just a cartoon holiday it's really the truth. It's just more like ghostbusters, fuck there's so much shit piercing the veil and fucking with their lives and causing havoc that and the religions have essentially failed us a lot of them have been corrupted and a lot of them are really doing the work of the demonic realm and they're tricking people when they're disguised as holy people and they're doing the sexual abuse of children themselves with the Catholic Church and all that fiasco it's very hard to deny that so, not to, you know, I don't want to

project this onto anybody if it isn't your struggle then go ahead and continue to just do whatever makes you happy but by god. by goddess know that these threats are out there and if you are raising children please please please take responsibility for the preservation of their sexual innocence and the integrity of their bodies and have a healthy skepticism of the adults that you put them in the care of because when I you know I told my mom is very recently, hey this is I didn't get out scot-free I didn't make it out of that man's care without being raped it's been revealed to me that is the truth and so you know maybe whatever she was doing instead of being fully present to care for me maybe it wasn't worth it maybe we should have moved somewhere else or you know I don't know I mean I don't blame her because I know she was doing her best but I know that ignorance can't be an excuse for much longer so all end now by saying that I lived most of my life not believing that there was any kind of divine force that gave a fuck about was having on his planet and we're just like here left to rot left her own devices and that you know there was a golden age of innocence and things have just gotten horrifically corrupted and in the name of profit and greed and just the corruption of the male ego and this is hell on earth and I didn't have much hope that there was some beautiful divine force that was really heartbroken about how things have gone so awry and you know psychedelic goddess worship as my religion is my new religion that you know works for me I do feel for the first time in my life since being on this path that there is great love for us and there is great there's great heartache in the divine mother and in the mythology of the goddess Kali you know she is the Divine Mother who knows how precious human life is and who battles incessantly to protect us from the demons, that's the mythology and I have experienced that and a total stranger to me who had no background or belief in any of this who's sitting right

here with me witnessed the medical truth of everything that I'm talking about and...

J: Yes, yeah there needs to be more talk of this so that the healing can be more studied and made available you know the knowledge made available but you're right it's often people without resources to get professional help that need the most healing and are the most damaged and there needs to be more talk of this so that the shame can be lifted and you know we know that dark entities thrive on on shame and guilt and all of those negative feelings and so we need to bring in the light so that there cannot be any more darkness.

B: Thank you, yes, illuminate and you having you know lived in a place where it's not very well disguised...

J: In Vegas? Okay yeah well yes...

B: All those women you see getting you know spiritually mutilated and all those porns that are extremely degenerate, all the women who are prostitutes all the strippers they all have parents, they all have grandparents they all have ancestors and this was not their intention for them to be made into objects for gratification on a very demonic level.

J: I'd like to clarify one thing I don't think removing your clothes is in anyway a sin or demonic thing.

B: Right.

J: It is the control of the scenario it's all run by men and if it was geisha girls you know that had elegance and the class and standards and they were in control themselves and it wasn't for lack of choices and they were

removing their clothes and danced in a tantra circle ceremony it'd be very different but just the circumstances is what makes it more damaging

B: Right celebrating eros and being intoxicated by the beauty of a sensual fully empowered embodied priestess who's running the Shakti energy and we're celebrating that in a sacred manner that is what we're supposed to be doing that is what we used to do and that was an exalted and graceful way to be that was pleasant to the creators and to the Divine Mother and the divine masculine I mean that is why they created us, they created us to be beautiful sensual loving, half angel half beast earthlings that that we are you know we it's important also to know that this horrific bastardization and corruption of human sexual behavior is a very recent phenomenon you know and I did the research anthropological research this is not something that's been going on since the dawn of humanity this is something that has become a rampant infection and it's attributable to the clusters of demonic energies entering this planet. the Hindus call it the Kali Yuga the Dark Age of the dark world age cycle that we're in so you know intelligent wise warnings were made and this is not a time to be taking selfies while your children are at risk, it's a time to be aware that the risk is of demonic attack in all forms is extremely increased in this time in the world, this world age and we need to yeah start coming together in very tight-knit close-knit communities where we provide proper supervision and really take full responsibility, let's just leave it at that and say let's take some of these fuckers off the battlefield and take care of each other, alright...

J: Amen, awoman.

...To Be Continued...